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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

November, 1930

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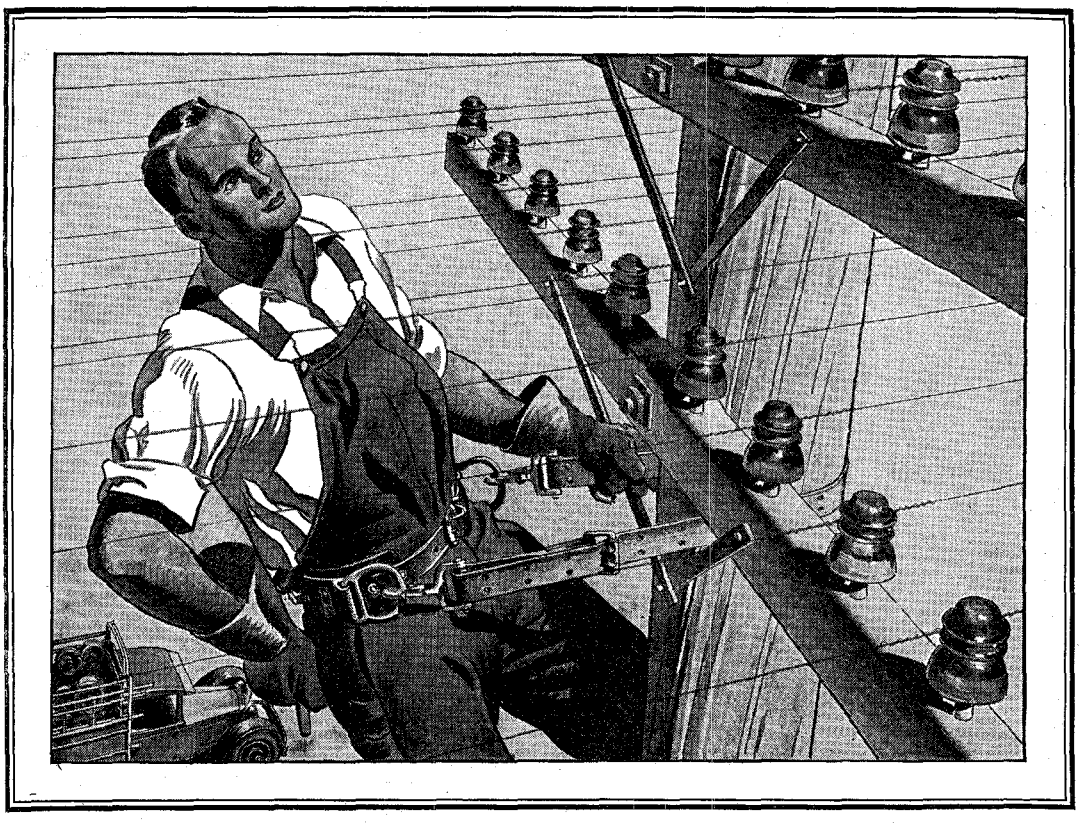

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

November 1930

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 5

HARD WOOD

BY W. R. BURNETT

A story of revenge by the author of "Iron Man" and "Little Caesar." This fourth story in the $5,000 Prize Contest shows a new phase of Mr. Burnett's talent. It is the story of a family, and particularly of Clay Goodhue, in a small town in time of stress. In other books Mr. Burnett has dealt with pugilists and gangsters—"iron men," here he writes of the hard wood of sturdy American stock.

PART I

It was late afternoon in summer. The lower rim of the sun had only a short distance to travel before touching the hills. It had been hot, but now as the shadows lengthened a cool breeze sprang up out of the west, turning the leaves about and ruffling the still waters of upper Sinking Creek.

Clay Goodhue pulled his little wire snare out of the water and sat up. Beside him on the bank were half a dozen good-sized bass, two of them still flopping. He had been lying on his stomach snaring for over an hour and he was tired. He sat staring at the ruffled water, waiting for the wind to die down.

Below him at a bend in the creek was the old mill in the oak grove that his father had owned when he was a boy. Its wheel was motionless now and its roof had fallen in. Beyond it, the creek glittered in the sun as it eddied round the stepping-stones at Mill Crossing.

Clay stirred impatiently as the breeze turned to a wind and blew steadily. His snaring was spoiled. He yawned, stretched, and, putting the bass in a gunny-sack, pocketed his snare and got up. The sun was resting on the Urbana Hills, westward, and the wind was carrying a heavy scent of the Pretty Prairie clover-fields.

"Well," he said, "what I've got'll make a nice mess."

He pushed back his hat, shouldered his gunny-sack, and started for home, but as he climbed the bank he saw a man standing with a rifle in the crook of his arm watching him.

"Howdy, Rut," he said.

Rut Comer rubbed his chin and stared at him. Rut was a short man with big shoulders and a heavy, dark face. He rarely smiled and hardly ever raised his eyes from the ground. He talked to you without looking at you.

"Been fishing?" he asked.

"Yep," said Clay, "got a mess of bass."

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"You have, have you!" said Rut, glancing up sharply at Clay, then looking off over the bottom-lands. "Where's your pole and tackle?"

Clay laughed.

"Ain't got none. I been snaring."

"Oh, been snaring. Well, it's agin the law, Clay."

"Maybe. But this here's my pa's land."

"Don't matter."

Clay laughed again and started past Comer.

"Looky here," said Rut, putting his hand on Clay's shoulder, "I'm game warden hereabouts and I say snaring is agin the law."

Clay pulled away and turned his back on Rut.

"Clay Goodhue," called Rut, "you hear me!"

Clay turned and said:

"You better talk sense or get off my pa's land. He ain't got much use for you noways."

"I'm arresting you," said Rut. "You can't talk that way to me, I'm a deputy sheriff and game warden hereabouts and I ain't taking no chin from Goodhues nohow."

Clay went on without turning, climbed the rail fence at the edge of the wood, crossed the path through the timothy-field and disappeared. Rut stood watching him, then he turned and went back toward town.

II

Sade, the hired girl, was sitting in the kitchen waiting for the men-folks. Grandma Goodhue had eaten her supper early and was already sleeping in the big bed she hadn't left for nearly ten years.

When Clay came in he handed the gunny-sack to Sade and said:

"There's a mess of bass. You might cook 'em if you will."

"I'll clean 'em and cook 'em for breakfast," said Sade, taking the sack and dumping the fish into a pan.

Clay took a basin and pumped it full of water, then he took off his shirt and washed.

"Had a run in with Rut Comer over them fish," said Clay, laughing.

"Rut Comer!" said Sade with contempt. "He's high and mighty with his badge. Give a man a badge and he runs hog-wild."

Clay laughed and, putting on his shirt, went out to a shed in the rear where he kept his fishing-tackle, his axe, his guns, and his books. He lit a lamp and sat down in a chair he had made out of a barrel. On the back wall was an unpainted pine shelf bearing a big illustrated Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and the complete works of Walter Scott. Clay never looked at the Bible, as it was sacred, and sacred things seemed dull to him. He had read "Robinson Crusoe" as a boy but it did not interest him any more. "Pilgrim's Progress" was like the Bible, sacred; it had been given to him by Grandma Goodhue; he had never opened it. But he read Scott as a religious man reads a Bible. "The Talisman" was lying on the little unpainted pine table and he picked it up, turned to his place and began to read.

Sometimes, while Sade was clearing away the dishes, Clay would go out on the porch and listen to his brother, Tom. Tom would sit with his legs spraddled pumping the accordion vigorously and singing softly in his rich baritone voice. Most of the songs he sang were comic or sentimental and they seemed very silly to Clay, but there was one called "Hear Them Frogs" that Tom had learned from an itinerant peddler, which suited Clay. The music was sad and the words

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gave Clay a queer feeling. He'd never ask Tom to play it, for that would be against his nature, but often he'd sit waiting for the song.

"Now," Tom would say, "I'll sing that song the peddler with the bad mule learnt me."

Clay would turn away as if he wasn't interested, but would listen intently.

"Hear them frogs in the swampy field?
The sun's a-getting low.
The old bay team's plumb tuckered out
A-turning the last furrow.

The birds're singing in the trees.
Back yonder comes the moon.
The twilight is a-creeping in;
Black night'll be here soon.

So put the bay team in the barn
And hang the harness high,
And sit you down by the kitchen stove;
We'll break bread by and by.

And then we'll smoke a pipe or two
And talk of Canadee
And other places far away
That we won't never see."

Clay often thought about "places far away." Unlike Tom, he wasn't satisfied with his life. He wanted to go to New York, to California, to Florida, and see how men lived there. He liked central Ohio with its rich, black soil and its low, rounded hills; he liked Springvalley and the surrounding country, but he wanted to see what was beyond.

There was a regular California fever in the town during the Gold Rush of '49. Clay was a boy then and Tom took him down to the station one day to see three of the men who were leaving. They were very boisterous and one of them was so drunk that the other two had to carry him. Clay was disgusted. A man starting out on a wonderful adventure, drunk! He made a resolution that when he grew up nobody would ever see him in that condition.

Clay looked up from his book. He heard Tom talking to Sade in the kitchen and he knew that as soon as he had washed up he'd come out to the shed. Shrugging, Clay marked his place and put up his book. In a little while Tom lounged across the yard and looked into the shed window.

"Hi, Mister Schoolmaster and reader of books!" he cried, "how you been all day?"

"Fair," said Clay; "come on in."

"Nope," said Tom; "we'll be eating 'fore long, as the old man's coming down the road. You best come in."

Clay went out into the yard and Tom put his arm around him. They began to wrestle and staggered about the yard trying to trip each other. Tom finally succeeded and they fell to the ground heavily with him on top, but Clay wriggled out from under him, got up and made a break for the kitchen. Tom ran after him yelling.

Old Jim put his head out of the door.

"Be quiet," he said; "do you want to wake Grandma?"

"She can't hear a lick," said Tom, grinning.

Jim washed up and they all sat down to supper. They ate in silence for a time, pointing when they wanted a dish passed. Finally Clay said:

"Pa, I had a run in with Rut Comer about snaring down by the mill."

Pa put down his fork and looked up. He was a big man, angular and broad-shouldered, with a drooping gray mustache and small blue eyes.

"Didn't take any lip from him, did you?" he inquired.

"No," said Clay, "he 'lowed he'd have to arrest me but I 'lowed different and walked away."

"The fool," said Pa. "You done right. That badge is gonna get him in a peck of trouble. Let him keep off my land, him and his Bristowe relations. I ain't

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got no use whatsoever for that passel of meddlers."

Tom began to whistle, but Pa didn't bring off his usual harangue. He sat looking at his plate.

"Sade," called Tom, "you used to work for them Bristowes. What do you think about them?"

Tom winked and grinned in anticipation.

"You know what I think, Tom Goodhue," she said, pushing her damp hair out of her eyes with an angry gesture. "A cussing and forward lot, not worth a straw in a gale."

"Was they after kissing you and such, Sade?" asked Tom.

Sade tossed her head.

"It ain't right you talking that way, Tom Goodhue," she said.

Tom threw back his head and roared. But Clay turned to look at Sade, whose homely face was red and embarrassed. He felt sorry for her; she worked so hard and she was so hopelessly ugly.

"Never mind now, Tom," said Pa.

After supper Pa put on his coat and went for a walk. Tom got out his accordion and sat down on the front steps. Clay filled his pipe and lit it, then he pulled a chair out onto the porch and sat listening to Tom.

It was still a summer night. The sky was clear and full of stars and a slow west wind was carrying the heavy scent of clover. Frogs were singing in the pond back of the house, and the little ravine beyond the porch was full of lightning-bugs.

Tom stopped playing and put his accordion on the floor.

"Well," he said, "I reckon I'll take a walk down-town and see the sights."

Clay said nothing.

Tom got up yawning and stretching, then he suddenly gave Clay's hair a yank. Clay struck at him.

"Listen," said Tom, "stay out of that shed and leave them books alone, old moss-back. Get up on your feet and slick down your hair and get you a girl. 'Tain't natural a young feller like you reading."

"Shut up," said Clay.

"Now, now," said Tom, putting his arm around Clay. "What you need is a little girl. Why don't you go down and see Milly Truder? She'll take a walk with a feller like you."

Clay felt his face getting hot and said nothing. Tom didn't know that he thought about Milly more than was good for him. She was a plump little girl with chestnut hair and free manners. Her folks were poor and lived beyond the railroad-tracks.

Clay gave Tom a push and Tom burst out laughing.

"Oh, you needn't worry," he said; "she'll not say no. I've seen her with timothy in her hair big as you please."

"You shut your mouth and don't be talking about girls like that," said Clay. "It's a wonder you ain't dead long ago."

"Now, now," said Tom; "don't get all excited 'cause a few fellers have took Milly out in the fields."

"You're a liar!" cried Clay, getting to his feet. "She ain't that kind and you know it."

Tom threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, oh," he said, "I got a stitch in my side."

When Tom had gone Clay sat on the porch thinking about Milly. She had such a pretty, pert face and she flung herself about so, always skipping and moving her arms. She was full of life and good to look at. Clay had heard these same tales about her before from Red Coffin and other boys, who said she was "easy-kissed." Tom exaggerated to annoy him, he was certain of that. He did-

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n't even believe that she was "easy-kissed." He lost his bravery as soon as he got near her. He couldn't imagine himself kissing her as much as he wanted to. She would slap his face; he knew that. It was just because her father was a poor man and lived in a shack that they talked that way about her.

She had such pretty little ways; such a nice way of turning her head to laugh, of putting her hand to her mouth and lowering her eyes. He wondered how it would feel to kiss her.

Sade called to him.

"Clay," she said, "I'm going to bed now. You better see if the old missus thought to cover the red bird."

Grandma had a red bird in a cage. It was a lively little fellow and in the daytime sang happily. It was beside Grandma's bed, but her mind was failing her now, and often, as much as she loved it, she'd forget all about it.

Clay took a lamp from the kitchen table and tiptoed into Grandma's room. Grandma was lying asleep with her sparse white hair escaping from a nightcap. The red bird's cage was uncovered, and when it saw the lamp, it cheeped loudly and hopped about stiffly on its little legs.

"Good night, Billy," said Clay, covering the cage.

Then he went out to his shed and lit his lamp; but instead of reading, sat thinking. Presently, he got to his feet, put out the lamp, and started off toward the village. He thought maybe he might see Milly, who, unlike the other girls, often walked around the streets after nine o'clock.

III

The clock in the court-house tower was striking nine when Clay left the turnpike and came out into Maple Street. There was a light in the general store and he saw a group of men sitting around a cold stove; Hopner's saloon was blazing and, inside, men were laughing and singing. Down in front of Paulson's livery barn a group of men were lounging against the hitching-rack, smoking and spitting into the street.

As he turned the corner of Maple and Millrace, a man called to him. It was Clem White, one of the two city policemen.

"Howdy, Clem," said Clay. "You want me?"

"Yep," said Clem, stopping, shifting his quid of tobacco and spitting; "I want to tell you something you ought to know. I got to arrest you to-morrow morning and take you up before Dan Crane."

"What for?"

"Snaring bass. It'll cost you about ten dollars."

"Rut Comer, eh?"

"Yep," said Clem, spitting. "He's a danged officious feller, ain't he?"

"Pa won't take it kindly, Clem."

"I know," said Clem, "and if it was my doings I'd say it don't go. But what kin I do? Just thought I'd let you know so's it wouldn't be no surprise and cause a runkus."

"Much oblige, Clem," said Clay.

"I'll be up right after breakfast, Clay, and we'll just sort of mosey along downtown like we was taking a walk. Is that all right?"

"All right with me. But Pa'll take on."

"Can't help that. Well, good night."

Clem waved his hand, spat out into the street and climbed the steps of the general store. Clay went on down Millrace till he got to the railroad-tracks; then he hesitated. Milly lived just beyond.

The town was quiet under the moon, which was so bright that the big trees

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along Millrace were casting shadows. Clay looked down the tracks toward the station. A few men were standing on the platform waiting to see the 9.45 go through. Turning to look up Millrace beyond the tracks, he thought he saw something white in the shadows in front of Milly's house. His heart began to beat fast and he wanted to turn and hurry back toward Maple Street. But he heard some one laughing; it was Milly.

Hardly knowing why he did it, he started walking rapidly toward the sound. He saw two people standing together by Milly's gate. As he approached they drew apart. It was a man and he had been kissing Milly. Clay's heart pounded with anger and excitement.

He tried to hurry past but a man's voice inquired:

"Where you going in such a hurry, Clay Goodhue?"

"Taking a walk," said Clay. "What do you care?"

Then he recognized the voice; it was young Dave Bristowe.

"Don't care," said Dave. "But I thought maybe you might be looking for some more bass."

Clay turned suddenly and came back to where Dave and Milly were standing. Dave was three inches taller than Clay and five years older; he was the best rough-and-tumble wrestler in the county.

"Dave Bristowe," said Clay, "you and your kin better keep your mouths shut about them bass."

"Why so?" said Dave.

"Because your uncle's a skunk and you ought to be hiding it, instead of laughing about it and letting folks know."

Dave shot out a long arm and sent Clay back against the fence.

"Don't hurt him, Dave," said Milly.

Clay gritted his teeth and, getting his balance, rushed at Dave, who turned sideways suddenly and, putting out his foot, tripped Clay. Clay fell heavily, skinning his hands in the gravel. Milly laughed briefly, then she said:

"Don't, Dave. You'll hurt him."

"He won't hurt me," cried Clay, jumping to his feet; "I'll pay him off for that."

"Pay me off in bass," said Dave, laughing.

Clay turned his back to them and hurried off toward Maple Street, tears of humiliation starting to his eyes and making them smart. He heard Dave laughing and he wanted to run back and hit him as hard as he could, but he knew that he was no match for Dave and he didn't want to be flung about like a child in front of Milly. He heard her laughing too. He crossed the railroad-tracks at a run, turned up Maple Street, and sat down on the steps of Burke's harness shop in the dark.

He didn't know what to do. He had never suffered such a humiliation before, not even when Milt Corey, the schoolmaster, had whipped him in front of the whole school for putting a frog down a girl's back. His face was alternately hot and cold. He sat in a stupor, barely hearing the 9.45 as it rattled through town.

Clay was sitting on the porch when Tom came home. It was eleven o'clock and Pa had been in bed over an hour. He had met Pa coming up the turnpike from Wilson's farm and they had turned in to the house together. When he told Pa about Clem White, Pa said:

"Well, here's ten dollars. Pay your fine like a man. Rut Comer ain't heard the last of this."

Tom's breath was strong of whiskey and he sat down beside Clay heavily.

"What a night! What a night!" said

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Tom, laughing. "I never had so much fun in all my born days."

Clay said nothing.

"You recollect I was telling you about Milly Truder, Clay?" Tom went on. "Well, we kind of been suspecting her and Dave Bristowe. Though when we let on to Dave he says we're plumb crazy. Cautious feller, Dave is. But to-night we followed 'em and they went over in Dave's orchard. We seen 'em. So we snuck up and howled like wolves. Dave jumps up like he's shot. Oh, Lordy; I ain't laughed so hard since Sade fell out of the apple tree."

"You're lying," said Clay.

"Lying, nothing!" said Tom. "Ask Red Coffin. He'll tell you if I'm lying."

Clay said nothing and Tom took a pint bottle out of his hip pocket.

"Drink?"

"No."

"Well, here goes."

He tipped up the bottle, finished it, then, getting to his feet, he flung it across the road into a field.

When Tom went to bed Clay sat on. He had intended telling Tom about his fight with Dave Bristowe, but he was glad now that he hadn't. He thought about Milly and fell into a rage, but it gradually wore off and he felt empty and as if he didn't care about anything. He didn't know why he should feel this way; he hardly knew Milly at all, only to speak to.

IV

When Clay and Clem White walked into his office the justice of the peace, Dan Crane, smiled and got up to shake hands.

"Howdy, Clay," he said. "Glad to see you in a way, sorry in another."

"Howdy, Dan," said Clay. "How much do I owe you?"

Dan rubbed his chin.

"Are you guilty as charged?"

"Yep. I been snaring fish in that stream for ten years."

"Now, now," said Dan, "you oughtn't to be telling me that."

Clay said:

"Dan, I ain't got no use for Rut Comer. He ain't a fit man to be a deputy sheriff."

"Wait a minute," said Dan. "Beings this is your first offense as far as the law knows anything about, I hereby fine you ten dollars, fine suspended. Case dismissed."

Clay smiled.

"Thanks, Dan."

"Now, now," said Dan, shaking a finger at him. "Don't you go smiling at the law. I been a friend of your pa's for many a day and I like the family. But you can't go on this way, Clay, doing as you please. This town's growing up. You Goodhues got to get civilized."

"All they got to do is let us be," said Clay. "I was snaring on Pa's own land."

"That's no matter," said Dan. "Law's law."

"Well," said Clay, "if all the officers was like you, Dan, I'd say yes and so would Pa."

Clem took out a plug of tobacco and bit off a chew, then he offered it to Clay, who refused, and to Dan, who also refused.

"Well," said Clem, "I'll be getting along. See you later, Clay."

He went out. Dan put his hand on Clay's arm.

"How's Grandma?"

"Doing fairly well for her," said Clay. "Grandma's getting old. She ain't going to be with us much longer."

"It's a pity," said Dan. "A wonderful old woman she is. Yes, sir. A fine wife to your grandpap, who wasn't an easy man."

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When Clay left the justice's office, the sky was overcast and a drizzle was becoming a downpour. He turned in to the general store to escape it and in a moment he was followed by Milly, whose dress was wet. Clay started at the sight of her and his heart began to pound.

"How de do, Clay," she said.

"How de do, Milly," he said, wetting his lips and swallowing.

"It wasn't right of Dave acting that way," she said, coming over closer to him. "He's so strong he don't know how strong he is."

Clay looked down at her, noting her fresh complexion and the tiny freckles on the bridge of her nose. Her mouth was small and red and when she talked he could see her little, white teeth. Her eyes were big, much too big for her face, and her lashes were long and black. Her nose was small also and her father called her that "pug-nosed brat." Her dress did not fit her properly and her shoes were trod down at the heel. Clay knew that the well-to-do women in the village often sent bundles of old clothes to the Truders. Even Sade looked down on Milly. Clay was beginning to feel sorry for her when of a sudden he thought about what Tom had told him. She was Dave Bristowe's girl, and all the young fellows around town knew it. He flushed and looked out at the rain.

"It's slackening," he said and ran out of the store.

He was soaking wet when he got to his father's shop on the turnpike.

"Well?" Pa demanded.

"Dan Crane fined me ten dollars and suspended the fine," said Clay, taking the bill out of his pocket and giving it to his father.

"Good," said Pa. "Dan Crane's all right and it was nice of him. But that don't help them black Abolitionists none."

"Pa," said Clay, "I had a fight with Dave Bristowe last night."

"Well?" said Pa.

"He's too big for me."

Pa said nothing and picking up his plane began to shape a piece of hickory which was in the vise. Clay sat looking at the floor. As a rule he liked to be in Pa's shop. From the front door he could see the green Urbana Hills and the row of weeping willows on the upper bend of Sinking Creek. And then there was always the pleasant smell of new shavings. But to-day he took pleasure in nothing. He couldn't forget Milly Truder and his scuffle with Dave Bristowe.

Pa planed away at the piece of hickory, spitting from time to time.

"Son," he said, finally, "don't you fret. I've stood about all I'm going to stand from them meddlers."

Clay looked up at his father but said nothing.

V

Clay went to get a little snack as he and Pa had a piece of work to finish for the new Presbyterian Church and probably wouldn't be done by supper time. It was midafternoon and the clouds were low over the Urbana Hills. It had been rainy the last few days. The wheat and corn were tall in the fields, and the soil looked black and rich. Sinking Creek was high and rolled over the stepping-stones at Mill Crossing and sucked at its loamy banks.

Sade was sweeping the living-room and stopped with broom poised as he climbed the stairs.

"So soon?" she said. "Law, how the time flies."

"I'll eat mine here," said Clay, "and you can wrap Pa's up."

"All right," said Sade, "just as soon as the coffee boils. Go see your Grandma. She's been asking about you."

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Clay put his hat on a chair and went into Grandma's room. She was lying propped up in bed with her head turned toward the red bird's cage. The bird was hopping about and singing in a beam of light which cut across the dim room from a tall window.

"Afternoon, Grandma," said Clay.

Grandma turned her eyes toward him and smiled. In her prime she had been a big powerful woman, capable of keeping up with her husband in the field; now all that remained of this iron vitality was a pair of gnarled hands and a big broad face with a low forehead and a strong jaw. Her body had shrunken to half its former size.

"Jimmy," she said, "come see Billy. He's been a-singing too sweet."

Then she paused and smiled apologetically.

"It's Clay, ain't it? I get you boys mixed something awful."

With eighty years to look back on, her son Jim and her grandsons, Tom and Clay, appeared to her to be about the same age. She was always confusing them, calling Old Jim, Clay; and Clay and Tom, Jim. But she loved them all.

"He's a right nice bird, Grandma," said Clay.

"He is," said Grandma; "a lovely bird. He sings in the morning fit to kill."

Clay stood looking down at Grandma. He could remember when she was a strong, brown-faced old woman who used to sit by the fire after supper and smoke a clay pipe before going to bed. When she was through she'd knock out the pipe and tuck it into her apron pocket and then she'd get out a piece of orange peel and chew it to take the taste of the tobacco away. Now her face was white; she did not seem like the same person.

"I guess I'll be eating, Grandma," he said.

"Eat and get strong," said Grandma. "Is Jim looking after himself? He was right porely a while back."

Pa had had a bad fall two years ago and had been laid up for over a month; Grandma could never realize what a long time had elapsed since his recovery. The years moved very rapidly for her.

"Pa's all right now," said Clay.

Billy cheeped loudly and hopped about on his little legs.

"Look," said Grandma, "he's telling you good-by."

When Clay went out into the kitchen Sade had his lunch ready for him. He ate it hurriedly, thinking about Grandma and how far he was from his happy childhood. When he was eleven years old Grandma took to her bed worn out. He used to look forward to going in at evening to kiss her good night. She was always smiling and at that time she still seemed strong and capable, reassuring to a boy of eleven who saw life as a permanent thing. He would live in his father's house forever; when he was hurt, when he was teased or put upon, there was Grandma to kiss him and give him a peppermint.

"Have you heard the talk?" asked Sade.

Clay looked up with a start.

"What talk?"

"Why," said Sade, "Dave Bristowe has got himself in trouble with Milly Truder."

"Oh," said Clay.

"Leastways that's what old Mrs. Emmet told me," said Sade, "although I always had a soft spot for Milly myself, pore girl."

Clay gulped down his coffee.

"I guess the trouble ain't as far along as some folks thinks; only Eb Truder says Dave has got to marry Milly or let her alone. Old Mrs. Emmet says Joe Bristowe was boiling and threatened to

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give Dave a caning for keeping such company. Huh! I guess the Bristowes ain't such gentlefolk as all that."

Clay got up and said:

"Where's Pa's lunch?"

Sade handed it to him, and he got his hat and went out. He walked along as fast as he could, trying not to think of Milly.

It was dark when Pa and Clay got through with their work, and when they came out of the shop Clay saw the lights of the town below them.

"Feels like it might blow up another rain to-night," said Pa; "it's getting to be too much of a good thing. The creek'll come to flood level if this keeps up."

Clay said nothing.

"Going home, son?"

"No," said Clay; "thought I'd go into town for a spell."

"We'll walk along together then," said Pa. "I'm going down to the harness shop for a chin."

Clay wanted to go alone but he said nothing.

Overhead the moon was racing through a bank of clouds and only a few stars were showing. The frogs were making a din over toward the creek and along the road the crickets were singing.

Clay walked along thinking about the book he had been reading and he wondered if the crickets sang in the Holy Land. He had a very vague picture of a sandy desert and tall naked escarpments, like the ones he had seen in the paintings of the Great American Desert Mat Burke had in his shop. But there must be some meadows and places to plant things; else how could all those people live? He thought about Kentucky and the hills his grandfather had told him about; he thought about New York with its wharfs and harbor, about California where a man could get gold out of the streams with a sieve. He wanted to go away; he wanted to strike out across the Urbana Hills and see what was beyond. He had never been farther than Harmony in his life and that was only twelve miles off.

They left the turnpike and crossed Maple Street. In front of the general store Clay stopped and said:

"Guess I'll leave you here."

"All right," said Pa, and went on.

Clay went into the general store and nodded to Bill Sachs, the proprietor. A group of young fellows from the farmland on lower Pretty Prairie were leaning against the counter talking.

"Howdy, Clay Goodhue," said one of them; "I hear you've taken up snaring for a living."

Clay flushed and stared.

"Never you mind, Clay," said another one, giving the first one a look. "Rut Comer's a skunk and we all knows it."

Clay smiled and taking out his pipe filled it and lit it.

"Well," he said, "it was a fine mess of bass."

"It's a nice howdy-do," said Red Coffin, who had gone to school with Clay, "when a man can't be a-snaring on his own ground. Yes, sir."

"It's agin the law," said Wat Stahl, "and the majesty of the law in the person of Rut Comer, a lowdown skunk that I wouldn't trust in the barn with my jersey heifer."

The young farmers roared with laughter and Bill Sachs had to sit down and hold his sides.

While they were still laughing and redoubling their laughter by nudging one another, Dave Bristowe lounged in the front door, said "howdy" to Bill Sachs, and came back toward the group at the counter.

"Howdy, Dave," said Red Coffin.

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"They tell me you're fixing to hear them church bells ring."

Dave put his hands in his pants pockets and ran his eyes over the group. He was a big man, about twenty-five, with a broad face, thick lips and heavy dark eyebrows which met above his nose. Several of the men laughed and Wat Stahl, the wit of the county, pretended to be pulling a bell rope, then he sang in a loud nasal voice, "I do! I do!"

"Don't know as I am," said Dave.

"They tell me a buffalo gun is a prime persuader," said Wat, his face serious.

Red Coffin leaned on the counter to laugh. Dave turned and stared at Clay.

"What do you think, sonny?" he said.

" 'Tain't none of my affair," said Clay.

"But I reckon you got a thought or two on the subject."

"None whatsoever."

"Aw, speak up," said Dave, unpleasantly. "I won't shove you around like I done the last time."

Clay said nothing.

"Dave," said Red Coffin, "your manners ain't all they might be. Ain't your family done enough to the Goodhues? Pulling a man in for snaring bass! That's no man's job."

"I can't help what Rut does," said Dave, sulkily. "But law is law, so I hear tell."

Nobody said anything. Bill Sachs yawned loudly and got up to spit. Finally Wat Stahl said:

"Well, I guess I'll mosey down and get me a glass of beer. Who's going?"

He stood away from the counter and started out; every one followed him but Dave and Clay. Turning Wat called good night to Clay, then they all went out.

Bill Sachs took out his quid of tobacco and tossed it into the cold stove, then he filled his pipe and lit it. Dave came over to Clay.

"Sonny," he said, "they tell me your old man's been talking around town that he's laying for Rut Comer and his kin. Well, we ain't hard to find; you tell him that. You kin tell him, too, that we-uns ain't afraid of no Kentucky hillbillies noway. Your old grandaddy was a high and mighty man, as they say, but he never touched none of us. Yes, sir. You just tell him."

"Tell him yourself," said Clay.

"And what about you?" said Dave. "I don't see you eating no fire. You're nigh a man if you have got peach fuzz on your face instead of bristles."

Clay remembered how Dave had flung him in the gravel in front of Milly and his heart began to pound. Without speaking he stepped forward suddenly and hit Dave between the eyes. Bill Sachs leaped out of his chair and came toward them, but they were tussling by the time he reached them and paid no attention to him. Dave was slightly stunned by the blow between the eyes and Clay succeeded in tripping him and falling on top of him. Bill ran out into the street and yelled; and presently men came running from all directions.

Dave was on top of Clay now pounding him mercilessly, but Clay fought silently, taking the blows without wincing. Just as Red Coffin and Bill Sachs hurried over to pry them apart, Clay got a foot free and bringing it forward kicked Dave in the chest, flinging him back. Panting, Dave jumped to his feet and made a dive at Clay, who rolled under the checker-table at the side of the stove. Red and Bill grabbed Dave and held him. Just as Clay was getting to his feet, Pa came in the front door. The crowd parted to let him through, and when he saw Clay unsteady on his feet with blood running from a split lip, he cried:

"Who done it, Clay!" and began to strip off his coat.

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"Dave," said Clay, pointing.

Pa looked at Red Coffin and Bill Sachs and said:

"Let him loose. He won't hurt nobody."

But Bill said:

"Now look here, Jim Goodhue, I won't have you fellers fighting your battles in here. You got to go outside."

Pa nodded.

"Come on, Dave," he said, and went out, followed by Clay and most of the crowd.

Dave looked from Bill to Red and shrugged, then he went out.

The crowd had formed a circle under the kerosene light at the corner of Maple and Millrace and when Dave came out some one shouted.

"Dave, here's a Goodhue that'll give you a battle."

Dave ran his hand over his face and wet his lips, then he took off his coat and came into the circle.

"Dave," said Pa, "I'm going to give you the beating of your life."

Dave said nothing, but stood watching Pa, waiting for him to make the first move. Clay said:

"Be careful, Pa. He's as strong as an ox."

But Pa rushed at Dave, grabbed him around the waist and flung him to the ground. The crowd shouted and laughed. Dave, fighting desperately, flung himself about and succeeded in getting to his knees but Pa hit him a blow on the ear that brought the tears to his eyes. He struck out blindly, cowed by Pa's determined look and recklessness. Most men feared Dave and when he fought with them, they fought on the defensive. Dave hit Pa a resounding smack with his open hand but Pa countered with a fist to the skull and Dave saw stars. He wanted to get to his feet and make a break for the open, but Pa held on to him. The crowd was in an uproar, and Clay was dancing with excitement.

But Dan Crane and Clem White burst through the crowd, thrusting the men aside and cursing. Dan grabbed Pa from behind and Clem pulled Dave to his feet and pinned his arms to his side.

"Clem," said Wat Stahl, "don't waste your strength holding Dave Bristowe. You better go help hold the old man."

Clay was dancing around his father shouting at the top of his voice.

"Jim Goodhue," said Dan, "ain't you never going to get no sense? Fighting in the street like a kid."

"What can you do with a scoundrel but lick him?" said Pa. "He's always picking on Clay who ain't noway his size."

Dave Bristowe shook Clem off, picked up his hat and dusted it, then pushed his way through the crowd and got his coat.

Eb Truber came up to Pa Goodhue and shook his hand.

"He needed it! He needed it!" he said.

When they got home Tom was waiting for them. He had been to Harmony all day, taking a day off from the sawmill to go to a picnic. A whiskey and keg picnic, Pa said. Tom was drunk and kept laughing when they told him about the fight. Then he took down his accordion and began to play and sing. But Sade yelled:

"How kin a body sleep with all that racket!"

Tom shrugged and put up his accordion.

Clay sat looking at his father, who was smoking his pipe as calm as ever.

"I wish I could fight like you, Pa," he said, finally.

"Just be patient," said Pa, nodding several times. "You ain't filled out yet."

When the crowd had been dispersed, Dan Crane and Clem White sat in Dan's

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office talking. Dan was worried. But Clem was calmly chewing his cud.

"This ain't the end of it or nothing like it," said Dan, "and all over a mess of bass."

"That ain't all of it, though," said Clem. "Them families ain't been none too friendly since Rut Comer got that badge."

"Well, it'll come to killing if something ain't done," said Dan, then taking out his pipe, slowly filling it and tamping down the tobacco with a pencil, he said: "Ain't men the silliest creatures!"

VI

He met her at the corner of Maple and Shawnee, and was hurrying on without speaking when she said:

"Evening, Clay."

His heart began to pound violently and he swallowed several times before he stammered:

"Evening, Milly."

She stopped and turned toward him, dangling her bonnet. He hesitated, wanting to hurry on, wanting to ask her to walk with him.

"Which way you going, Clay?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I was just sort of taking a walk."

She didn't say anything. He stood silent for a long time, so long, in fact, that he could hardly bring himself to speak.

"I'll be moving," said Milly.

"Come for a walk?" asked Clay.

"I will," said Milly.

They walked slowly up Maple Street under the big trees. Clay didn't know what to say. Thoughts were racing through his head and he was very confused. For over a year he had wanted Milly for his girl; but she always seemed so pert and pretty that he was afraid she would laugh at him. He could never bear ridicule. But here she was walking beside him as tame as you please, waiting for him to speak.

He liked her way of turning suddenly, of making unexpected gestures. Often he had watched her at church sitting solemnly staring with big eyes at Reverend Carr; she'd stare for a while, then she'd turn swiftly, put her hand to her hair, or putting her head on one side, she'd pluck reflectively at her under lip.

The older women always averted their faces from her; the girls would whisper behind her back and nudge each other. She had the reputation of "having free ways," of being "easy-kissed." For this reason she filled the imagination of the young men and like Clay they found their minds dwelling on her. Among the prim older women she stood for Temptation and some of them even spoke to Reverend Carr about having her excluded from the church; but Reverend Carr wouldn't listen to any such suggestions.

At the end of Maple Street Milly said:

"Ever walk along the creek at night? It's pretty."

"Never did," said Clay, his face growing hot and his pulses thumping. "Want to?"

"Yes," said Milly.

Their hands touched and Milly squeezed; Clay locked his fingers into hers.

When they got to the old levee, Clay slipped his arm around her waist.

"I like you, Milly," he said.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Milly.

"Oh, yes, I do."

The sky had cleared now and the moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The countryside was very still. They heard the water of Sinking Creek running over the stones, lisping, purring, making little sucking and plopping

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sounds. In midstream a fish leaped and there was a loud splash.

"It's the bugs," said Milly. "The fish jump up after the bugs."

"No," said Clay laughing. "They just jump for fun. Because they feel strong and good."

"No," said Milly, stamping her foot. "They jump for bugs. I seen 'em."

Clay laughed.

"You never," he said. "The fish couldn't see bugs at night."

"They do. They do," said Milly. "Oh, you!!" Then she began to shake him.

Her face came very close to his in the struggle and he kissed her. She drew away hastily and said:

"Oh, don't."

But he put his arms around her and holding her tight kissed her again and again; she pushed against him and told him she hated him, but in a minute or so she was kissing back. Clay wanted to cry out and sing, to leap high into the air like the big bass! He had kissed Milly.

But his happiness left him a moment after when he realized how eager Milly was for kissing. She was standing close to him with her head on his shoulder and her hot little face pressed against his. Now when he hesitated at the ugly thought of Dave Bristowe, she made a little cooing noise in her throat, slid her hand inside his coat, ran it up and down his back, and pressed closer to him. He didn't want to kiss her any more; it seemed too easy. It was not so pleasant as he had thought it would be. But Milly pointed over to the side of the levee and said: "We might sit over there."

They walked slowly with their arms around each other under the big trees along Maple Street. The houses were dark, the town very still, and when they talked they whispered.

Clay was in a state of confusion and hardly knew what to say. He was both happy and sad; the thing he had dreamed about all these years had happened so suddenly, seemed so very matter of fact, that he was stunned. And Milly seemed so different; in the darkness he strove to remember her small mouth, the freckles on the bridge of her nose, her little-girl ways, but he could not. Now she seemed older than he; old and wise. But here she was walking along with him, talking in the same quiet little voice, occasionally skipping. Once or twice he raised his free arm to scratch his head in perplexity.

When they drew near the court-house, Milly said:

"I'd best be going home."

Clay hugged her.

"Milly," he said, "take a walk to-morrow night?"

"Don't know," said Milly; "maybe."

Clay didn't say anything. Things seemed settled to him and he wondered why Milly said "maybe" and seemed so indifferent.

Finally he said:

"You're my girl, ain't you, Milly?"

Milly gave a little laugh and pulled away from him.

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

"But, Milly . . ."

She took a few steps on ahead of him and turned the corner at Millrace. When he caught up with her she took him by the arm and pointed. He saw some one standing in the shadows in front of Milly's house.

"You'd best run along home," said Milly. "I think that's Pa waiting for me."

But something in the tone of her voice puzzled Clay and he stood staring at the shadowy figure down the street.

"You'd best go," said Milly. "Pa's mad, I guess."

She gave him a gentle push and start-

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ed away, but something in her manner, her eagerness, made him suspicious.

"I'll go 'long," he said.

"No," said Milly; "Pa'll be mad."

Clay's heart began to pound; he grabbed her by the wrist.

"That ain't Eb Truder," he said harshly; "it's too tall. That's Dave Bristowe."

"It ain't," said Milly; "me and Dave fell out. Let loose my hand, Clay Goodhue."

Clay shook her.

"You know that's Dave Bristowe. What's he waiting there for, Milly?"

Milly began to whimper.

"It's Pa," she said, "I swear it's Pa."

The man emerged from the shadows and walked toward them. Near the tracks he passed under a street-light; it was Dave Bristowe.

"See," said Clay, "it's Dave. I told you."

Milly pulled away from Clay and said:

"Yes, it's Dave. I knew he'd be waiting for me and there he is. He 'lowed he wouldn't never come to see me again but there he is."

Clay wanted to hit her and he took a step toward her raising his arm, but she turned and ran toward Dave. When she was at a safe distance she turned and waved.

"Good night, Clay," she called.

Clay stood stupefied for a moment, then vaguely he began to comprehend. Milly was Dave's girl and Dave had been treating her mean. That was the long and the short of it.

Turning toward home, his feet were heavy and he felt sick at his stomach. It wasn't right Milly acting that way and making him feel so unhappy. She was no better than one of them painted women he'd seen in the pictures Red Coffin had. He remembered how nice and friendly her voice had sounded when she called "Good night, Clay." But that was for Dave to hear. He turned suddenly and peered down Millrace, but Milly and Dave had disappeared into the shadows.

When Clay got home Tom was sitting on the porch with Wat Stahl. They had a can of beer and Tom was playing his accordion, softly now, because Sade was asleep.

"Pa in bed?" asked Clay.

"Yep," said Tom. "Have a drink?"

Wat handed Clay the can. He drank from it and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he sat down with them and tried to be merry. He was ashamed of himself for feeling so badly. It was not the part of a man to go moping about over such things. Pa would laugh at him if he knew and tell him he was no man at all. He tried to see things as Wat and Tom did; they'd laugh and have a good time no matter what. He listened while Tom played, laughed at Wat's comments on the songs, and took his turn at the beer until the big can was empty. He began to feel warm and dizzy and when Tom sang the song about the old soldier he bent over and slapped his thigh.

"There was an old soldier
And he had a wooden leg.
He had no tobacco,
So tobacco he must beg.
He says to his pardner:
"Will you give me a chew?"
But his pardner says:
"I'll be hanged if I do."

But when he got into bed with the darkness all about him in the still night, things seemed hopeless, and he wanted to cry. His head throbbed and he had vague pains all through him. It was like the time when some big boys had persuaded him to ride a harmless-looking little bay gelding, and as soon as he had

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got into the saddle the gelding had begun to rear and buck and had finally pitched him onto a rail fence, cutting his head open. Things seemed as hopeless as that. But now there was no one to kiss him and make him feel that such episodes were mere accidents in an otherwise smooth and pretty world.

PART II

I

"Howdy, Jim," said Dan Crane.

"Howdy," said Pa. "What you doing up this way?"

"Got to see you on a little matter," said Dan. "Mind if I come in?"

"Come right in," said Pa, opening the door wide.

A wood fire was leaping on the hearth and Dan went over to it to warm his hands.

It was fall and the wind had a bite to it. The sky was gray and overcast, threatening snow, and the leaves were falling. In the corn-fields there were big, squat pumpkins on the frozen ground among the tall corn shocks. Winter was not far off.

Dan Crane pulled a chair up to the fire and said:

"How's Grandma?"

"Good, for her," said Pa, filling his pipe.

Dan nodded. Pa said nothing. In the kitchen Sade was bustling about setting the table and cooking the supper.

"Jim," said Dan, finally, "there's a heap of talk in the town about you."

"That so?" said Pa, puffing on his pipe.

"Yep. Now Jim, mind, I'm saying this in all kindness and friendliness, but you talk too much. The town is plumb agin you on the slavery question and Valandigham is no better than a cur to a majority of the voters hereabouts. In some places it's different, but not here. This place is Abolitionist. You're stirring up a heap of enemies that were your friends."

"I speak my mind," said Pa.

"You do," said Dan, "but your mind runs counter to the rest of the county and that won't do." Pa said nothing and Dan looked into the fire reflectively. "But," he went on, "the long and the short of it is this. Rut Comer's laying to make trouble for you and I got to back him up for the peace and quiet of this community. War's pretty certain, Jim, if things don't shape up better than they been, and a man that talks like you do'll be a common enemy."

"I can't hold my tongue when I got strong opinions," said Pa; "otherwise I'm quiet enough."

"Yep," said Dan, "but you got a family to think about. Tom don't matter; no one thinks harm of him. But Clay is like the rest of you fellers and would be the first to get into trouble."

Pa nodded.

"Well," said Dan, shifting about uncomfortably, "Rut Comer's fixing to enforce that new state law they got about unlegal pets and such."

"About what?" said Pa, sitting up.

"Well," said Dan, "it's like this. The law says you can't have native animals in a cage, lessen they're declared nuisances, and you can't have no native song birds similar. Like red birds, Jim."

Pa stared for a moment, then he threw back his head and laughed.

"It ain't a laughing matter, Jim," said Dan; "because war ain't far off and you're on the wrong side. Everybody knows your pappy came from Kentucky."

(Continued on page 555)

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If Booth Had Missed Lincoln

BY MILTON WALDMAN

The reader should adjust his mind in advance to the supposition that Booth did not kill Lincoln. With that imaginary fact established, Mr. Waldman writes from the point of view which he assumes people would have held if Lincoln had dealt with the Reconstruction problems which caused Andrew Johnson's impeachment. In this topsy-turvy essay, he cites a non-existent book to present the opinion which history really holds, and then tears it to pieces in the light of assumed facts. He portrays the character of Lincoln—his strength, his weakness, his triumphs, his mistakes—and points out how it might have been regarded except for the assassin's bullet.

Mr. Waldman's is the first of three "If" articles which will appear in SCRIBNER'S. The others are "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg" by Winston Churchill, English statesman and historian, and "If Napoleon Had Escaped to America" by H. A. L. Fisher.

Chance often plays a leading rôle in the drama of man's career and of history. These articles are brilliant conjectures on what *did not* happen but what might have happened. They open up an avenue of thought and conjecture which is endlessly engrossing to those with even the slightest historical background. To the student of history they are invaluable as a tonic.

FROM time immemorial theologians and reformers have been dismayed at the incurably evil nature of man. Modern biographers, however, seem to consider this too dismal a view—no man, they cheerfully reflect, was as bad as history has painted him, and so they plunge hopefully into the business of supplying better features to the less engaging portraits in the historical gallery. Within the year we have become acquainted with a Nero who sacrificed the indulgence of a passionately artistic nature to the task of remoulding a decadent state—a kind of Roman Paderewski, in fact; a Charles II whose remarkable philoprogenitive instinct was but an expression of his deep concern for his people; a Casanova who attempted to realize in life those emotions which had hitherto been considered to exist exclusively in poetry. Now comes Mr. Jameson* eager to convince us that the sixteenth President was not the thwarted autocrat and ingenious phrasemaker we have been taught to consider him, but a statesman of rare intellectual and spiritual grandeur.

Mr. Jameson's method is the not unfamiliar one of attempting to establish a personal sympathy for his subject whilst discreetly slurring over those controversial questions on which posterity has decided against him. His principal authorities, beside the state papers and contemporary newspapers, would seem to be Herndon's "Life" (a characteristic piece of pious Victorian biography by Lincoln's law partner), the recollections of Nicolay and Hay, Lincoln's secretaries, and the unpublished diary of H. C. Purdy, who succeeded Hay when the latter was appointed to the Legation in Paris.

The most interesting portion of Mr. Jameson's book is the beginning, where-

* "Lincoln—A Vindication." By L. F. Jameson. Tallman Brown, $5.

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in he describes the obscurity and poverty in which the future President was born and reared, his struggle for an education and a career in the law, the first difficult steps in the political ladder. It is a moving story, and the author is amply justified in resurrecting it for a generation which has forgotten it. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the rise from lowly beginnings to an exalted position is not unique (especially amongst politicians) in American annals, and that self-education need not necessarily be superior to the more conventional variety to be obtained in the universities. Nor is it quite possible to share the author's admiration for his hero's power of thought and language in the debates with Douglas—the fact yet remains that his horny-handed audiences gave the senatorship to his opponent, for the very probable reason that they preferred Douglas's concrete policy to Lincoln's eloquent euphemisms for compromise. It may be that the impression created by the latter in these debates secured him the nomination for the Presidency, but one cannot help suspecting that, politics in Chicago being what they were (and, report says, are), the packed galleries of shrieking hoodlums to some extent affected the convention's deliberations.

The boldness of the author's unorthodox theories with regard to the Civil War must compel admiration—one almost regrets that they cannot win assent, for they are far more picturesque, even poetic, than the sad, prosaic truth. The War-Maker that he depicts is a Prometheus-like figure out of some major Shakespearian tragedy—a man who brought to a hopeless task both firmness and forbearance, strength and gentleness, a power of mind capable of triumphing over an original handicap of inexperience. "With patience, fortitude and wisdom (even guile if necessary) he soothed and co-ordinated the insurgent factions, abolitionists and defeatists, the intransigent and the fearful, and led them through four years of agony to victory over a determined and warlike enemy." How much more alluring are the pastures of history seen through the eyes of our romantic historian than through those of the impartial Commission of Enquiry set up by Congress in 1866 to investigate the conduct of the war!

". . . we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the ill-success which attended the Federal arms in the first half of the struggle was due in large measure to the President's mistaken choice of commanders, his frequent replacement of them for inadequate cause before they could familiarize themselves with the strategical situation which confronted them, and his unwarranted and mischievous interference with their plans of campaign. It is our further conclusion that the battles which led to the final result were instigated by the President's political apprehension, and that the appalling sacrifice of Union lives entailed was unnecessary for military ends."

The author contends that our mistaken view of Lincoln as War-Maker is entirely owing to partisan misrepresentation in the post-bellum period, and that his contemporaries regarded him with a veneration which scarcely fell short of idolatry, as is shown by his re-election to the Presidency with an unprecedented majority. What this proves it would be difficult to say, except perhaps a naïve faith in democracy on the part of the author which is refreshing in these sceptical days. It is also permissible to speculate whether Lincoln would have been rated so highly at the time of the election had not Sherman been irresistibly pressing through Georgia to the

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sea. In any event he was for a time, after Lee's surrender and the collapse of the Confederacy, the idol of the masses, and his popularity was increased by a curious incident, now almost forgotten.

It seems that a few days after the surrender he went to the theatre with his wife and some friends. A young actor named Booth, a brother of the famous Edwin Booth, attempted to assassinate him in his box, but the pistol missed fire and Booth was removed in custody. At the subsequent trial by court martial it was found that he was a fanatical Southern sympathizer and had long harbored the design of killing the President. He was sentenced to death, but Lincoln, believing him insane, commuted the sentence to one of confinement in an asylum, an act of forbearance which we must grant was not uncharacteristic of him.

Mr. Jameson claims that "had Booth's bullet found its mark its victim would have gone down to history as one of the world's great men."

On the contrary, it appears highly probable that this abortive attempt at assassination, though it momentarily elevated him in popular favor, was the seed of his ultimate downfall. He had confided to many of his friends his belief that he would not survive the struggle which occupied his entire first administration, and for four years he lived in expectation of death by violence. Booth's attempt seems to have confirmed in his mind the truth of this premonition, and its failure to have dispelled it. From that time forward he appears to have considered himself a man especially spared by Providence for the performance of a stupendous mission, his opponents who failed to appreciate the fact being ignorant or wilful agents of evil sent to obstruct him. It was a pleasant unction which easily grew into an obsession and plausibly explains the failure of this experienced politician to read correctly the trend of public opinion in the subsequent crisis.

If Mr. Jameson's effort at whitewashing had ceased with the close of the Civil War, he might have gained some converts; he is at least able to support his contention on crude pragmatic grounds. Lincoln had become President; the North had won the war under his leadership. Having in his own opinion retrieved so much ground Mr. Jameson should have rested. Instead he appears to have become possessed by a species of the same frenzy which afflicted his subject and charges to the assault of an impossible position. Lincoln, he says, was "greater even as Peace-Maker than War-Maker," and with this astounding dictum his argument definitely takes leave of fact and enters the realm of fantasy.

Apparently he had an instinct that this was so, for at the very beginning of this portion of his book he abandons the idea of close reasoning and seeks, like a good lawyer in a bad cause, to wring a verdict by tears:

"Those four years had exacted his youth; he entered upon the labors of reconstruction a spent and sick man. His almost legendary physical strength had left him; it was an effort for him to raise himself from a chair, and habitual weariness was now as marked in his face as its characteristic sadness. His crisp black hair had turned nearly white; deep furrows were bitten in the fine high forehead, and the brooding gray eyes were dull and bloodshot; often, even in the midst of important conferences, the darkened lids closed involuntarily. The brown leathery skin had faded to an unhealthy ashen color, and the cheeks were so sunken that the large, vigorously chis-

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elled nose stood out with startling prominence. Only the broad, sensitive mouth remained unchanged from serener days and still seemed equally capable of ringing eloquence or homely sally.

"Yet the labors of those four years were mild in comparison with demands now made upon him. Then he was leading a popular cause, and able shoulders were available for lightening the burdens which rested on his. Hatred and opposition smouldered but dared not raise their heads—so profound was the people's trust in him that a reluctant Congress was forced to yield him practically autocratic powers that he might not be hindered by captious obstructions in the single great task before him. Now those helpers were deserting or betraying him, and his enemies were in control of Congress, eager to tear from him even the fundamental powers of his office with which the Constitution had vested it. The goal was now not one, but many; almost alone he had to go forward, to 'bind up the nation's wounds' in the spirit of 'malice towards none, with charity for all,' to which he had pledged himself in the immortal words of the Second Inaugural Address.

" 'The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully.' The North saw its industrial system disorganized and the sullen ranks of its unemployed swelled by the return of half a million expectant soldiers; it was distrustful of the Government's financial stability and discontented with the fruits of its costly victory. The South surveyed the ruins of its economic system in devastated plantation and farm, in cities overcrowded with disabled and diseased veterans for whom assistance or employment had urgently to be found, and idle and riotous negroes who had to be fitted into the new order created by Emancipation. It was the President's herculean task to restore both to the normal ways and prosperity of peace, and to prevent the sullen victors from seeking a futile cure for their ills by vengeance upon the prostrate vanquished. He alone stood in the way of his party's short-sighted desire to expropriate the Southern lands and to build up a permanent Republican supremacy by disenfranchising the whites and giving immediate suffrage to the untutored and bewildered blacks.

"His occupations did not end with these matters of broad policy and the innumerable details consequent upon them. From early morning until after midnight, day after day, an endless stream of supplicants flowed through the White House—old women begging for the reprieve of sons under sentence of court martial for offenses against military law, Southerners unjustly deprived of their homes by the military quartered upon them, politicians come to proffer advice or seek Presidential favors. The chilly corridors of the Executive mansion reeked of whiskey, sweat and tobacco. Had the President been in the prime of his strength, these unceasing claims upon his time and his sympathies would have undermined his vitality. As it was he often sank dazed into his chair when the last visitor had left, and had to be helped to bed, or not infrequently to further labors, by one of his secretaries. Yet even at this time his tenderness and his humor did not altogether desert him. He gave the same painstaking consideration as always to the bereaved and oppressed amongst his petitioners; and on one occasion, after a delegation of hostile politicians had left with profuse threats, he remarked: 'Conducting a war compares with fixing up a peace about the way judging a dog show does to refereeing a dog fight.' "

This is a skilful plea for mercy under

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the guise of a demand for justice. Mr. Jameson naïvely assumes that the Second Inaugural Address was meant to be taken as the basis of a reconstruction policy; it is doubtful whether the speaker himself ever intended it to be more than the sort of conventional pronouncement with which politicians from the beginning of the world have soothed the troublesome curiosity of their constituents; its mellifluous, pseudo-biblical phrases gave pleasure to hearer and orator alike, and committed nobody to anything. Certainly to assume that the Address was binding upon the party for which Lincoln was no longer the spokesman is a novelty in controversial reasoning.

Further, the author blandly assumes that the rupture between the President and his party is entirely the fault of the latter—presumably the Republican Congressmen were elected solely that they might dance to his tune! Unfortunately the tune he selected was a hymn of forgiveness, which failed to harmonize with the martial airs whose strains still filled the country's ears. He was drunk with music of his own making, while the people's representatives had soberly to find a way of executing the people's will—and this demanded amongst other things stern justice to those responsible for the recent catastrophe, and reward of the negro, through bestowal of the ballot, for having taken up arms for the North in answer to the Emancipation Proclamation. The ex-post-facto argument of the long chaos to which the impulsive granting of negro suffrage has led is little to the point. Mr. Jameson in all disputed issues sees the President's as the way of compassion, his opponents' as the way of self-aggrandizement—"while prating piously of just retribution they were itching to enrich their followers with Southern lands and establish their own party forever on the denial of white and the granting of black suffrage." There is another interpretation, however, to be placed on Lincoln's indulgence to the rebels—that with their assistance he hoped to obtain an extension of power which never has and never will be granted to any man, a third term of office.

Ill health, disloyalty, the iniquity of the opposition, these alone apparently were responsible for the collapse of Lincoln's prestige; not for a moment must we suggest that his own incapacity, his tactlessness, his autocratic temper contributed to the result. Yet the sceptical reader will wonder whether the illness from overwork might not have been averted had the President possessed the largeness of mind to delegate responsibility, and whether so-called desertion was not the result of his refusal to admit his associates' equality of intellect by taking counsel of them. The very loneliness, of which so pathetic a picture is drawn, is due in large part to Lincoln's inability to restrain those very quips which are repeated by the author with so much gusto.

He might, for example, have retained Charles Sumner's good-will even after the latter joined the Radical opposition but for this unfortunate tendency. On one occasion, when he was ready to descend to one of those bleak and attenuated functions which were the gravest disappointment of his wife's career as first lady of the land, she stopped him for the purpose of making a thorough and unflattering inventory of the deficiencies in his attire. He paused to survey himself in a cheval mirror. Undoubtedly her strictures were justified. The black broadcloth fell from his stooping angular figure in bags, folds, and creases; he was no more judicious in his selection of tailors than of generals. His

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only observation was, however: "I reckon it'll do; seems to me I look as elegant as Charlie Sumner, all but the spats, and I don't need them, because I don't get cold feet as easily as he does"—a *mot* which hastened down the back stairs and promptly reached the angry ears of the venerable senator from Massachusetts.

The year 1866 saw a monotonous repetition of the same tactics—Congress would pass bills which the President would veto and return as harsh, ill-advised, or in usurpation of his own authority; the former, having organized a disciplined two-thirds majority, were in the end able to override the veto in every instance; and Lincoln, an admitted master in the art of patronage, would set the new law at naught through the army of office-holders throughout the country who were dependent on him. One bill after another was buffeted back and forth in this manner and in the end nullified by what Mr. Jameson calls the President's firmness and others by a less flattering name. Meantime unrest and discontent increased throughout the country—everywhere were poverty, idleness, bankruptcy, and open rioting. Washington itself became a city of vagrants, drunkards, and prostitutes. In the streets, saloons, and brothels demobilized soldiers and fugitive negroes assaulted one another, and packed the galleries of the House and Senate to shout for or against the measures which affected them. Nothing could be accomplished while the deadlock prevailed.

By a curious irony it was broken and the President's fate sealed through the one controversy in which he must be accorded some measure of right. The instrument was the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, a man who had displayed unusual administrative abilities during the recently concluded struggle, but had since its conclusion shown certain symptoms of inflation of the ego—a disease not impossibly contracted by association with his chief.

General Sherman, who was commanding the Department of the West, had received complaints that a certain highly connected colonel, in charge of the liquidation of surplus army stores in the Mississippi region, was unduly favoring the enterprising adventurers from the North known as carpetbaggers, and that in consequence the local merchants were being ruined. Investigation having proved that the complaints were justified, Sherman had written to the War Department requesting the removal of the offending officer. Stanton replied without consulting the President, though in such a way as to appear to have the latter's sanction, and in a tone so subtly offensive that the general had no option but to offer his resignation: it is not improbable, as Mr. Jameson suggests, that this was precisely the end at which the Secretary was aiming.

Lincoln, becoming apprised of the facts, wrote to Stanton demanding a satisfactory explanation or, in the alternative, his resignation. Stanton did not reply directly; instead the President received an informal request from Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Wade, the leaders of the House and Senate respectively, for an interview that same evening.

Mr. Jameson gives his version of that celebrated nocturnal meeting; he admittedly derives his facts from Private Secretary Purdy's diary, and if we allow for his bias and that of his authority's, the account which follows may be accepted as substantially accurate:

"The President received them in his small study, a room which Mrs. Lincoln had furnished for him early in their tenancy; the oak shelves which covered nearly all of the available wall space

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were filled with his own books, many of them preserved from the log-cabin days. For the rest the furniture consisted of a large flat-topped mahogany desk which stood before the drawn green velvet curtains of the single window, and several low mahogany easy chairs upholstered in green plush, which were grouped around the open fireplace. He installed his visitors in two of these and himself in another opposite them.

"After a few perfunctory words of greeting there was a momentary silence. Even these his two most implacable enemies must have been struck by the weary droop of the President's head, the pallor of his skin, the ominous twitchings of the enormous hands and the long crossed legs, but neither made even formal inquiries after his health. Stevens reclined in his chair, his hands holding the arms as if his great frame required support to maintain its balance, his clubfoot extended directly before him. The green light filtering through the glass shade of the desk lamp fell on his gleaming black wig and sombre eyes and gave him a sinister appearance; he resembled, with his eagle's nose and grim protruding underlip, some late Roman consul, a more ferocious Marius. Wade was leaning forward, elbows on knees, his rough-featured insolent face thrust out toward the President. It was he who first broke the silence.

" 'We've come to find out what you intend to do about Stanton,' he announced brusquely.

"The President raised his eyes to the speaker. 'He's been to you for help and comfort, has he? I reckon he got it, too.'

" 'He will, by God——'

"Stevens's harsh flat voice interrupted his colleague's outburst. 'We've come to find out in the first place what you've got against him.'

" 'Hasn't he told you?' asked Lincoln.

" 'We know about that damn-fool squabble out in St. Louis. What did Sherman want to interfere for?'

" 'Because he feels the way I do, that the Federal stores shouldn't be used to ruin little shopkeepers and fatten a lot of vultures—even if they happen to be related to United States senators,' added the President with significance.

" 'Still howling when somebody steps on a rebel's corns,' sneered Stevens. Every syllable dripped with the contempt, stronger even than the hatred, which the Republican leader entertained toward the man before him. 'Is that all you've got against Stanton?'

" 'It isn't any more,' returned the President calmly. 'I only asked for an explanation when he usurped my authority and nearly lost me one of my best generals. Now he'll have to resign.'

" 'Because he's a friend of ours, I suppose,' snorted Wade belligerently.

" 'No, Senator, because he's got a habit of telling tales out of school—we might even stretch a point and call him disloyal.'

" 'That's a word that might more aptly be applied to others,' cut in Stevens sharply; 'for instance a man who breaks with his party and kicks over the ladder by which he climbed. . . .'

" 'And flouts the Lord's plain injunction to punish traitors and rebels and their seed . . .' exploded Wade.

" 'The party'll do for now, Ben,' interrupted Stevens ironically. 'We can assume to talk for it, but we ain't carrying the same credentials from the Almighty.' Lincoln glanced at him with a faint smile of humorous understanding, but he might have been peering into the eyes of granite.

"Wade subsided, growling like an imperfectly tamed bear, and Stevens once again turned to Lincoln. 'It's no good going over the old differences at this

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date. Our opinions are so well fixed by now I guess only Ben's boss in Heaven could change 'em. We just came to tell you we won't stand for Stanton being kicked out.'

" 'He isn't going to be kicked out; he's going to resign,' said the President.

" 'It comes to the same thing,' returned the Pennsylvanian irritably. 'He suits us at the War Department, and we're going to see that he stays there.'

" 'He happens to be working for me,' argued Lincoln mildly, 'and I never believed in keeping a horse that'll kick you in the back side any time you take your eyes off him.'

" 'He's working for the people of the United States,' thundered Wade.

" 'And we're here to see that he keeps on working for them and us,' supplemented his redoubtable colleague. 'We're getting tired of passing reconstruction measures which you don't pay any attention to. We pass an Expropriation Act and the rebels are still sitting on their land; we pass a Military Control Bill and the army down South might as well be there having a picnic. . . .'

" 'And what do you propose to do about General Butler's resolution to bring Davis and Lee to trial?' put in Wade. 'Here's Davis living like a lord in Canada and Lee enjoying life as President of a University, when both of them ought to have hung a year ago.'

"A smile lurked at the corners of the President's lips. 'Ben Butler's getting blood-thirstier every day. He used to seem more indulgent to rebels when he was commanding troops against them.'

"This pointed reference to the luckless Butler's unbroken series of defeats at the hands of the Confederates drew a frosty smile of acknowledgment from Stevens, but from Wade only a scowl and the question: 'Do you propose to carry out that resolution or not?'

" 'Do you think you can reconstruct the Union just by hanging a couple of old men?' remonstrated the President, and then with apparent irrelevance inquired of Wade: 'You've never been a farmer, have you?'

" 'No,' barked the Senator from Ohio.

" 'Well, I have, as you've probably heard, and I never tried to fertilize a hundred-acre field with a sparrow's droppings.'

" 'If necessary we'll get some more sparrows,' interjected Stevens pointedly.

" 'That's what I'm here to prevent, Mr. Stevens,' said Lincoln gently.

" 'Your idea seems to be that you're here to prevent anything the representatives of the people want,' rejoined Stevens caustically, 'and the reason we've come is to tell you that from now on it's going to stop. If you persist in this matter of Stanton's resignation, in two weeks there'll be a law on the statute books making it impossible for you to dismiss Cabinet officers or any other office-holder. Then if Stanton goes you go too.' His right hand, which had been punctuating his remarks with awkward but vigorous gestures, thumped the arm of his chair. Wade emitted a grunt of assent.

"For a few moments there was silence. The President's expression remained unchanged, but his forefinger absently stroked the mole on his right cheek, a favorite trick of his when he was deeply perplexed. Only once before had the threat of impeachment been employed against a President of the United States, when John Tyler, a comparative nonentity who had succeeded to office through Harrison's death, had offended the leaders of his party; even in that instance the threat had been idle. . . . Lincoln knew that it was not idle now. These men hated him and all that he was trying to do with an almost religious fervor. He

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had thwarted two of the deepest instincts of man in them—the desire for vengeance and the itch for gain. Unless he capitulated in the matter of his perfidious Secretary of War, they would execute their threat without scruple and his hopes of restoring peace to the distracted country would disappear into the abyss with him. But if he capitulated on this point there would be an end of his self-respect. . . .

"He clasped his hands across his chest and regarded Stevens closely. 'That means that unless I back down over Stanton you'll move for an impeachment.'

"The formidable veteran assented with a mere blink of his wrinkled eyelids.

"'I see; go ahead and impeach,' said the President evenly.

"It was obvious that his decision surprised Wade, at least. He leaped from his chair and, assuming a forensic position, blunt finger pointing before him, he shouted: 'We'll do more than impeach. We'll read you out of the party; we'll make your name stink in the people's nostrils.'

"'You've tried to do that already,' the other reminded him equably; 'your newspapers have already lampooned me as a drunkard, a blasphemer, and a seducer. What more have you got to say that in the kindness of your heart you've been keeping back?'

"The Senator from Ohio was unable for a moment to think of anything. 'Wait and see,' he snarled, and relapsed into his seat.

"Lincoln pondered a moment. 'Obviously you can't expect to get an impeachment in this Congress—even our fire-eating friend here,' with a nod of the head toward Wade, 'doesn't expect he can hold his two-thirds majority in the Senate together for the purpose.'

"'A third of the Senate will be new after next March 4th,' came Stevens's contemptuous reminder.

"'I don't suppose it'll change as much as that,' said the President, as if reflecting aloud; 'you can hardly reckon on electing all of your own crowd.'

"'It'll change some—and we can take care of the rest.'

"The cynicism of the remark was not lost upon his hearer; he well knew how, by refusing or postponing admission to the duly elected candidates of the minority party, even by dishonoring 'pairs' in the cases of illness or absence, the dominant group had continued to guard the essential majority of two-thirds. He made a rapid mental calculation of possible gains or losses in the Upper House and came to an equally quick decision.

"'Then I'll make it my personal business to see that it doesn't change as much as you hope.' He smiled to himself, as if cheered by the prospect of this last, decisive battle to which he was issuing challenge. 'I still have faith in the ultimate good sense of the people.'

"'So has the Republican party,' retorted Stevens and, followed by Wade, he stumped out of the room with remarkable agility for his seventy-four years.

"An hour later Purdy, who had been working in an adjoining room, found Lincoln uneasily asleep in his chair. On the floor beside him lay a paper in which he had been trying roughly to prognosticate the result of the forthcoming elections, a curious document in the light of what followed."*

Only six weeks remained before the election, and the last three of these were to be devoted to a tour of the country. In the remaining three, besides the already oppressive routine of his office, he had to

*It is reproduced in Mr. Jameson's book, page 472.

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anticipate a vast amount of work because of the neglect of public business which would result from his absence, and to prepare the speeches with which he expected to overwhelm the voters. His task was not made easier by the resignation of several more of his Cabinet on the news of his open breach with the party; only three of the ministers who had supported him during the war still remained in office, and one of these was Stanton, who declined to surrender the keys of the War Department. The irrepressible Mrs. Lincoln chose this period for a determined effort to revive the withered social life of the capital, and became shrilly fretful when her salons filled with whiskey-laden politicians and their frowzy wives instead of the aristocratic society she used to read about in Springfield, Ill. She was inclined to suspect the Radical bloc of keeping the desirables from her parties, and lamented her husband's decision to leave Washington while the fate of her ambitions hung in the balance.

Others urged weightier reasons against his resolution. Both his secretaries have recorded their efforts to induce him to read the newspapers and gain some idea of how the country regarded him. But he would wave aside the editorial extract they proffered him with the remark that "Those fellows think they're leading public opinion when they're only selling their own." He seemed incapable of believing that the voters would refuse to accept his own version of the conflict between good and evil, though impartial observers were inclined to agree that they might. And he still had unbounded confidence in the power of his phrases.

During the first week of the tour it seemed that his belief in himself was to be justified. True, at Harrisburg his appearance on the platform was the signal for jeers and catcalls which grew in volume during his address. At one point his voice, which had never been strong, completely deserted him and he poured himself a glass of water, whereupon a raucous voice called out, "I'll bet he won't recognize what he's drinking,"—a sally which was greeted with guffaws and cheers. But as he proceeded west the receptions grew more and more cordial, until in Illinois and Indiana the enthusiasm grew so vociferous that it impeded his oratorical efforts nearly as much as the unfriendly demonstrations in the East had done. It could scarcely be called a discriminating enthusiasm, however—the cheers were for Honest Abe, the Rail-Splitter, the native son who had made good in the great world. His hearers burst their lungs for "a lasting reconciliation with our stricken brethren of the South"—and emigrated daily by the score to enrich themselves on the misfortunes of "those dam' Confederate rebels." There was something rather sinister in the uncritical personal devotion of these turbulent Westerners—rumblings of sedition, of further civil war, if the threat of impeachment were carried out. At Peoria these threats became articulate—a thousand men came to the meeting carrying firearms and swore to march to Washington if the Radicals attempted to oust the President from the White House. Lincoln solemnly cautioned them against once more menacing the peace of the country, but observers noted unmistakable signs of gratification in him at this dangerous expression of loyalty.

The return journey must have cured any illusions he might have acquired during his triumphal progress through his native West. East of Buffalo the demeanor of the mobs was so threatening that it was deemed advisable to give him military protection. He was rarely allowed to finish a sentence without in-

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terruptions. Occasionally even missiles were flung at him. To his very face he was accused of currying social favor with Southern politicians and ambassadors from such foreign countries as had assisted the Confederacy (a persistent allegation which Mr. Jameson dismisses with a too hasty contempt); of being privy, for a consideration, to Jefferson Davis's escape to Canada and Lee's immunity from prosecution; of faithlessly denying the negro the vote in the expectation of political and financial reward from interested sources. (Parenthetically it may be asked how he contrived to leave an estate of well over $100,000, derived from an income at the law which never exceeded $3,000 a year and a Presidential salary of $25,000 which he enjoyed for less than six years.)

At Albany he was unable to finish his speech and the meeting broke up in a riot in which several of his retinue were injured. He was removed to a hotel and lay ill for two days while a number of meetings were cancelled. It was becoming clear that his "crusade," as his supporters called it, was doomed to failure and it even became doubtful if he would be able to complete it. But he disregarded his medical advisers and departed for New York and the most crucial test of the entire campaign.

The place of the meeting was the Cooper Institute, where less than seven years before he had made his first appearance before an Eastern audience, and in so doing had contributed in so small measure to his nomination for the Presidency. But though place and people were the same, time and circumstance were utterly different. It was no longer possible to straddle the fence between slavery and abolition, in one breath to praise John Brown as a martyr and in another condemn him as a fool, to steal men's reason by declaiming, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it." His hearers had been through four years of the worst war that had yet been seen upon the earth, and they were weary of illusory promises, deferred hopes, meaningless eloquence. Nor was he the same man as he had been then—he, too, had lost something in the furnace of war, his youth, his strength, everything but that incredible belief in his own moral discernment. The sympathetic *New York World*, in describing his appearance, said the next day: "He was haggard and aged beyond anything we had been led to believe—he seemed to have lived an entire lifetime since he last stood on that platform. Yet one realized, even before he opened his lips, his unshaken conviction that *his* Right must in the end triumph." The italic is my own.

His hearers gave him their polite if frigid attention as he set forth, cautiously and at length, the issues between himself and Congress. If there was no applause there were few open expressions of dissent. It was only when he became warmed by his own oratory that signs of restiveness began to appear. His unflattering references to his opponents, including Horace Greeley, the most popular editor in New York, brought forth the familiar catcalls. And when he raised his curiously high, thin voice in the characteristically Lincolnian peroration, "Destiny calls us to high place amongst the nations," waves of sardonic mirth rolled back and forth across the hall.

He was compelled to pause until the noise and laughter subsided. It was noticed that his head fell forward on his breast and he leaned heavily with his right hand on a table for support. His knees appeared to sag, and a curious twitching was visible about his mouth

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and eyes. After a few minutes he was able to resume. His voice had dropped so low that it was barely more than a mumble.

"Not only for our sakes and our children's must the evil passions evoked by war be utterly cast out and its more visible wounds quickly and gently brought to healing. The day is not far when these United States will no longer be bounded in isolation by sea and mountain, a distant and adventurous son of the human family. Other voices will call upon us to contribute from our youth and our strength to the mother-nations that bore us, when their day of agony and despair shall come. . . ."

Suddenly his huge body tottered and he put his hands out blindly before him. Several of those in the front rows leaped forward to catch him, for it seemed that he would fall forward, but he turned and reeled into the arms of Secretary Welles, who was sitting behind him. The audience waited until he had been removed and then filed out silently.

They took him to Washington, and for several weeks his life hung in the balance. Medical opinion decided that even if he lived for a time he would never recover the use of his faculties, and Congress passed the Disabling Act whereby he was removed from office and Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, succeeded him. There was some criticism of this step, but it cannot be seriously maintained that Congress was not acting in the public interest by this exercise of its constitutional right.

He lingered on for some months in a little house on the outskirts of Washington, Mrs. Lincoln intermittently nursing him and carrying on feuds with her successor in the White House and Mrs. Grant. He took little interest in politics thenceforth, though he indorsed President Johnson's efforts to sustain his own misguided and unsuccessful policies—an attitude which undoubtedly cost him the popular sympathy which his misfortunes might otherwise have obtained for him. His favorite pastime was the composition of incredibly bad verses (which he actually destined for publication), a pursuit to which he had been devoted for a short period in his early manhood. He was not above submitting them to his friends for criticism, for on one of these occasions he is said to have remarked: "I reckon they'll last as long as most of the good that politicians do."

He died on March 4, 1867, the sixth anniversary of his inauguration.

A curious incident, worth repeating for the light it throws on the author's mind, is recorded at the end of the book. The scene is the sitting-room of Lincoln's house. The ex-President is lying on his deathbed and various Washington notables are gathered in the parlor below, conversing in low voices while they await news of the end. Presently one of the attendant doctors is heard coming down the stairs—he stands in the doorway a moment and announces that the President has just passed away. Every one is silent but Stanton, who bows his head and says in deeply reverent tones:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

Mr. Jameson wishes us to infer that this was a sincere acknowledgment of error on the part of the troublesome War Minister. Whoever could believe that would accept the epitaph on a tombstone as historical truth—but perhaps it is only this type of mind which would attempt a vindication of the unfortunate sixteenth President.

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When Americans insist on romantic marriage, they must not complain of romantic divorce, says Mrs. Gerould. Is it possible that our ideas of love are incompatible with the sober realities of marriage? Do young people expect too much of love? Has the idea of pre-arranged marriages of the Continental type any possibilities for us?

Romantic Divorce

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is the tendency of the day to find economic causes for all social phenomena. Most contemporary discussions of our marriage and divorce problems, for example—and they flower in innumerable books and articles—leave one a little disappointed. The writers base all their arguments on economic—and, less frequently, on biologic—premises. The emotional and sentimental bases of the marriage-pact, the effects of tribal temperament and prejudice, seem to get left out. Yet as far as American marriage is concerned, those emotional and sentimental factors have been even more effective than the industrial revolution, or the emancipation of women, or the breaking of ecclesiastical bonds, or any of the by-products of "progress."

There is, indeed, no point in trying to solve the problems of twentieth-century American marriages by mere biology or mere economics. Our biologic necessities we have in common with Greeks, Romans, Assyrians, and Chinese. Our economics are more or less the economics of all capitalistic civilizations. Our marriage problems, on the other hand, are conditioned by a very special set of sentiments and predilections which even Europe does not share with us, and the vagaries of the human heart have more to do, in America, with the making and breaking of marriages than the vagaries of the human pocketbook, or the human instinct to reproduce life.

The simple truth is that Anglo-Saxons (if some one will find me a clearer term, I shall be enchanted to use it) built up, in the nineteenth century, the tradition of romantic marriage. If Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and the like have not the marriage problems we have, it is because they were never so fascinated by—duped by, if you like—that ideal. It is essentially Protestant, and essentially English-American. I doubt if there are any countries except England and America where, for a hundred years, young people have expected to exercise their own choices, and to marry for love alone. We Americans, moreover, have carried this elective freedom much further, made it much more general, than the English ever did, because we have theoretically had no class distinctions. It is not the machine age, or the new status of woman, or any special moral laxity, that has given us the American habit of acting promptly on our marital dissatisfactions. This habit has arisen from our seeing marriage as an intensely personal and an intensely romantic affair. The loosening of religious bonds, the entrance of women into economic competition with men,

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birth control, all sorts of things, may have contributed to our trial-and-error experimenting. But the real cause of the seething, the seeking, the controversy, the unrest, is, I believe, the fact that for a hundred years at least, Americans have envisaged marriage as a purely individual, not at all as a social, contract, and have refused to consider any marriage successful that did not maintain, for both parties, a high romantic satisfaction. We have despised the marriage of convenience; we have frowned upon all social restrictions of mating; we have demanded a white-hot emotional perfection. Needless to say, we have very seldom got it. We are enduring the fate of all people who are foolish enough to hitch their wagons to a star. But there is no use in putting the blame on such biologic or economic factors as are not responsible. As long as personal happiness is made the only desideratum in marriage, the divorce courts will be full.

Without going so far as to declare with Oscar Wilde that Life and Nature imitate Art, we may fairly say, I think, that the great romantic poets and novelists of the nineteenth century are to a large extent responsible for our dilemma. Poets had been hymning romantic love for centuries, but they did not make it synonymous with marriage. It no more occurred to them in the Middle Ages that you would be romantic about your wife or your husband than it occurred to Dante to want to marry Beatrice or to refrain from marrying Gemma. Marriage was a social matter, love a personal one. The Latin nations have on the whole remained faithful to that conception. Until the War, at least, royalties were the only people in most Continental countries who pretended to marry for love. Sometimes husband and wife did fall in love, and remain in love, with each other; but that was a blessing quite outside the contract. Certainly Continental poets and novelists never taught that romantic love could or should be confined within the bonds of wedlock.

Now in attributing responsibility to our nineteenth-century poets and novelists, I do not mean to exonerate Queen Victoria, the more Protestant forms of the Protestant religion, and the great middle classes who rose to prominence and power with the industrial civilization. But though Queen Victoria once read "Jane Eyre"—in a train: we have her word for it—she was very far from writing "Jane Eyre," or the novels of Jane Austen, or the novels of Scott. In spite of the Queen and the Prince Consort and the domestic decencies they induced in British society, I venture to say that young things, forming their opinions about life and love, were more influenced by the heroes and heroines of literature than by the Hero and Heroine of Balmoral.

No one has phrased our innermost convictions as to the requirements of marriage more precisely than Charlotte Brontë. In her own time, I believe, she was considered by many people indelicately frank. I can even remember contemporaries of my own who were not allowed to read "Jane Eyre" in their early 'teens. She has her revenge in this fact: that even to-day, yes, in 1930, we can hardly express the popular conception of the ideal marriage more accurately than by quoting Charlotte Brontë.

"Jane suits me. Do I suit her?" asks Rochester.

"To the finest fibre of my nature, sir," answers Jane. In the next chapter, the exposition is expanded, by Jane herself.

"I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I hold myself supremely blest—blest beyond what language can express; because I

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am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman was ever nearer to her mate than I am—ever more absolutely bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my husband's society, he knows none of mine . . . to be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company."

Now this is not mere sentimental tall-talk. Charlotte Brontë was, however heightened her prose, honestly stating what she honestly thought marriage ought to be. And what she honestly thought marriage ought to be, three generations of young Americans have honestly thought marriage ought to be. When they have married for love, this is the state of things they expected would ensue. The phrasing is Charlotte's; the conviction has been general. Charlotte may have been more explicit than some of her great contemporaries, but no one will deny that hers is the normal ideal of romantic marriage. You assume that Lucy Bertram and Charles, Elizabeth and Darcy, Pendennis and Laura, Clara and Vernon, continued, through their married life, to be happy in just the way that Charlotte Brontë took the pains to describe. Romantic marriage has not been considered, these hundred years, a fairy gift for lovers in books: all normal young fiancés have expected to suit and be suited, forever, to the finest fibre of their natures. It is because they hold themselves defrauded of something they had every right to expect that they throw their unsatisfactory mates aside so easily, and try again. Unless they are coerced by religious or economic pressure, they refuse to test their marriages by any save the romantic criterion. So we get the frequent spectacle of couples divorcing with the utmost respect, even a measure of affection, for each other. Simply, they are not "suited" to the finest fibre of their natures.

We may, I think, leave to one side the mercenary marriage, which has always, in all times, occurred. It is sufficient, concerning it, to remark two facts: that (in America) if parental pressure is exercised, it is freely censured; and that, if a young man or a young woman decides to "marry for money," he or she always tries to delude people into thinking that love was the sole motive. The romantic choice is the only avowable, the only respectable, one. As a social body, we admit, nay, insist upon, the validity of the romantic ideal.

Divorces among friends or acquaintances are apt to set people to theorizing. I happen to live in a quiet, professional, on the whole non-divorcing community; but no backwater nowadays is so tranquil and remote that some fish do not leap to freedom. Within six months, I have happened to ask three or four different people (or they have happened to ask me) how they would estimate the happiness of the average married couple of fifty, among their own acquaintances. Every one of them expressed the belief that among couples fifty years of age, real marital happiness was so rare as to be virtually non-existent. They made no bones of saying that they were convinced that the only thing which kept most of their mature married acquaintances together—habit apart—was the private knowledge that if they seized upon freedom they were not likely to do any better by themselves. Yet some of these cynics are among the first to censure younger people who divorce with ease. We muddle this matter, I fancy, as we muddle some other matters. Either brides and bridegrooms have a reasonable right to expect the kind of happiness described by Charlotte Brontë, or that happiness is so rare and difficult of achievement that to expect it is not reasonable, not right. If we have a right to

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expect it, then we have a right to divorce when we find we are not getting it. If, on the other hand, it is an unreasonable and unfair expectation, then it is time we changed our ideals, and taught the young that marriage is a practical and social, not merely a romantic, contract. You cannot have it both ways. The right to romantic marriage implies the right to divorce. Sneers have been plenty, for those men and women who demanded "self-expression" and declared that their legal mates, in slang phrase, cramped their style. They have usually been considered selfish hypocrites. Yet as long as we preach romantic marriage, they are justified in their revolt. Rochester and Jane did not cramp each other's style.

No outsider can ever know the whole truth about any marriage. Confidant, confessor, physician, psychoanalyst, pooling their notes, could not know it, for the intimate psychologic reactions of two people are largely incommunicable, and many shades of feeling cannot be put into words, can hardly be inwardly defined. When we realize that any given marriage has not simply its emotional, but its social, domestic, financial, tribal, and parental aspects, all of which shift and play into each other continuously, we realize that we can appraise no marriage except our own—and may even, by virtue of the wealth of evidence, the variety of human moods, have some difficulty in appraising that. When my friends look about on the little social world we share, and declare that they see no happy marriages among people of fifty, they mean only that they see none which is self-evidently happy; that they perceive no signs of romantic attachment, no indication, in either spouse, of the sort of feeling that Jane and Rochester had for one another. They are not, of course, looking for love-making. When Millamant exclaimed to Mirabell, as you will remember, "Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all," she spoke for all civilized people. Hearts on sleeves, no one expects. But there can be effects of felicity, hints of constant mutual preoccupation, with no infringement of manners; and it is those, I imagine, that are lacking. What the observer sees at best is tacit loyalty, joint interests accepted, joint responsibilities assumed, an almost inanimate quietude—habit enthroned; but nowhere any evidence of delight. Often indeed the loyalty itself is explicit, not implicit: husband or wife will say or do nothing that would compromise the other's interest, reputation, opportunity, yet will say or do things that indicate inward criticism, indifference, or boredom. That husbands and wives, even the happiest, pursue the business of life more separately than they used, every one will admit. That is probably a good thing. It is all a question of the mood in which each returns to the hearthside. Are all these other gaieties and activities mere filling in time until they can get back to each other? Does the heart of either lift when the other comes into the room? (You can be sure that Jane's and Rochester's did.) Apart from habit and convenience, would either choose the other, out of all the world, to share an experience or a solitude? These are the things we mean by a romantic preference, a romantic satisfaction. We may as well confess that few married folk of fifty-odd give the impression that their spontaneous and joyous choice falls daily where it fell twenty-five years ago, at the altar. Almost no couples produce the effect of being suited to the finest fibre of their natures.

When the Church made marriage a

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sacrament, it ignored romantic satisfaction. The great social value of the indissoluble marriage lies in its forcing people to do the best they can with an imperfect situation. The great mass of Americans, however, do not consider marriage indissoluble; and have breathed in from the circumambient air the notion that they have a right, in marriage, to perfect happiness. Most of them have no idea, really, of what constitutes happiness in a permanent relation. What they hope for, presumably, is the maintaining of the first ecstasy of "falling in love." Now it is a platitude that passion blinds the eyes, and that after passion is sated, the eyes gradually open, and the beloved is judged more or less as other human beings are judged. The French parent (pre-War brand) was very careful to study the character and temperament of the young man or woman to whom he was destining his offspring; realizing that in the cold, long run, congeniality of taste and temper was going to count heavily. Even in pre-War England, class distinctions were so prevailingly acknowledged that the young man and young woman were far more likely than in America to fall in love with some one of the same background and the same personal habits. The loose texture of American life, our impatience of parental guidance, our theoretical scorn of class distinctions, have made the adventure of mating a far dizzier chance—not only socially and financially, but personally as well. We have taught our young folk, as young folk were never taught by their elders in Europe—even in England—that "love is all." We have put a terrific burden on young capacity for wise choice.

Well, of course love *is* all . . . if love is there. I am far from saying that we Americans should let prudential considerations outweigh all others. I am all for Jane and Rochester. Yet though my own vote would always go for perfect ease and decency of divorce, I can perceive, with others, that we have too much divorce. Better too many divorces than too few, I firmly believe; it can, however, escape no one that many of our divorces do not better the case of the people involved. The spoiled American woman has often got the blame of our much divorcing: I doubt if that is fair. In my own observation, the men are as fickle and as impatient of unsatisfactory bonds as the women. (I speak, of course, of cases where the economic pressure does not bear hard. Many women still stick to an uncongenial husband because he is their only means of support.) The assumption of the right to happiness, the resolve not to be unhappy, are not confined to either sex; they are general. The obscurantist forces are shrieking aloud about our divorce statistics, as they are shrieking aloud about so many delicate and controversial matters; and, as usual, they are imputing the blame where it does not belong, and advising remedies that are worse than the evil. A uniform divorce law, for example—framed and sponsored as it would inevitably be framed and sponsored—is more to be feared than any increase of divorces we are likely to get. You may be sure that the virtuous, ignorant women in conclave who wish to coerce future generations with a uniform divorce law are as guilty as any one else of bringing up their children with romantic notions of wedlock. And the deuce of it is that romantic notions of wedlock are not wrong—they are supremely right. Only . . . they are not going, in the majority of cases, to be justified by experience. As we said, you cannot have it both ways. You cannot have the right to expect perfection, without the right to discard imperfection.

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Either we have got to stop preaching romantic marriage, or we have got to accept divorce as a normal and defensible gesture.

"The Way that can be walked upon is not the perfect Way." In this, as in other matters, we must compromise. Being, by reason of personal temperament, a last-ditcher for Romance, I should be loath to see the marriage of convenience become acceptable to us. (Not that there seems to be the slightest danger of it.) My own preference is for following the Gleam. Yet it must be admitted that one seldom sees the Gleam reflected in middle-aged married eyes. What apparently happens in most cases is that passion tides the young people over until children are growing up, until they have become so rooted in their lives as constituted, that any change would be highly inconvenient if not prohibitively difficult; and—let us be frank—until they themselves are beyond the age and condition when they are likely to attract other people very strongly—beyond, you may say, the age of hope. They stick together because of inertia, and also because any change would probably be for the worse. (They have also reached the age of cynical common sense.) If they are normally nice people, they have probably good cause, apart from habit, to be more or less fond of each other. Mere prolonged association with any decent person creates in most of us a tepid affection. Of course this condition of things is the very negation of romance. Well, what is to be done about it? How are we to keep our ideal of romantic marriage, and also keep the marriages we happen to make? What compromise are we going to find?

It would seem to be clear that you cannot tell young people—or permit them to infer, from the general adult attitude—that they have a right, in marriage, to permanent romantic satisfaction, and in the same breath advise them that if they do not get it, they must make the best of a bad job. That contradiction is too glaring. But we might perhaps point out to them that marriage, even romantic marriage, has social aspects; that they will find themselves, as the years proceed, not only lovers, but householders, parents, and members of a social group, and that these other relations carry with them pleasures as well as responsibilities. Lack of solid social training has been partly responsible, in all American classes, for our failure in marriage; our failure, that is, to find our marriages desirable and delightful after middle age has set in. We might, without denying Eros, appeal to the sporting instincts of our young people by pointing out to them that marriage, which has been variously called a sacrament, a discipline, a biologic necessity, and a social contract, is, most exactly speaking, an art. True, for Jane and Rochester it was not a conscious art; it was a miracle daily renewed, which needed no manipulating by them. But we may as well acknowledge to the young that miracles are rare, and that what passes for miracle is usually a matter of sleight-of-hand. Not for worlds would I disturb, for any pair of young lovers, their sense of uniqueness. That sense of uniqueness, temporary though it may be, illusion though it often is, is perhaps the best single thing in human experience. Only, I think even the young could stand being told that no success in life merely happens to you; that for anything on the hither side of complete coma, technic is needed. The young, in point of fact, rather like the notion of developing, in any field of endeavor, a competent technic. They are not naturally hostile to the idea of learning an art. Passionate love will create,

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without knowing it, beautiful manners to the beloved. Could it do any harm to tell them that the manners are worth keeping after the passion has gone, that charm, like charity, should begin at home, that adjusting one's personality to another personality, year in and year out, may be a high æsthetic adventure in itself? In other words, that a marriage, like a comedy of Shakespeare's or a tragedy of Sophocles's, may be a work of art, a masterpiece?

Better this, at all events, than too much moralizing on duty. Duty has an ugly sound in the ears of the young—probably because it has always meant to them something decided by others and imposed from without. Until we have eradicated the ideal of romantic marriage from the general mind, we shall not be able to lay too much stress on the importance of society and the unimportance of the individual. Lovers do not like to think of themselves either as responsible citizens or as potential ancestors. You cannot, at just this point in their lives, give them good advice from the Laws of the Jungle.

"'There is none like to me!' says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;
But the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still."

In the hour of discovering their mates, they feel themselves beyond all Law, and bigger than any Jungle. Any good advice strikes upon that ecstasy with the disturbing chill of cynicism. But though you may not with impunity tell them that marriage is a lottery, you may tell them that marriage is a mystery; that no human being is so simple that he or she can be resolved into the mere complement of another human being; and that it will take them a great many years to understand John or Susan as John or Susan deserves to be understood.

So far you might go with those intending marriage—mere inklings of the intellectual adventure that a marriage, if it is not to go on the rocks, must be made. I confess that it is only a small part of the way—our real difficulty, of course, lies in the boredom that sets in when John and Susan cease to be thinkable intellectual adventures, and fail totally to reward research. The crucial hour is that in which one or the other perceives that their love is not, and never was, the Sacred Terror. Remember that, as Americans, they have been brought up to believe that the Sacred Terror, like all other good things, is their natural right. Theirs is "an age" (I quote from an advertisement I saw yesterday) "in which the impossible is demanded—and achieved." When an impossible demand is sanctioned by the whole body politic, they are certainly going to feel that it must be achieved. For those who deplore divorce, the only balm would seem to be the fact that in the majority of cases passion and the absorbing business of creating a common life see a married couple through until they are physically and morally past the age of revolt.

I have purposely disregarded the tragic factors that may enter into a given marriage. The dramatic cases are proportionately few. It is the average marriage that we must consider if we are to make generalizations. To a born romantic, indeed, the real tragedy is not in the marriages that are conspicuously broken, but in the marriages that inconspicuously endure. Most married folk at the silver-wedding stage do not fulfil one's idea of a romantic future—yet they are, precisely, the future of a romantic undertaking, a future that was expected, itself, to be romantic. Somewhere along the way, illusions were lost. Even the cynic, though, cannot deny that sometimes the illusion is preserved. How

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about it? Are we to adopt the weary, sensible, precautionary European attitude, or are we still to struggle on, encouraging high hopes that are, in most instances, doomed?

The latter, I suspect. It would take several generations (and something like a caste system thrown in) to eradicate from the American heart the noble belief in marrying for love. When we talk of a compromise, we must face the fact that denying the romantic marriage can as yet be no part of it. We could, perhaps, as I have suggested, point out to our young people that Heaven helps those who help themselves, and that the miracle of love needs co-operation and assistance as much as any other. We might tell them that they themselves, being living organisms, are going to change as life wears on; that John or Susan (now perfect) is also going to change; that marriage is dynamic, not static; and that to keep on suiting (and being suited by) John or Susan to the finest fibre of their natures calls for constant readjustments and infinite strategy. Tell them, if you like, that the world and the way of things are all against them, and that romantic marriage is not Eden but a running fight. Tell them anything, in short, that will induce them to perceive that successful marriages do not occur, but are created. We are at least far more likely to get results if we define marriage as an art than if we define it as a discipline. What (all in the way of compromise) we need to get rid of is the vague general belief that if you marry, in good faith, for love, the marriage will take care of itself, and that if it does not, it is not your fault; that your happiness is the particular and exclusive job of the God of Love. We resent our own failures less than we resent a failure on the part of Omnipotence; and we have been prone to consider Eros omnipotent. If we could get rid of our fatalistic dependence on Eros and his prophets, we might get rid of the cheated feeling, the self-pity, that are all too common when Eros has proved unequal to his task. It is the cheated feeling and the self-pity, by the way, that most often lead to divorce; it is the cheated feeling and the self-pity, moreover, that dull the Gleam in middle-aged eyes.

Being wholly American and wholly romantic, the present writer would prefer this sort of compromise to another; would rather keep romantic marriage and educate the young to the idea of working hard to preserve it, than admit, for marriage, a lower, a more "sensible," a less idealistic basis. For though we must in honesty confess that romance is hard to find and hard to keep, we can none the less declare that, when the romantic marriage does win through, it is a far more inspiring spectacle than the most successful and conscientious marriage of convenience. Romantic we are, incurably, we Americans; and we are less moved than we might be, by those stoical and self-effacing consorts who have made the best of it on many a throne. Domestic we are, also (which adds to our difficulties); and our hearts are not lifted by Abelard and Héloïse, Petrarch and Laura, as they are lifted, say, by John and Sarah Churchill—Ramillies, Malplaquet, and St. James's all far behind them—adoring each other, from their respective armchairs, in Blenheim Palace.

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Economics and Prohibition Don't Mix

BY JOHN CARTER

On the day after All Fools' Day, 1930, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University testified on behalf of Prohibition before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. "Economists," Professor Fisher informed the politicians, *"even wet economists,* are unanimous in their conviction that American Prohibition has contributed toward American prosperity. Every estimate has appraised *our added productivity due to Prohibition* at many billions of dollars a year. The usual estimates have been between $3,000,000,000 and $10,000,000,000 a year. These are big figures, but not unreasonable when we consider that America's total income is $30,000,000,000 more than ten years ago."

One does not need to be either a "wet" or an economist to be somewhat bewildered by this statement from a veteran Stock-market expert or to realize that there is something queer about his logic. The added productivity of American industry since 1920 can be and has been traced directly to the introduction of improved labor-saving machinery and to the concentration and "rationalization" of industrial production. This is susceptible of statistical proof. There is, therefore, no reason to argue the point. It is safer to assume that Professor Fisher's reference deals with the demonstrable and relevant facts concerning the reduction of the national bill for drink and the "saving" that has thereby been effected.

Our annual pre-Prohibition drink bill ran between $1,500,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 a year. For example, the wholesale value of the wine, beer, and distilled beverages produced in America in 1914 was about $650,000,000. Triple this sum to represent the retail price and you get a figure of about $2,000,000,000, with imports and exports about balancing. No much closer estimate is possible. Of this sum close to a billion dollars represented excise and customs duties, Federal, State and municipal license fees, etc. For example, in 1918, the Federal revenue from the liquor traffic amounted to nearly $450,000,000, under the stress of wartime taxation coupled with wartime abstinence. No comparable estimate of our annual illicit drink bill is available.

The prevalence of bootlegging, the high price of hooch, the persistence of steady drinking among Americans at home or when touring in foreign countries, and the decline in the purchasing power of the dollar, permit a fairly conservative guess that the American people have been spending at least a billion dollars a year for the forbidden juice since the enactment of National Prohibition. Deducting that sum from the pre-war drink bill, the "saving" runs between $500,000,000 and $2,000,000,000 a year. Of this annual illegal billion for hooch, at least $800,000,000 goes to finance the underworld, the police grafters and the sorry group of corrupt officials and racket lawyers who protect the bootleggers. Economically speaking, we have diverted the excise on liquor from the support of government to the corruption of government, from the financing of social activities to the financing of the anti-social groups. A considerable part of our staggering annual crime bill must be set against any hypothetical "saving" or increased productivity due to official absti-

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nence. The cost of crime has been authoritatively set at about eleven billion dollars a year, reckoning the direct and the indirect charges on society. If the diversion of nearly a billion dollars in yearly profits to the underworld means anything—and the "rum" and "beer" wars in our large cities suggest that it does—it is fair to assume that Prohibition is responsible for at least a billion dollars added to the yearly crime bill of the United States. Add that to the liquor bill and Professor Fisher's conservative savings shrink to negligible proportions.

II

This is, however, the least significant feature of the economics of Prohibition. The most significant is that in Prohibition the business community of the United States fell for one of the oldest and stupidest of economic fallacies—the confusion of *money* with *wealth*.

The soft drink, the candy, the amusement interests saw the American people spending billions on drink. Other businesses noticed the phenomenon. "Aha!" they said. "If the liquor business is outlawed there will be those same billions to be spent on things we sell."

The business man did not realize that wealth consists not of money but of goods for which there is an effective demand. The creation of wealth precedes the money which is available for its purchase. When the purchase has been consummated, the same money is available for other purchases. The money which the American people spend on liquor —less taxes or graft—is simply evidence that so much wealth has been added to the consumable stock of the nation.

Before a drink was served over the bar of a single saloon or on a single dinner table, a very considerable amount of liquid wealth had been created and exchanged for the money which enabled its venders to purchase the necessities of life. A keg of beer, a bottle of whiskey, or a flask of wine represented the growth and sale of grain or grapes, it represented freight, coal, glass, wood, rent, wages and employment for the farmer, the railway worker, the miner, the brewery or distillery employee. It was the livelihood of the bartender, the saloon-keeper, the investor in the liquor business, and, through taxes, of a large number of officials, all of whom ate food, wore clothes, paid rent and had families who did the same things.

Thus the liquor business contributed, economically, to the general prosperity. The exchange of money for wealth, whether it takes the form of the purchase of five gallons of gasoline at a filling station or a glass of needled beer in the lowest dive on the Bowery, helps the processes of all other forms of exchange throughout the economic community. With a threatened deficit in the Treasury and a cost of nearly $46,000,000 for enforcement in 1929, the loss of close to a billion dollars in revenue is a very considerable item in the economic organization of American government. Hitherto, however, we have felt that we could afford it. As it is, the loss to government of $1,000,000,000 in liquor taxes has thrown an equivalent burden on income-tax payers, without sensibly relieving the community of the former charge which now goes to finance the Al Capones and Bugs Morans of America.

This is not to say that Prohibition may not have aided the individual to effect savings in his own economic activity. The money which the "working classes" expended on drink was doubtless unwisely laid out. It could probably have been exchanged for other and more useful forms of wealth than for a few gulps, a little hilarity and a big headache. The indirect loss to industry, in the form

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of lowered efficiency and absence from work, may have been considerable. It probably still is a significant item in our economy, although with the growing importance of leisure, not to mention unemployment, its effect has certainly been overestimated. Nevertheless, economically it was, and is, impossible to "save" wealth by the elimination of a form of economic endeavor. Indeed, in so far as American money is now expended for the wares of foreign rum-runners or in the clubs and bars and cafés of Canadian, West Indian, Mexican and European resorts by thirsty American tourists, Prohibition has created a drain upon our economic resources.

Undoubtedly, advocates of the reform will deny that there is any economic fallacy in Prohibition. They can cite no less an authority than Henry Ford, who has stated that "gasoline and alcohol do not mix." A sufficient commentary on this type of argument is implied in the following analogy, which might be called "An Economist's Nightmare."

Having read the testimony of Irving Fisher, Henry Ford, and Thomas Edison, and having imbibed too freely of some strong home-brewed beer, an economist fell into a fitful slumber. He dreamed. This was his dream:—

"'Alcohol and gasoline do not mix!' Then why not get rid of gasoline? Perhaps the trouble is with gasoline and not with alcohol. We got on quite well with alcohol for thousands of years before gasoline was invented." He pondered this problem. Slowly it dawned on him that he had been selected from on high to lead a great crusade against gasoline and in particular against its agency of consumption, the automobile.

He saw the American people spending over $10,000,000,000 a year, directly and indirectly, as a result of their helpless addiction to the automobile. He saw them wasting the irreplaceable petroleum resources of their country on idle and unimproving motion, purposeless puffing hither and thither along roads which they taxed themselves heavily to build for the purpose. He saw them incurring vast foreign bills for the purchase of rubber and other commodities necessary for the maintenance of this vice. He saw the awful annual death roll of 30,000 victims. Each year 1,000,000 people were injured by automobiles and lingered on as temporary or permanent dependents on society. He thought tearfully of the wives and families of these wretched people and decided that *something must be done.*

He organized an Anti-Automobile League, with branches in every State and lobbyists in every legislature and in Washington. He solicited moral support. First he went to the churches. He pointed out that church attendance had fallen off, due to the automobile, and he had little difficulty in enlisting the energetic and vocal support of the clergy, with the exception of the Catholic hierarchy, who did not complain of loss of attendance. He went to the sociologists. He learned from them that quite as many girls were being led astray on the back seats of sedans as had ever taken the easiest way in the back rooms of saloons. He learned that it was destroying home life and breaking down parental authority. He learned that the automobile had given the criminal classes a new and invaluable weapon in their war on society and that it had complicated the task of the police to an almost insuperable degree. He learned that improvident and weak-willed members of the "working classes" would deprive themselves and their families of necessities in order to acquire and operate a second-hand car. His moral backing was unanimous.

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He then turned to such portions of the business community as were not engaged directly or indirectly in the automotive business. He simply, but eloquently, pointed to the ten billions of dollars which the American people were spending on automobiles, tires, gasoline, oil, accessories, taxes, fines, and fees for registration and driving permits. "Come and get it!" he said. "These billions might just as well be spent on useful commodities, shoes, clothes, food, rent and the other things which you manufacture and now find hard to sell because the automobile habit is draining the wealth of the community."

American industry backed the reform whole-heartedly. The railway and traction companies raised a huge fund in order to recapture their lost passenger traffic. The bicycle manufacturers chipped in cheerfully on receiving the assurance that vehicles in which the operator was the source of propulsion would not be affected. Real-estate companies who had seen the value of residential property afflicted by filling stations and garages joined the cause.

The farmers were enthusiastic. The hay and oats interests alone raised a million dollars, while the horse-breeders became so violent in their activities on behalf of the Anti-Automobile League that they were brought into court and enjoined to keep the peace.

The reformer and his allies had a hard fight. The automobile and oil interests were strongly intrenched and there was reluctance in administrative circles to forego the revenue obtained by the gasoline tax, license and registration fees, and such. However, American business, eager to get a share of that $10,000,000,000, was irresistible. The reformer was a shrewd politician. He compromised. He allowed the use of a limited number of taxicabs and trucks for industrial and commercial purposes, under Treasury control. Farmers were allowed to use automobiles for going to market and for operating farm machinery. He permitted to the police and hospitals the unrestricted use of these vehicles. A gentleman's agreement was made to the effect that legislators and other high government officials would not be molested. Clergymen were allowed to use motors for their parochial calls and physicians were likewise given the right to indulge in or to prescribe automobiling for medicinal purposes, under government permit. Strategically selected politicians were allowed to distribute enforcement jobs to their friends and supporters. The great national reform, in the shape of a Twentieth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, crashed through, and American business sat back to divide the $10,000,000,000 a year which had been "saved" by outlawing a vicious industry.

To the surprise of American business these dollars did not materialize. Instead, 375,000 employees in automobile factories lost their jobs. Another 320,000 men engaged in the manufacture of parts and accessories began tramping the streets for work, together with 100,000 more from the outlawed tire factories—795,000 men out of a livelihood. Nine hundred thousand truck drivers and 500,000 chauffeurs joined the army of the unemployed. The ranks were swelled by nearly a million repair-shop and garage employees, dealers, and salesmen. The trouble spread: 110,000 refinery and oil workers had to be discharged, as did 100,000 highway officials and workers, and nearly as many tire dealers and salesmen. Slackening of freight traffic caused the railways to lay off 95,000 men; the decline in orders for steel and other metals cost 85,000 more men their jobs. Thirty thousand financing and insurance men found their ca-

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reers ended, 20,000 machine tool builders were no longer needed. Seventy thousand woodworkers, upholsterers, plate-glass workers, road material factory hands and leather workers were laid off. Thousands of men, women, and children found their livelihood destroyed or their incomes lowered by the loss of dividends. Stock in other industries declined and there was a serious panic. Instead of having a $10,000,000,000 jackpot to divide, the surviving American industries found themselves faced with an army of 3,732,000 unemployed who had to cut down purchases of food, clothing, fuel, shoes, lodging and other innocent forms of wealth. At this point the dreaming economist awakened screaming for help——

When we "abolished" the commercialized liquor traffic we did precisely the same thing on a smaller scale. Two thousand breweries, distilleries and wine establishments were closed down and over 70,000 of their employees lost their jobs. People who had been drawing dividends from a billion-dollar investment lost their capital and their income. Their employees had $60,000,000 a year less to spend. The farmers, bottlers, barrel makers and such lost orders worth $200,000,000 a year. Seven hundred million dollars' worth of alcoholic wealth at wholesale prices, which had been introduced each year into our national economy, "ceased to exist." The 200,000 liquor dealers, bartenders and waiters in the liquor-dispensing trade were supposedly deprived of a livelihood. All told, the purchasing power of nearly a million men, women, and children in the United States was arbitrarily reduced. A nation which had been buying more than 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer, 50,000,000 gallons of wine and 150,000,000 gallons of hard liquor each year, was ordered not to manufacture, transport or sell this particular form of wealth.

From the social and moral point of view it may have been amply justified. From the individual point of view it may have removed dangerous temptation to unwise expenditure, but, from the economic point of view, so far as Prohibition has actually prohibited, it has been a net loss to the community. The farmer's market for his grain has been limited in a decade in which he has needed every market he could get. At a time when machinery was actually displacing men from industry, the glass-blowers, the keg-makers, the coal-miners, the railwaymen, the brewers, maltsters, distillers and retailers have lost a part of their livelihood. Taxes have been increased and the cost of liquor to the country has not been greatly reduced. It may or may not be true that gasoline and alcohol don't mix, although they do so in every country outside of the United States. It is, however, certain that economics and Prohibition don't mix. As a moral and a social reform the Eighteenth Amendment and its enabling legislation may enlist the deservedly enthusiastic support of Professor Irving Fisher, Henry Ford, and Thomas A. Edison. As an economic saving it is indefensible. However, until we get it through our heads that money is not wealth but only the means by which the exchange of wealth is effected, we will have Babbitts to applaud, professors to proclaim and politicians to echo the unique theory that you can add to a nation's wealth by forbidding the production of a recognized and traditional form of wealth in that nation, that you can effect a national saving by depriving people of their investments, their livelihood and their markets, and that society can be enriched by the arbitrary impoverishment of a section of society.

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Owen Francis knows the men who make the nation's steel. He writes about them with sympathy, understanding, genuine friendship. "Hunkie Wedding" is the first of a group of narratives by a writer of emerging talent, of power, and originality, about the colorful life of the foreigners set down in America.

Hunkie Wedding

BY OWEN FRANCIS

STARRY SMERKOLY, who, Eli Bogovich often said, "was older as God," but who in reality was but sixty-two, bent straddle-legged over the steam-trough washing the mill grime from him with more than usual concern: it was his wedding-day. At six o'clock he would take Mary Pussick before the priest, as he had promised.

The day had been warm, the orders small, his relief man late. Starry scrubbed vigorously: already the guests would be assembled. From the opposite side of the steam-trough Eli Bogovich shouted a warning:

"Hurry up, jackass! Five-thirty now! Pretty soon come six o'clock."

Starry wasted no time by answering.

For the past two weeks, Eli Bogovich had argued against the marriage to no avail. Starry had listened impatiently, had drawn together his shaggy brows, had waved his arms wildly, and had shouted in deep bass the many virtues of the maiden soon to be Mrs. Smerkoly. So with the wedding-day at hand, Eli, consoling himself with the thoughts of prune-jack in plenty, was doing what he could to have the ceremony take place as scheduled.

Starry and Eli had been friends for many years. Living together, working side by side at the eighteen-inch mill rolls, they argued constantly, differing in opinions as much as in appearances.

Starry Smerkoly was small and misshapen: his body was as twisted and bent as a bar of scrap steel, his face was lined and burned, his mustache tobacco-stained and chewed at the corners. He moved with the nervous motions of a race-horse.

Eli Bogovich was tall, rawboned, calm. His long mustache curved toward the ends much after the manner of bicycle handle-bars. He often gave the ends a jaunty twist, saying with great pride:

"Same lak King Sun-for-a-bitch!"

He walked slowly with his eyes carefully searching the ground. Starry sometimes said:

"Somebody gone to lose anything, Eli gone to find."

Eli would always answer:

"Lak hell! I lookit for ground so that I see you, little mans."

Then both would laugh open-mouthed at such a fine joke and send bars down the conveyors faster than I could shear them.

With eight other Hunkies, the two lived with a *klee-sa.* (A word, coined by the Poles, Hungarians, Czech and Jugo Slavs who work in the mills, meaning *cook-missus.*) It is a home life in much

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favor with unmarried Hunkie steelworkers.

Ten men each pay ten dollars weekly to a *klee-sa* they have selected. From this fund *klee-sa* pays the rent for the necessary three rooms, buys the food and the materials for making prune-jack. Any money remaining she is permitted to have as her own. On consecutive nights out of every two weeks she is the wife to each of the men; the other four evenings she spends in straining a new batch of prune-jack, washing and mending the mill clothing, or, when there is time, attends a picture-show with a Hunkie male in the market for a wife. It is an arrangement having most of the advantages of a legitimate married life freed from petty quarrels and jealousies, for on his night each man is permitted to love or beat *klee-sa,* as the mood sways him, without comment from the others.

If, in an effort to save money for her own, *klee-sa* fails to have sufficient quantity of prune-jack or food, the men divorce themselves of her by the simple procedure of kicking her out and taking another of the women who consider such a life a highly desirable one. But, on the other hand, when the food is amply served, the prune-jack strong, and the lesser duties of the wife performed to individual satisfaction, there is an extra dollar or so for *klee-sa* on pay-days. With judicious purchasing, *klee-sa* manages to have fifty or sixty dollars left over when the bills are paid at the end of each month. This sum she puts carefully away against the day when she will marry. As *klee-sa* feels she is well paid, and the men are assured of having a home that will cost no more than ten dollars each week, every one concerned is quite content.

It was the economical advantages of their home life which formed the basis of argument presented by Eli Bogovich. He would work hard getting his side of the hot-bed clear of steel so that he could stand over Starry and shout:

"Listen, jackass, you listen for me who is not sick in the head lak you, dis time. You gone be broke all time, dat's all. Old womans will say, 'Me wanit go for show, me wanit new dress lak Mrs. Stanoscoski, me wanit live in house with porch'; den what the hell's you gone do? And what the hell's cousin in old country gone do who wait now ten years for two hundred dollars you gone send him for come to dis country? I tink maybe better you go stick head in furnace. Dat marriage business all right for young mans who got no brains anyhow; no good for old mans who pretty soon gone to die anyhow."

Starry would end the argument by his usual method. Putting a stiff forefinger against his head he would twist it back and forth and yell with rage:

"Bughouse! Bughouse you, dat's all!"

Thus the matter had been settled as far as Starry was concerned and preparations made for the wedding.

When washed to his satisfaction, Starry turned to go. Seeing that I made no move to accompany him, he questioned indignantly:

"What's the matter you? You be my Little Boss and my big friend and you no wanit come for my wedding-day? By Jezus, I'm 'shamed for you."

The three of us walked from the mill: Eli in deep thought; Starry excitedly promising:

"Now, Little Boss, you gone to see something, ya damn right."

II

When we reached the house, *klee-sa* had everything in readiness for the ceremony: she had moved the beds into a corner, lined borrowed chairs about the

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walls, had two buckets of prune-jack nearing the boiling-point on the stove-top, and was keeping sharp watch for the priest.

The assembled guests crowded against the wall in uncomfortable silence. On one of the two chairs in the centre of the room sat Mary Pussick, her eyes lowered in becoming modesty toward an automobile cushion on the floor before her. With her gaudy dress starched to a stand-out stiffness, a waist of hand-made lace especially made for the occasion, a red silk scarf drawn tightly about her head and tied snugly under her chin, she was dressed in the approved fashion of a bride-to-be.

Starry Smerkoly led me over for an introduction. Nudging Mary Pussick sharply with his elbow, Starry greeted her:

"Hello, kid. It won't be long now, huh?"

As Mary Pussick stood to take my hand her belly swelled forward in the unmistakable sign of pregnancy. In less than three months she would be a mother.

Seeing my startled look, Starry laughed loudly, shouting so that all might hear:

"Sure gone to have baby. What the hells make marry for if not have baby? I try him first. By Jezus, I tink maybe I be too old dis time."

Many of the guests laughed; others nodded their heads in solemn approval, Josef Wareski saying with deep conviction:

"By Gods, dat Starry is smart mans. He be plenty smart, ya damn right."

Mary Pussick smiled and nodded that it was true. From the doorway *klee-sa* shrilled a warning—the priest was coming! There was a nervous clearing of throats, a scraping of chairs as bodies stiffened.

After generously sprinkling the door with holy water, the priest entered, followed by four white-vested altar-boys. There was a pious silence as Mary Pussick and Starry Smerkoly kneeled on the automobile cushion which served as an altar. Under the *baldachin,* held aloft by the four boys, the priest read aloud the ritual. Starry repeated the words solemnly by avoiding looking at Eli, who was making faces at him from behind the priest's back. Then a litany was said in chorus, with *klee-sa's* voice rising shrilly above the others, and a Hunkie man had, in the eyes of God, taken in marriage the woman of his choice.

Lingering but long enough to partake of the wine and hosts which he blessed, and accept piously the money Starry gave him, the priest departed smiling in his beard at the thought of the celebration he knew would follow.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than the buxom bride gave a shout. Grabbing her newly made husband about the waist, she squeezed his ribs to the cracking point, lifted his feet from the floor, swung him around twice, and kissed him soundly on either cheek.

The guests showed their approval by stamping on the floor and whistling lustily. Starry Smerkoly spat on his hands, lifted his wife high in the air, spun around like a top, and shouted with gusto:

"Whee! I feel good lak anything."

Josef Wareski, violin in hand, and Waldek Zycoski, holding an accordion, stepped forward. Taking a generous helping of the prune-jack, hurriedly being served by *klee-sa,* they climbed to a vantage-point on the table-top and swung into the refrain of a gypsy tune.

Bowing, the bride and groom clasped hands about each other's middle and danced. Around and around they whirled in the rapid rhythm of the *mazurka.*

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The music stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Starry Smerkoly again bowed to his wife and pinned a crisp new hundred-dollar bill to her dress front. It was his wedding-gift. The bride, excited by such generosity, held the bill proudly aloft as proof of her husband's love for her.

With the bride and groom standing in the centre of the floor, we marched around them singing and clinking our tin cups filled with prune-jack against theirs. Starry himself gave us the toast:

"A big drink for Starry Smerkoly, the best damn mans what ever worked in eighteen-inch mills."

We drank heartily.

Calling for the music to begin, Eli Bogovich shoved Starry aside and grabbed the bride in his arms. They danced with a vim, Eli shouting at every turn. At the end of the dance, he pinned a twenty-dollar bill to her dress and kissed her so fervently that Starry warned him:

"You watch yourself, bughouse! Maybe you get too fresh and I broke your neck."

It was my turn. Against protests that I did not know the steps, I was shoved forward. With a smile splitting her broad face, Mary Smerkoly wrapped her plump arms about me, holding me close against her large breasts, and lifting my stumbling feet from the floor, swung me about in the movements of the dance. After I had pinned my money-gift to her dress, she kissed me moistly, murmuring words, which I did not understand, that caused the onlookers to laugh hilariously.

While other guests took their turns of dancing with the bride, Starry, Eli, and I sat at the kitchen table. Starry took a deep draught of the potent prune-jack, sucked on the ends of his mustache, and told me earnestly:

"Boy, some time you gone to catch wife, you do same lak me. You marry Hunkie womans, dat's it. Hunkie womans not same lak American womans: she no wanit go for show, she no wanit go for dance, she no wanit go for no place. She joost wanit stay home, work hard and raise kids, dat's all. And, by God, she no wanit be boss lak American missus. American missus all the time fight with hoosband to see who gone be boss. Hunkie womans no fight, only little maybe sometimes when hoosband get drunk and hit her in face with fist, but no fight all time lak American peoples. Hunkie mans say something and, by God, that's finish. Sure, plenty smart ting you marry Hunkie womans."

Eli Bogovich curled the ends of his mustache into imposing points and smiled at me:

"Starry joost same lak old womans. He talkit and talkit and he never say nothing. All time he wanit tell somebody what to do. Good ting he be old mans now, for pretty soon he gone to die and den nobody must listen for him any more. You no listen for him, you listen for me. You marry nobody, dat's it. What the hell's womans good for anyway? Joost for makit trouble, joost for spendit money, dat's all. You wanit woman, you go for house over by railroad-track, or maybe you comit here and takit Starry's place and live with *klee-sa*. Dat's better business for you."

Starry pounded on the table for silence; he had more to say on the subject. But other guests were arriving and he must drink a toast with each newcomer. He got to his feet with as much dignity as possible.

The three rooms were filled to overflowing, many of the men waiting outside until their turn came to dance with the bride, and more were arriving. Faster and faster grew the music, louder grew the shouts. Many drinking-bouts

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were in progress, with the losers stretched out on the ground. Firm in her determination that every one be served with an abundance of prune-jack, *klee-sa* alone maintained sobriety. She ran from room to room anxiously peering into cups, sneering at the ones not yet emptied, smiling happily at the empty ones. She was not going to have it said that she failed in her important duties at the wedding of one of her boarders.

At midnight the bride, flushed with exertion but smiling, still danced around and around, the many bills pinned to her dress crackling in proof of her popularity. Starry lay sprawled over the kitchen table, snoring; Eli, eyes glazed, sat lifting cup after cup of prune-jack to his mouth; my head was whirling.

Klee-sa shook me roughly by the shoulder to awaken me as she placed a plate of ham and steaming coffee before me. It was six o'clock in the morning: the violin and accordion still played, the bride still danced, Starry still snored, my head was still whirling.

Klee-sa rapped sharply on the tabletop with a broom and yelled for the music to stop:

"Six o'clock. It's finish now, mans have to go to work."

Mary Smerkoly whirled to a stop, the music ceased. Going to Starry, Mary kissed him tenderly and murmured words of endearment as she soused his head vigorously in a pail of cold water to bring back his senses for the day's toil. The celebration was over. She was married at last and had no time to waste. The duties of a wife were upon her: a house must be found, furniture and clothes moved in, a batch of prune-jack set to ferment, a supper prepared for her man when he came from the mill.

Giving us a drink of prune-jack around, *klee-sa* shoved dinner-pails in our hands and started us off to work. Starry, Eli, and I walked slowly down the hill toward the mill.

III

Since that night, Starry Smerkoly has become the father of a son. The young hopeful was immediately given the name—Eli Smerkoly. Although embarrassed if any of his unmarried friends see him, Eli Bogovich often holds his namesake upon his lap, allowing the small hands to pull and tug at his beloved mustache. Often, also, he gives the child a spoonful of prune-jack, and points with pride to the length and breadth of the youngster, which is indeed amazing, saying, "Prune-jack makit plenty steam, ya damn right."

At last Starry and Eli agree: both insist that within a few years young Eli will have a job in the mill, that he will be the best man ever to work in the eighteen-inch mill, and that some day he will have a medal for twenty-five years' continuous service.

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Using the Panama Canal as a focus, Mr. Frank brings together the rival philosophies of South America and North America as exemplified in the personalities of Bolívar and Roosevelt. He brings the Canal alive and makes of it a vivid symbol of the best and worst in the two contrasted civilizations which are now, for almost the first time, coming into genuine cultural contact.

The Canal

BY WALDO FRANK

"Ya dije que para le esecusion de la impresa de las Indias, no me aprovecho razon, ni matematica, ni mapamundos: llenamente se cumplio lo que dijo Isaias."

—CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Like a dragon's back, the mountains bristle from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. The Rockies of the North, Mexico's Sierra Madre and the Andes are all one range; and Andes should be its name, since these are its highest and its farthest reaches. The flanks of the Andes are the two Americas. The west flank is abrupt; the east is vast, falling through prairie and pampa and alluvial plain, through the sea-deep jungles of the Amazon, leaping the hurdles of hills—the Appalachians, the Goyana, the Serra do Mar of Brazil—until it sinks in the Atlantic. Only at Panamá are the two flanks equal, for here they are nothing. At Panamá there is only mountain. The Atlantic and Pacific have crept up until naught is left, neither to east nor west, but the Andean backbone. The continent, on both sides, lies under the sea.

Panamá is a height of serrate earth which destiny has stamped. The vague science of geology and the exact art of myth inform us that once there were two continents that have died and that the sea has buried. One was called Atlantis, Lemuria the other. Atlantis was a mighty island, poised westward from Africa and Europe. When the ocean took it, it left fragments that still breathe: these are the Canaries, Madeira, Cape Verde, the Bahamas and Antilles. The farthest east of Atlantis was near Spain, the farthest west may have been Yucatan. Ere it submerged, according to the myth, wisdom and science had passed from it to either side. The Druids of Britain, the Cro-Magnons of Iberia and Gaul, the Egyptians who taught Crete and Hellas, the Mayas and Toltecs of Mexico were all, by virtue of this legend, heirs of Atlantis. Whether this be wholly myth or somewhat fact does not here concern us. Certain it is, that once there was a land upon the waters from Africa to Cuba, whose splintered fragments still have a dim design leading from Spain and Egypt to Panamá.

A similar scattering of land from Japan to Chile and Alaska suggests the other mythic continent which is supposed to have joined Oceania, South America and Madagascar to Antarctica. Asia sends out two lacy arms of islands. One includes Formosa, the Philippines, Papua, Fiji, the archipelagoes of the South Seas, and branches north to Galápagos near Ecuador and south to the isles near Chile. Also from Formosa, the other arches through Japan, the Kurile islands, Kamchatka and the Aleutian string that links it with Alaska. Here, too, the farther focus is at Panamá.

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Thus, Panamá is the relic juncture of two legendary worlds that bound Iberia to Cathay. And it is the juncture of two other worlds—the two Americas—whose historic fate lies in a future scarcely less dim than Atlantis and Lemuria in the past.

The mythic continents sank beneath the waters; for many years the "ocean seas" meant silence. Cathay and Spain were severed. But an old world-awareness merely slumbered. It stirred when Plato wrote of Atlantis. It stirred when the geographers put marvellous unseen islands on their Atlantic maps, calling them Atlantis, Antillia, Brazil. It stirred when Marco Polo went east to China. It stirred in the immemorial legends of the South Sea natives and in the "gods coming from the east" in whom the ancient Mexican and Peruvian believed. But when Italy and Spain begot Columbus, that old world-awareness woke. For the keels of his caravels, going west to seek the isles of the East, scraped the sunken continent of Atlantis. Its fragments—Santo Domingo, Cuba—stopped his keels. But the inspired madman knew better than the facts. Cuba, his inner eye informed him, must be Japan. Onward, inevitably, he stumbled upon Panamá. And here, he believed, he would sail through to the East. Up and down went his blind ships, seeking the water passage through the mountain. His vessels broke, the Indians and fever slew his men. The Andean wall of Panamá threw Columbus back on Spain. Yet he was right. Panamá was indeed the place of passage which he sought; the Indians were indeed the children of the East. Mystics are likely to be confused by Time. Columbus saw too far behind, too far ahead. He saw Panamá, legendary gateway from Atlantis to Lemuria. And he saw also, dimly, the cool cement, the iron locks, of to-day. The westward passage to the East lay indeed where his beating prows besought it, somewhere between the Escudo de Veragua and the Golfo de San Blas. He was off reckoning on time—a few centuries too soon, a few eons too late—the way of mystics who with their tragic lives bind past and future.

II

Spain kept on trying to find the water passage to Cathay. Cortés squandered millions he had won in Mexico, trying to find it. They were so sure it existed—these time-muddled mystics! The flotilla of Cortés went down from Acapulco to the Lake of Nicaragua and east, on the Pacific, to Darien. North, they sailed to the Gulf of California, seeking the waterway. Balboa crossed the continental backbone, and looked on the sea sleeping to the south. The Chagres River, now part of the Canal, was used for canal purposes before Cortés was dead. The boats were punted up to Venta Cruz and thence the goods were carried twenty miles to the Pacific. Already, in 1529, the report went to the King of Spain: "We have not found the passage, we must cut it. We must build the canal at Panamá." Five years later, the royal engineers surveyed the River Chagres, having orders to complete the channel. They looked at their engines, their pumps, and their hand-shovels; they looked at the wild mountain, and gave up their project. They sailed again to Spain, but the king sent them back to the Andes. Now, they surveyed the possibilities of Nicaragua (all this, before Columbus was quite rotted in his grave). They planned a passage up the San Juan River to the lake, and thence across the dunes to the Pacific. They looked once more at their engines and their stertor-

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ous pumps—and gave up again, and sailed again to Spain.

Meanwhile, the overland route from Nombre de Dios on the Caribbean (later this terminal was changed to Puerto Bello, a few miles from what is now Colón) to the town of Panamá had been organized; and its interests were potent. Men with monopolies of tax and portage looked with distaste on the visionary plans of Spain for a free way of ships from sea to sea. They sent their attorneys to court, pleading against canals. God, they argued, had not intended so easy a transfer of men and goods from the galleons of the king to the markets of Peru. God had ordained, rather, that these men and goods unload at the great Fair of Puerto Bello. Here, to house and charge them, God had sent his burghers of Panamá. And it pleased God that they wax rich, transferring commerce and frowning on canals. . . . The canal hopes shrank, the difficulties loomed as the interests argued. For two centuries, the project subsided altogether. The Time frame was not right. Europe had first to move into the Industrial era, ere the plan of Spain was feasible. And when it was, Spain, whose pace was different from Europe's, had not moved along.

The radical Cortes of Cádiz, inspired by the French Revolution, decreed a canal at Panamá. Spanish reaction destroyed the Cortes. Now, Simon Bolívar seriously revived the project. He invited the Americans of the United States to come down and help the Americans of Gran Colombia build it.

Even before the royal armies had been driven from Peru in 1824, Bolívar's vision of America had found a focus in Panamá. That vision moved him to convene his "Amphictyonic Congress" on the site of the Canal, which by his plan all the nations of the West were to create together; and moved him to prepare an army to drive Spain from Cuba and Puerto Rico, last vestiges of an American realm which had reached from Idaho to the Horn. But another vision, incipient, scarce conscious of itself, a vision less of mind and more of body—the "American System" of Henry Clay—was also coming to a focus in those early days. And that focus, also, lighted Panamá. It moved Henry Clay to frown on Bolívar's Cuban raid; and to send reluctant men, shackled with reservations, to his Congress. (Only one arrived at the Isthmus, after the meeting had disbanded.) Clay, in whom a nation's will to power stirred, did not care for the prospect of a strong Colombian union sitting at the Cuban gate of a canal. He did not long that much for Cuba free—not within the orbit of Bolívar. Instinct with his nation's destiny, he and John Quincy Adams preferred Cuba chained, until such time as the United States were ready to absorb it.

Meanwhile, Bolívar dreamed other dreams. The Assembly at the Isthmus would establish a dual American Union whose limits would be the new continents and whose life would be the new man. The Assembly, rendered permanent, would insure the permanent independence of the American States; it would fix all disputes by arbitration and enforce its findings; it would recognize Haiti, the negro republic; it would abolish slavery throughout the American lands (it had already disappeared from the States freed by his armies). And as a first step toward this Union, the Assembly would proceed to build the Panamá Canal. The Isthmus, of its free will, had joined the Colombian Federation. Colombia, therefore, being blessed with this land that was a symbol and a seal,

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prepared to sacrifice its exclusive ownership: Panamá would become universal American soil. Colombia was ready to exchange possessorship in law for creatorship in spirit.

Spain's purpose in the colonies had been Catholic. The worlds must become one world, under the rule of a king who was the will of Rome—the Body of God. Bolívar's plan was a Catholic transfiguration. From the great Creed, he retained the notion of an organic unity of states—of a Body expressing the world's spirit. But the autonomy was now to be American, and the Order to hinge not on autocracy but on a symphonious balance of sovereign peoples, their common key insured by common destiny as Americans, as heirs of Europe, and as believers in the perfectibility of man.

Thus, part Catholic and part Romantic, the spirit of Bolívar. Henry Clay is said to have been troubled by it. The United States was a hale young animal. It had no metaphysics but expansion, no state religion beyond faith in its own destiny. The Puritan fathers, who would have understood Bolívar very well, had been forgotten. And the Concord fathers, schooled in Rousseau and Kant, had not yet been heard. For the interim, the Eagle was supremely happy, guzzling land with two talons. And here was Colombia, scarce fledged, freeing its slaves, planning to internationalize a strip of soil that might well be the navel of the West! Something there was here, harder for the Industrial North and the Slave South to understand than a dozen Holy Alliances in Europe. The Kentuckian was more comfortable looking out upon the royal Spanish legions at Habana than at this Republican Don Quixote astride the Andes.

Don Quixote did not stay there long. Within five years of the Battle of Ayacucho which freed the colonies of Spain, the Battle of Tarqui had opened their century of disorder. Peru marched against Bolivia, Colombia split into three hostile states, Sucre, greatest son of the American armies, was murdered; and Bolívar himself had been forced to escape assassins through the window of his home in the capital where he had ruled. Another year, and he was dead, rejected of his country, on an island near the coast of Venezuela. An English merchant provided the clean shirt in which he was buried.

III

He lacked the *tool!* Like Columbus, like Cortés, like the saintly fathers who came to sow the Word, like the early Spanish engineers, Bolívar lacked the tool to make his project work. These men could cross seas in fragile caravels. A handful of them could storm empires high as Tibet and vast as Rome. They could cover jungled continents—continental mountains, continental plains, rivers like channelled oceans. They could dream dreams of universal brotherhood. They could convert the Indian to a cosmic myth; they could build from the gold and granite of his realms churches that sang of God. But as they progressed, the goal they sought receded. The complexity of what they undertook grew with each victory, made victory the threshold of defeat. They lacked tools. They were forging a new mankind; and their tools of intellectual creation, of spiritual order, of political and mechanical control, were decrepit. They were forging a new world of nations wedded and of oceans joined; and they lacked tools to dig a canal. They lacked tools even to discipline the passional powers which their new arts released and their new philosophies enhanced.

But in the North lived a folk whose state of mind made them masters of the

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tool—destined masters of the age to come, when the *instrument* would be the primal need of the new world's cohering body. A simpler folk, hence more forcibly expansive. A folk that had not rendered its humanity too complex by intermarrying with the Indian and the Negro, or by trying to prove its Christian metaphysic through a logic of action. This folk strove neither to divorce heaven utterly from earth nor literally to wed them. It was content to obey God's commands, in so far as obedience was a tool for a bright terrestrial existence. Religion and government, like all else, it came to measure by the rule of thumb. Earth itself it made an instrument. The peoples to the South—heirs of the Indians and of Spain—thought in forms of Nature, or of art and absolutes; thought confusedly, beheld men and beasts within patterns of mystical relations. But they of the North thought more and more in forms of work, and of tools that worked. Perhaps earth (up to the epoch of Jonathan Edwards) had been, for some of them, a tool for vaulting into heaven; it became, after the epoch of Franklin, more and more a tool for personal or national enlargement.

To work the earth in this spirit is to work it well. But the peoples of the South worked the earth in ideological confusion. Surely, it gave them food and gold and power. But earth and they who walked it were a mystic Scene. Earth was a chaos whence man must forge his heaven; a thing of darkness, yet a body of ecstasy and light. Less real than a tool, it was infinitely more. As artists, these folk adored it; as Christians, refused it; while they of the North neither worshipped nor rejected, but used it. They of the South, working their world confusedly, harvested complex problems, garnered riches uncontrolled, and stood at last bewildered within chaos. And they of the North, simpler and straighter, moved resistlessly upon them: down to Florida, down to Texas, west to California, down to the Caribbean—to Panamá.

The folk who look on earth itself and life itself as upon the simplicity of tools made for their personal end will be the best toolmakers. Whether they be the best wielders of the tools they make is a deeper question.

IV

Here then they are at last, in Panamá, where Bolívar invited them eighty years before. But they have changed. They are no longer aspirants in empire. They are sure and strong. They have repressed the divisions in themselves, waxed mighty through simplicity of spirit. But the states which Bolívar helped to freedom have gone the way of their complexity. Mexico has been ravished of nearly half its lands. The Federation of Central America has become five puny nations. Colombia has broken into three. Bolivia and Peru have been robbed and rendered impotent by Chile. The proud Confederation of La Plata has lost two provinces — Paraguay, Uruguay — each now independent. Only Brazil, simpler in its heritage of Portugal, has cohered and grown at the expense of its neighbors.

Panamá itself has not changed. Fever is still king. There has always been fever in the Isthmus. It killed off the natives, but there were always love and lust enough to produce others—more others than fever killed. It killed many Spaniards in the days of the Great Fleets. But the galleons brought more Spaniards, who bred with the natives. Fever went on killing Indians, creoles and mestizos. But these were all men who heartily loved and plentifully bred, the while

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they were Christians who accepted death by fever as the sweet surcease from the illusion of loving and of breeding. Thus, life and fever went on voluptuously together.

It was not so with the French engineers who came, in 1876, to dig the Canal for Ferdinand de Lesseps and his stockholders of Europe. These engineers had little love whereby to reproduce themselves; no science to destroy, and no Christianity to accept, the fever. They begat no engineers, so the fever worsted them; the Frenchmen and the Frenchmen's money dwindled. They left their canal, after fourteen years, as it is to-day —a scratch on the face of the Andes. It was not written that men from Europe, with no perfection either of love or of tools, should cut the channel of Columbus.

The Isthmus is a fair sight, above the seas. North is the Atlantic: a tumultuous water constantly stirred by the trade-wind. The waves are tipped with leaping foam. They run long and link into each other, chaining the sea's surface into a mass that moves, that purposefully moves against the height of the Andes. The Atlantic is gray and swift, a wilful, tumultuous water. South sleeps the Pacific. No wind crowds its peacefulness. It is blue and indolent and gravid with far mists. It has no movement and no horizon. Its tide in the conchlike Gulf of Panamá is very high, for it is a great ocean and does not readily submit to being enclosed in a gulf. The Atlantic tide is lower; it runs mobile onto the barrier of earth. It leaps the earth in mist or cuts it through. But the sluggish Pacific, for all its tide, makes no effort and no answer, losing its enormousness in the western vapors.

Between the seas stands the Isthmus, its hirsute verdures nourished by them both. The Atlantic brings moisture on its winds, and the Pacific a dense heat in which leaves and roots grow great. The Isthmus is a jungle that brings back the days when the coal deposits were laid down in earth. No sun shone. The earth was cased in a solid sphere of fog, whose drench heated the green monsters standing with tumid roots in the hot slime. For the earth too was hot. Roots swelled in the steaming mud; leaves swelled in the dense air.

There is, however, sun above the Isthmus. The Atlantic breezes blow the mists that rise free of the hills. Yet there is ever a burden of heavy water sinking into the woods beneath the wind. Here, it clots dankly in the tropic growth and makes a nether world—the world of the jungle. Above, there is wind-swept blue; below, in Panamá itself, a dankness of reptiles and scarlet flowers.

There is too much water. The Atlantic mists, caught in the intricate growths, seep down, form rivers, pour back to the seas. There is too much foliage. This alternance of sun and drench proliferates plant and beast. Insects magically rise as from the swarm of sun-motes.

This frenzy of fertility has order. It is a fugue of four themes: two of them the oceans, one the mountain, and the fourth the sun swinging to and fro within its tropics, driving its flame straight down through an air too brief to temper it. Four components, and each of them excessive! Two extreme seas here touch; and an untempered sun beats against bowers that are black at noon. But man is moderate—a creature of the mean. What can man do, to survive in this immoderate nature?

Two simple ways, both extreme, like all simplicities, were open to him. He might survive by submitting; immerse his humanity in this gigantic music of

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the sun and seas. Or he might survive by cutting himself off, alien and aloof from the world around him.

The Panameño submitted. The Indians whom the first Spaniards met in these parts were wild, and timid. There was something birdlike about their flightiness and heat. And they had a spiritual flavor like the fruits they ate: no apple-tang, no citrous clarity, but the iridescence of the papaya, the opaline evanescence of the guava. Within such subtle unassertions, the dynamic Spaniard waned. In the mestizo, the Indian prevailed. He was closer to the forest and the sea, and his law of survival was submission. The Spaniard took the Indian girl, not as a Christian, not as a conqueror, but as a lover. And passion satisfied distils submission in the blood. Therefore, when the Spaniard embraced the woman of these woods, of these fruits, of these waters, he embraced their sea and their sun. The conquistador, having vaulted the Atlantic, died in the soft arms of the Chibcha girl; and the child that sucked her milk was substanced like her. The modern Panameño became spirit-servant to his jungle.

He lived in it, without destroying it. He loved and understood what he served. It was less important to him that he live, or that his children live, than that he live harmoniously while he lived, with sun and earth. It was less urgent to stamp out fevers that killed than to woo moods that sang, while he lived, with the lichen on the tree and with the fish in the water. His dwelling was of earth, baked by the sun, painted with the juices of the jungle. His streets were earth; earth in the form of flying, crawling creatures was at home in his house. And like his streets were his life-ways. And like earth his music. When he danced, his body and his voice twined up from earth, growing and blowing like the rooted lives in the jungle. And the beauty of his gestures bound his joys and pains to the green jungle nature.

But such simplicity was doomed. Man too is nature; and all men move to-day, like a single body, through an epoch of differentiation from their earth, and of violent self-assertion. Man's modern values, ambitions, measures, and machines, are instruments of this need which overwhelms the earth. The spirit-servant of the Isthmus jungle is also man; he, too, must follow and pass by this fateful period of human separation. Part of him, therefore, being harmonious with nature, is dissonant from man. Dissonance is disease, and is weakness. That is why, even to himself, his streets seem dirty, his ways inferior; and why, having submitted to the jungle, he submits to the men of the North who come, hard with their need of self-assertion and of differentiation, to destroy his jungle.

The man from the North comes down. He sees streets unpaved, houses full of insects and of fever, children and men and women following laws of life which he must hate, since he has forced himself to disobey them, and to make laws of his own. In these native towns, he is out of place no less than if he had gone from them and dwelt in the wilderness itself. Since he is out of place, the measures of this man from the North are also out of place and are false. He cannot understand.

And the confusion of the tropic native grows. He feels inferior and he submits, because he knows that he, too, must go a way of differentiation from his instinctive nature. But he cannot accept the way of the man of the North, which is a differentiation by destruction and by denial; a cutting of roots, not an evolving from them. The North man's way is a simplicity; the other extreme from his. And all simplicities are wrong.

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V

The Zone of the Canal is ten miles wide. It cuts as straight as it can, northwest from the Atlantic, southeast to the Pacific—more than forty miles as the seaplanes fly it. The Zone is a swath of utter aloofness, cut through the planturous height of Panamá. The locks are black iron and gray cement and stone planed smooth as the wood of the American barracks. The great gates silently and precisely swing. No directing machinery is visible as the huge steel knuckles clasp and loose, and the water rises and falls. Boats proceed in single file through the segmented stages that lift them gradually to the Culebra Cut and gradually drop them into the Pacific. From Gatun Lake a smooth dam's masonry chokes the Chagres River that used to wind away under the mangroves. The waters of lake and river are now parcelled out in concrete basins. Gatun Lake itself remains half wild; here the boats can stretch themselves a bit and dally among the cane-brake of the islands before the locks reprison them. The Culebra Cut is a gash in the mountain's face. Jagged and wild with verdure, its two lips rise against the fastidious masonry of the Canal and against the vessels so neatly puffing through the Andes. Then the locks of San Pedro and Miraflores pedantically lower the stolen water of the Rio Grande into the tide of the Pacific.

There is terrible beauty in the action of the Canal. The tropic wood and the rock will lift no boat from sea to sea. But the Canal will lift it. Long masses of cement, high hinges of steel, became a being of will: one being, nervous and tense-purposed like a hand. Its gray sobriety is as apart from the green splendor of the world about it as its will from the purposeless luxuriance of nature. Cold wilfulness is victor over a voluptuary world that will lift no vessels, that would bar all vessels. Silent, invisibly moved, star-aloof, star-precise, the hand of man grasps the boat in its concrete fingers, raises it, pushes it along to the next set of fingers, which lifts it farther. There on the top of the continent stands the ship. More fingers of exquisitely massive steel lower it to the Pacific.

The roads of the Zone are smooth, cool, precise like the Canal itself, but lacking the majesty of the great hand. They and all that moves in them are the hand's creature servants.

The rails of a railroad run along the road. Houses and barracks, painted and proper, stand at attention in platoons. From concrete signal-towers stands the flag of the United States. It transforms the tropic air, making it cool. It waves back Panamá, making it alien. "Hands off," say road and house and flag—servants of the Canal—to the tangled Isthmus. "I cut through you, I own you, I shall destroy you. I am hand enough."

VI

A canal is there. Four centuries of dreaming Spain did not build it; North America built it. The aggressive waters of the North Atlantic have pierced the continental mountain. The North Atlantic reaches the Pacific, and has abolished it. The Pacific Ocean is an inland lake. The Pacific ports—San Francisco, San Diego, Acapulco, Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaíso—are inland ports. This they have always been. Once they turned eastward to Cádiz and Seville. For a little while, they were drawn by Liverpool and Hamburg. Now, they face New York. There are other Atlantic American cities closer to them in spirit: Habana, Barranquilla, Para, Rio, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. But the Pacific marts of America Hispana do not turn

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to them. The Canal was not built for them, it is not theirs. New York is nearer and rules.

With the piercing of Panamá, with the waning of the Pacific, the Americas at last become one body. There are different kinds of body. Under Spain and Portugal, America Hispana was an infant body, sprawling and perpetually contingent. Each colony was linked to the Metropolis in Europe and kept separate, economically, culturally, from its neighbors. This was logical and right from the premise of the Catholic creed. And if the infant body of America was exploited, this too was proper; for Spain needed gold for her crusades and for her countless convents, where the best of her daughters, instead of giving birth to men, gave prayer to Christ.

It was Bolívar who first envisioned the Americas as one organic Body, integral, whole, and free. Inevitably, he was turned from a repressive Spain and toward the United States, whose prophets seemed to understand him. Inevitably, he thought of the Canal. He knew that when water flowed across the height of Darien, the Isthmus would become a heart whence life might flow through the Americas. His vision lacked no essential. His America was bounded by Arctic and Antarctic. It inherited the spirit of all its peoples. Bolívar recognized the Indian; he freed the Negro; he hailed the mechanical and political genius of the Anglo-Saxon, he shared the mestizo's fertile wooing of instinctive nature and the Catholic's austere transcendence. He moved Spain's scheme of an organic spiritual Body from heaven to earth, from Rome to the new world. Halfway between Asia, Africa, and Europe, in contact with them all, stood this romantic and supreme American and claimed the legacies of all the pasts for America's future. His plan was no extreme simplicity: neither submission to instinctive nature nor exclusion by the personal will of man's terrestrial mother. Discipline of sense, authority of mind, science of law, control of natural resources were integrated by his vision with those qualities of life which rise from man's immersion in mystery and nature.

But Bolívar did not create his American Body, he did not dig his Canal. He could not even hold Hispano-America, or his own Colombia, together. He was a poet composing in words of flesh that melted, in tropes of national boundaries that dissolved. He failed; the spirit that survived in his defeat has become the light of his people.

Less than a century goes by, and another man digs the Canal at Panamá. Before him, already, Cuba has been freed from Spain, not by Colombia or Mexico or America Hispana, but by the United States. An American company has bought the concessions and properties of De Lesseps. McKinley has named a commission. Roosevelt is ready.

But Colombia hesitates. Not alone Panamá belongs to it; it has inherited Bolívar's vision of an Atlantic World and of a Canal to bring it into being. Colombia is like a ragged woman, holding in her hand a treasure which she can neither use nor give. Colombia is frightened by the certain will of the North. How can a nation whose chief heritage is an unborn spirit deal with a State that handles facts—handles the earth as a fact?

Roosevelt wants the canal for his own country; Colombia vaguely dreams of a canal for the America of Bolívar. But Bolívar is dead and his America unborn. What Roosevelt wants is clear; what opposes him is, to his remoteness, a mere cloud. Well, one does not trouble about a cloud. When one is set to pierce a continent, one walks through a cloud.

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So Roosevelt gets what he is after. The Canal is born as the child of two lusts—that of a few mercenaries on the frontier of a helpless State, and that of a great Power. And when the deed is done, Roosevelt unfurls the rhetoric of "nationality" to sanctify it; and admits Panamá into the family of nations.

He glows with his achievement. In a letter to Rudyard Kipling* he disposes of his critics as "vague individuals of serious minds and limited imagination," and of Colombia as "a corrupt pithecoid community" not meriting "the treatment I would give to Switzerland or Denmark."

The world hails his achievement. Every great government, from England and France to Russia (also Japan and China), recognizes Panamá. And the sister nations of the "corrupt pithecoid community of Colombia"—all except Ecuador—recognize Panamá; Peru, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Cuba—among the Canal's first victims—are also among the first to acknowledge the deed of Roosevelt. And when, a few years later, Roosevelt visits Brazil and Argentina, he is officially hailed as a brother and honored as a benefactor.

The intellectuals, of course, from Mexico to Chile, have protested against the method of the birth of the Canal, against the treatment of Colombia, against the symbolic significance of Roosevelt's act. Their impotence, even at home—they who are heirs of the spirit of Bolívar—contrasts with the perfect power of the North, and draws the issue.

VII

The Canal of Roosevelt is not the Canal of Bolívar. The body it aims to create is not the Atlantic World—the true and integral America of Bolívar. It is not the America of the Puritan fathers, of Jefferson and Lincoln, of Emerson and Whitman. "We have begun," says Roosevelt, "to take possession of the continent." His Canal is separate from America Hispana and is hostile to it. It is alien, no less, to the great tradition of the America whose flag it flies.

The colonies of both Americas were once dependent bodies. The faith in Christ or King, which made good their uneven compact with the mother countries, waned with the years. Now, an uglier fate approaches: the South to become again a contingent body, ruled this time by an utterly alien master; the North to become the body of its lowest will.

But a nation (and with it a Canal that enacts its present spirit) can be transfigured. There is growth in the world. . . .

Bolívar and Roosevelt, meeting in Panamá, premise the American Drama. The one man configures American energy at its highest pitch. In him moves the impulse of the conquistadores and of the Spanish mystics, of the Puritans who envisioned a new world, of the Revolutionary fathers who began to map it, and of the moderns who, in order to create it, welcome the values of all races. The other man configures American energy in that infantile form which makes the United States to-day the ruling Power among peoples sunk in a decrepitude of spirit. He is a great historic figure, because his deed—unless it be reborn in the sequel as the child is reborn in the man—presages the spiritual and cultural failure of his nation. Bolívar is a great historic figure, because even in his failure he projects the possible victory of a new human culture.

The scene is set; the characters face each other. The play, be it of death or birth, is ours to act.

*Quoted by Howard C. Hill in "Roosevelt and the Caribbean" (University of Chicago Press). This fine book gives a clear, reserved account of the Panamá proceedings.

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A new story by the author of
"Nothing Is Sacred"
and of recent stories in Scribner's

As a Fair Young Girl

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

THE winter that Cora Jeffers spent in Florence she lived in a pension that had once been a monastery. The woman in the room next to hers was a little crazy in the head, and she had it all figured out that she had lived centuries before in the days of the Medici. She was a woman nearly forty-five and crippled with rheumatism, and she limped around in her room wearing a cap of knotted threads like they wore in the days when the Medici were in power. Miss Campbell was a Scotchwoman and she showed Cora pictures of herself when she was an actress touring the provinces in England. They were good-looking pictures taken during the war. Since the war she had lost most of her hair, and only her eyes looked like the pictures of her old self. For the last five years she had lived in that room, and she talked as if she never meant to leave and yet as if she were always in exile.

It took Cora Jeffers several months to find out about Miss Campbell, and it wasn't until nearly spring and Miss Campbell was very sick that she came anywhere near to the truth. Cora was pretty much involved in her own affairs that winter, and she took an interest in Miss Campbell almost in desperation to forget Boyd Johnson.

It was on account of Boyd Johnson, but without the least encouragement from him, that Cora had taken her savings and followed him to Europe. She had tracked him to Berlin and she stuck around until he left for Constantinople. He was scared to death of the stories about bugs and lice and typhus, but he was less afraid of them than he was of Cora. He was always romanticizing himself, and he fought hard to keep from marriage and what he termed its vicious domestic sentiments. He was a correspondent and he got himself transferred when he found out that Constantinople was a place Cora might have some difficulty getting to. He never put it in that light to Cora, and, in fact, he was on the fence about her and never certain that he was not making a mistake in leaving her. He kidded her along and made her feel good, and he lived in horror of women who might go around telling recriminating tales about him. He took care to read to Cora letters from women who had without exception kept on caring for him and feeling kindly toward him in spite of his desertion. His praise of such noble love that did not stoop to recriminations was not lost on Cora. She knew exactly where she stood but she had no intention of becoming only a memory. She listened sympathetically to the letters but she

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made up her mind it would be a long time before some other woman listened to her own.

When Boyd Johnson got himself sent to Constantinople, he took all the vaccines against diseases and bought some fine silk underwear, which was cheap in American money on account of the mark falling, and he bought some shirts and classy ties and some sport sweaters and flannel trousers, and by the time he was through he had a fine wardrobe but more than he wanted to take with him. It occurred to him to leave most of this stuff in Berlin and to make Cora happy by giving her charge of it. She could keep it with her in her pension, and in case he was sorry about giving her up, it would be a good excuse to come back without any hard feelings.

Cora was just soft enough to be set up about having Boyd Johnson's wardrobe to take care of, and for almost nine months she hauled it around with her and moved it when she moved. The mark had fallen so low that her American money looked as if it would last forever, and she had got on to a trick of reading the features in Vienna papers and then rewriting them for papers back home. The small sums from this venture looked like big money in German marks, and she lived on from month to month waiting for Boyd Johnson. She was sure he would come back on account of all the swell clothes, and she took care to write bright cheerful letters to him. It was her idea that a cheerful letter would get him quicker than a mournful one, but as a matter of fact with a man like Boyd Johnson her best bet would have been to let her heart be broken a little. His own heart was always perfectly whole and he was very respectful of a heart that had broken.

The wardrobe of Boyd Johnson got to be something of a burden and something of an embarrassment, and at last the situation at her pension became so delicate that Cora felt called upon to explain that the man's clothes hanging in her wardrobe belonged to her fiancé, who was in the Balkans. This was jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, and every German woman in the place was eaten up with curiosity and wondering about the fiancé and his probable return. Their questions got under her skin, and her real strong feeling for Boyd Johnson, which she had tried to conceal all these months because she thought that was the best way to get him, got under her skin, and the clothes began to haunt her and to taunt her. She was reminded that she was always living with Boyd Johnson and yet always without him.

Cora had kept herself busy all these months in Berlin, and what with one thing and another and reading the papers so much in order to pick up feature stories, her feelings gradually became involved with the German people, and the fall of the mark and everything got under her skin. She lost weight and took on every time a beggar came near her. It got so she could not bear to eat an egg when everybody else at her pension went without one. The egg became a symbol, and every day at dinner one or the other guest would demand attention and cry out: "Think what the egg cost to-day. Only think. One hundred thousand marks!" And the consternation of every guest made Cora guilty and ashamed of her American money and of the butter on her bread. She often looked at Boyd Johnson's wardrobe and calculated how many millions of marks it cost, and it became more and more of a burden.

It was when things were at this pass that Cora decided to clear out for Italy, and she made arrangements to leave the

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bulk of Boyd Johnson's wardrobe with American friends. The choicest bits she decided to take along, and she gave as an excuse that she was afraid to trust them with any one. She was really used to having the clothes with her and they were almost company, and she also had the fixed idea that Boyd Johnson would be certain to come for them no matter where they were. They represented in her mind by this time so many millions of marks and so much care and bother, that she could not conceive of Boyd Johnson not putting a high value on them.

Cora set out for Italy, and she was a little sore and uncertain about Boyd Johnson, and she was half afraid he meant to let her down. Sometimes she longed to let herself go and write him how lonely she was for him, but she held back. She was certain he would run away still farther if she did that, and she kept on writing cheerful letters and hoping for the best.

Her idea of Italy was a romantic one, and she thought of it as full of sunshine and operas and love-making and olive-groves. After she got there she found that many Italians shared that notion, but as time went on her own opinion modified. Boyd Johnson's fine clothes hung in the wardrobe, and one day the maid was straightening the room and Cora was improving her Italian with a little conversation on the weather and the wardrobe door stood open with the fine sweaters and trousers very conspicuous.

The maid touched a necktie delicately with a finger and looked at Cora, smiling and lifting an eyebrow. Cora suddenly volunteered that the clothes had belonged to her fiancé, who had been killed in the World War. She was astonished to hear herself begin a tale like that, but the maid's quick murmur of sympathy almost brought the tears to her eyes. She swallowed hard and explained that he had bought the clothes for his honeymoon and stored them with friends in Paris. She was to come to Paris after the war and meet him and they were going to Italy for their honeymoon. Then— But Cora couldn't go on. She just spread out her hands and shrugged her shoulders the way she had once seen a Frenchwoman do who was telling about her husband's death in the war. The gesture had seemed to convey utter emptiness, and it conveyed that now to the maid, who let the tears run down her cheeks without any attempt to wipe them. Finally, blowing her nose loudly and saying something about a brother who had also never come back, she bolted from the room.

Out of delicacy no one at the pension spoke to Cora about her supposed trouble, but every one knew of it and cast compassionate glances at the poor American girl who put such a brave face on her disaster. Miss Campbell, in particular, changed her aloof attitude overnight, and the intimacy between the two women began on the day after Cora's indiscreet confidence to the maid about Boyd Johnson's clothes.

The two women became friends and often had after-dinner coffee together in Miss Campbell's room. They took an occasional cognac together, and on Sundays when it was fine they went arm in arm to one of the galleries or to the Medici Chapel, where Miss Campbell stood a little apart leaning on her cane gazing at Lorenzo's tomb. The longer they knew one another the more free they became in their conversation and the more Cora had to be on her guard always to remember that Boyd Johnson's clothes belonged to a fiancé who had been lost in the war. The pose got to be a bore and she hated it. She hated

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the clothes and was impatient with Boyd Johnson, who answered her letters with post-cards and who was no doubt stringing her along for no good end. But she did nothing. She was still too headstrong in her attachment for Boyd Johnson to be willing to bring things to a showdown.

The pension was mostly frequented by old maids from England or middle-aged Italian couples. In spite of her rheumatism Miss Campbell was lively and she had been on the stage. Cora was always hoping for a few stories of stage life, but the conversation never turned on that subject, and, in fact, Miss Campbell steered clear of England and even of Scotland, and it was a long time before she even mentioned her two sisters who were alive and an older brother who was dead.

Miss Campbell was close-mouthed about everything except her literary ambitions, but as it turned out she really told more than she knew when she began talking to Cora on this subject. Miss Campbell's whole life began to dawn on Cora. It didn't come all at once, but little by little, and the first step in this disclosure was the reading of Miss Campbell's manuscripts. The stories were long and impossibly romantic and went into great detail with the love scenes in a way that embarrassed Cora. She couldn't help but wonder what Miss Campbell had done with herself all those years on the stage. The love scenes had an ardor about them that made Cora feel uncomfortable. The young couple, always a fair young girl and a dark man, lay on banks of violets fanned with sensuous southern breezes, expiring with love. At the crucial point something always went wrong and all was lost. In one, the man suddenly discovers that his fair one is a blood-sister. The rigmarole of these stories amazed Cora. She had no idea that her friend was so naïve. She didn't know what she could say about them. They seemed just trash to her, but she knew from the bright, nervous way Miss Campbell had of talking of them that she regarded them seriously.

When it came down to it, Cora told Miss Campbell that the stories were interesting and she ought to go on with her writing. Miss Campbell flushed at the compliment and she poured out a little cognac and settled herself for a good long talk. Cora's apparent interest made her confidential, and she said that she understood most writers wrote from inspiration and she wrote in the same way. Her inspiration took the form of a vision or a dream. As she told this, she became very tense and leaned forward, and her look scared Cora a little. She said that her visions always came in the same way. She was lying on her couch, half asleep, and they unrolled before her. They seemed to unroll as actual scenes. She not only saw, she smelled, fresh flowers, she felt hot air and the dust of roads and heard the rustling of trees. The vision unrolled word for word and ended abruptly with a cloud of dust and a band of men on horseback. At their head the leader, a dark man in velvet and a plume, rode toward a fair young girl standing beside the road.

It was the dead of night, and as Miss Campbell talked her voice shook a little. The two women felt very intimate talking together with the whole house asleep. Now and then a big dog belonging to one of the houses that overlooked the same courtyard barked and raised a racket with a chain. One of the guests in the pension, a German woman, raised her window and called out *"Carne"* in a loud, compelling German voice, but no one paid the slightest attention. The house remained silent and the two women talked on.

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She had lived centuries before as a fair young girl, and what she saw as a vision she believed to be a memory of that time. Didn't Cora believe that in each life we lived, a memory of the most important experience of former lives bloomed again? Clearly Miss Campbell thought her most important life had been lived centuries before as a fair young girl, and the discovery made Cora sorry for her, and she kept wondering what had actually happened to Miss Campbell to make her turn to such a belief.

She made up her mind to encourage Miss Campbell to tell her everything, and in her interest she cheered up a little about Boyd Johnson and wrote him a long funny letter about the crazy woman who lived in a room next her own. The two women fished for each other's secrets, and Cora beat around the bush and refused to make up any more stuff and nonsense about the dead fiancé. She was sick of the story and ashamed of it. She would have liked to confide to Miss Campbell about Boyd Johnson, but did not know how to work it without admitting she had lied. Miss Campbell went on with her confidences, and a few nights later told Cora that her real lifework was not the stories but a translation of Lorenzo de Medici's poems. Bound volumes of the poems were always on her table, and she now explained that while her knowledge of Italian was slight, her translations were astonishingly accurate and intuitive. She said she knew this because a professor at the university had told her so and had also said he could not explain how she did them so well. He had told a mutual friend that he was astonished and that he could only explain it by admitting she had some kind of intuition. Miss Campbell herself smiled as she repeated the professor's remark, and her smile was a peculiar one. It was more of an expression than a smile. It was as if she had quite forgotten Cora, and there was something about it that reminded Cora of the way a woman feels who is making love. Miss Campbell sat that way for several minutes and then said that of course she explained it by memory. Cora saw that there was a close connection between the fair girl of the visions and Lorenzo, but she was not sure of it until a few weeks later.

Along about Christmas the guests thinned out and Miss Campbell talked of going to Sicily for a few months. She began packing, and the first thing she packed was a duplicate of a framed portrait of Lorenzo that hung opposite her bed. She packed it in a long leather roll and told Cora that she never went anywhere without it. She was excited about the trip and urged Cora to go with her. Cora had made up her mind to wait for Boyd Johnson until Easter, and she thought she would like to stick around Florence to see the festival of the white bulls all decked up with flowers around their necks and a dove sliding down a wire from the high altar to set fire to a wagon-load of rockets. She had a superstitious feeling about Easter, and believed if Boyd Johnson ever meant to show up again, he would show up at that time.

Miss Campbell had her hair shampooed for the trip and caught a terrible cold, and lay on her narrow couch stiff as a board with rheumatism. In the night Cora heard her cough and hoped she wouldn't die so near. A few visitors came to see Miss Campbell, the professor at the university and a young girl student who was interested in the translations. Miss Campbell refused to let her relatives in England know she was sick, and anyhow there was no one now but two married sisters who had families of

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their own. Cora tried to get Miss Campbell to talk about her family, but she did not seem to want to open up. In the evenings Cora sat with her and longed to distract the sick woman, who lay rigid with her blanket falling like drapery on a figure of an old tomb. Cora was really lonely, and the sickness of her friend depressed her and she wanted to talk about her problems. She finally confessed something about Boyd Johnson without connecting him with the clothes at all. She made him out as crazy about her but unable to come to her on account of being involved with another woman who had literally trapped him into it. Of course she herself was untouched, as her heart was buried in the grave, but the passion of Boyd Johnson with all its complications made some good conversation and brightened several evenings for Miss Campbell.

There was hardly a night that something was not said about the Medici. Partly out of having nothing else to do and partly out of interest, Cora had read all the books about this family that Miss Campbell owned, and she had gone into the old history of Florence and she mooned around the old churches so much she felt she was living in the past herself. The two women got so they gossiped about things dead and gone many a day, and most of their talk swung around the Medici family and their goings-on. One night Cora said, "What about Lorenzo, was he happily married?"

Miss Campbell was lying very stiff and her swollen right hand was outside the covers. She almost raised herself from her pillow, but as she leaned on this hand a twinge of pain shot through her and she dropped back. Her face got red and her eyes blazed up and she said, "I should say not. It was purely a marriage of convenience. It was all arranged, she was a sluggish woman, no woman for him." She said this with such scorn that any one would think she had a personal grudge against the woman.

"But he must have had affairs, a man like that. He no doubt led a life all right."

"No, he didn't," snapped Miss Campbell, and Cora thought how like an old maid to want to think him a Sir Galahad. But she explained herself. "There was one affair. He was much older; it was with a fair young girl." As she said this, her face took on the same brooding look that had astonished Cora before. It was impossible not to put two and two together and to realize that Miss Campbell thought of herself as the girl Lorenzo had loved.

It made Cora very uncomfortable to think of Miss Campbell so sick with nothing to comfort her but a silly idea. She began talking a little every day about families and she worked the conversation around to how nice it would be for Miss Campbell to visit her sisters in England when she was well again. Miss Campbell never answered this, and in fact many remarks that Cora made were unanswered. She lay in great pain, and in the night Cora could hear a groan. The doctor was trying iodine treatments but without much effect. She talked of the spring and seemed to bank more on the warm air than on any treatment. One night after Cora had heard her groaning a great deal, she went into Miss Campbell's room and said determinedly, "Don't you think you ought to let your sisters know you are sick?"

Miss Campbell raised herself a little and her face flushed with the effort. "No," she said, "they couldn't help me. The only one that could help me is my brother and he is gone." As she said the word gone, her face seemed to collapse, and for the first time Cora saw her as an

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old and really deserted woman. She didn't know what to say, and to make the moment less uncomfortable, she said, "You mean the brother that was killed in the war?"

"Yes," said Miss Campbell, "my older brother. If he had lived, everything would have been different. Why, when he was alive I was never afraid of anything. I wasn't even afraid of growing old." She shivered down into her covers and refused to talk any more. Cora stood awkwardly and Miss Campbell said from under the covers, "I don't know why, but I feel nearer to him here."

It was too much for Cora. She went to her room and broke down, and that night wrote a long letter to Boyd Johnson. She let herself go in that letter, and at the end she cried and a tear fell on it. She drew a circle around the blot and wrote "This is a tear." It was late at night but she put on her wraps and took it out to mail before she might regret it and tear it up. It was a nice night, and she almost wished one of those tall handsome officers would follow her. But if one did, it would be at a distance, like an opera. She knew them by this time and had decided it was all show and hot air. Italy was all show and hot air, and underneath it wasn't so nice with everybody scared to say what they thought and afraid the fellow next to him might be for Mussolini. A country like that had nothing but its past, and Cora excused herself for letting the days go by like a dream. She hardly knew where they went. It was a funny life, but she was often happy. She spent hours in the churches looking at the wall-paintings and picking out all the beautiful young men. There was a tomb of a young man in armor, very beautiful and smiling in his sleep. Cora began to visit this young man every day. No answer came to her letter, and now that she had found out all she thought there was to know about Miss Campbell, their intimate conversations were ended. The young man lay with lilies carved around him and with lilies against his curling hair. It was a pity to see him look as if he were alive and sleeping between old parents with their dead, shut faces.

The more she looked at him, the more he seemed like some one she had known once. Cora could not decide who, and she stopped going to see the young man on the tomb.

After all, she did not want to get like Miss Campbell.

The Right and the Wrong Side of the Weave

By Harriet Plimpton

When a cow swayed her head and dodged the tie-up door,
He cursed till he nearly singed the hide he thwacked,
And yet no sleeker, neater cattle went to pasture.
He said he hated farming; but he had no weeds,
And his entries always took a prize at fair time.
He saw the evil, people didn't think they'd do,
So trusted no one but his wife, who was beloved
For all that makes a woman sought in hours of trouble.
His eyes were blue and hard like a certain mountain rock,
Except when he heard music or saw a lovely thing.
He had no diplomas, but he hated cheapness
In fabrics or in men, and pride was his mighty god.

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The murder by gangsters of Alfred Lingle, Chicago reporter, has been widely commented on. Two phases arising out of the case are covered by Mr. Bent: Are Chicago newspaper circulation wars responsible for present-day Chicago gangs? Must reporters be racketeers to assure their papers of the news coverage their readers expect? How close can the reporter be to his news sources and still remain true to his standards and to his employer?

Newspapermen—Partners in Crime?

BY SILAS BENT

CHICAGO's mobilized effort to dissolve the alliance between politicians, multimillionaire campaign contributors, and the underworld has brought to light several unexpected collateral facts. It has revealed that more than half a dozen newspaper men were themselves profitably engaged in racketeering; it has renewed discussion of the circulation war in which newspaper publishers employed gunmen and thugs; it has supplied fresh food for thought about the relation of the reporter to his news sources.

The first of these is now common property. It has been publicly asserted and widely believed (although a grand jury reported that it could not substantiate the charges) that one Chicago reporter was the "unofficial Mayor," that another received five cents on every bag of cement sold in the city, that another had a standardized schedule to be paid by divorce lawyers, that another, before he became an editor, boasted that he had "cleaned up" $200 a week on the side, that another had control of criminal bonds, that another got $50,000 as the by-product of a protected lottery, and that an editor maintained an office in the Loop for the transaction of business not directly connected with his newspaper.

Such partnership in crime is not outside the tradition of the press in that city. There is an out-spoken feeling in Chicago that the present wide-spread prevalence of gangs is a direct aftermath of newspaper circulation wars in which gangsters were encouraged and protected. The blame, strictly speaking, does not lie entirely with the newspapers, but there is no denying that the Chicago newspapers in their fury against one another placed in the minds of the roughnecks the idea that criminal wars and extralegal activities might be possible. These circulation wars were serious matters. A score of men were killed and the killers were never prosecuted. Whether or not the affrays were fatal, the police—out of respect or fear of the newspapers—did nothing to interfere. The underworld perceived clearly that these matters could be arranged.

Two brothers employed by *The Daily News,* for example, were slain just outside the City Hall; their death certificates recorded that they had died simultaneously of pneumonia.

There were, in some cases, prosecutions for other offenses, but not trials for murder.

II

Prior to 1900 circulation competition between Chicago newspapers had no

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lethal aspects. There were fist-fights, but guns and knives were not employed. Circulation managers employed amateur boxers, known in the argot of the day as "strong-arm men," to protect favorite distributors on the street corners they had pre-empted. The advent of William Randolph Hearst, at the turn of the century, brought a revision of methods.

Victor F. Lawson, now dead, was then sole owner of the Chicago *Evening News*. He had bought the paper with inherited money in 1876, and for a time had published a morning edition, *The Record,* subsequently merged into *The Record-Herald,* which in time was taken over by Hearst into *The Herald and Examiner*. Lawson became a president and then a director of the Associated Press; he had as partner Melville E. Stone, who became general manager of that organization; he was known as "the father of the postal savings-bank in America," because his paper campaigned for years for the establishment of this government institution; he established a fresh-air fund which maintained the Lincoln Park Sanitarium for sick poor children, and his other philanthropies were widely praised; he suspended his Sunday-morning paper because he thought Sunday papers improper. He was an outstanding figure in the social, religious, and civic life of Chicago and in the newspaper world.

It is highly improbable, in my belief, that Lawson knew of the methods adopted by his circulation staff to keep Hearst's *Evening American* off the news-stands. As for Hearst, he has always preferred to remain ignorant of the detailed skullduggery of his underlings, and he is not likely to have been aware of the retaliatory measures adopted by Max Annenberg or his subordinates, in charge of his Chicago circulation. The warfare waxed hotter as time went on, and it appears that the Lawson circulation men suffered somewhat more severely than the Hearst thugs. Attacks were made on delivery-wagons, and in time these were protected by armed guards. Hearst's newspapers maintained a twenty-four-hour hospital in their building. After two years, *The Tribune* entered the war against *The Examiner,* as it was then known, and presently took Annenberg—now a rich man in charge of the circulation for *Liberty,* a weekly owned by the proprietors of *The Tribune*—away from his berth in the Hearst offices.

Among the underworld characters employed in this sanguinary and long-drawn conflict were "Diamond Dick," a *News* employee, who met sudden death; "Boston Tommy," "Gus Gentleman," "Mossie Enright," the Delahunty brothers, "Blue-eyed Bill," "Herman the Huffy." Motor-trucks replaced delivery-wagons and a motorized "legal" force supplemented the medical and surgical staff constantly on call.

Those were great and exciting days—"Front-Page" days—in Chicago journalism. The warfare died down after about seven years. I did not become a "rewrite man" for the Chicago *Evening American* until 1912; but even then the Hearst Building and the plants of other newspapers were guarded. It may be worth while to set down the record of Edward Barrett, one of the Hearst guards in those days.

Barrett was indicted May 15, 1912, for assault with intent to kill, but was not brought to trial. He was held without bail by a coroner's jury a little later for a killing, and was indicted by the October grand jury, but gave bond and was not brought to trial. He was held by the coroner's jury but not indicted for another killing in August. He was arrested in September on a charge of attempting

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to kill another man, when his revolver had jammed; the case was continued six times, and Barrett was fined $50. His brother, Charles, a division boss of circulation for Hearst, was indicted for murder but was not tried.

The old practices of newspaper executives in protecting their employees from the wrath of the law still prevailed. For a time *The Evening American* had run "feature" articles on the cheapness of life in Chicago, and finally had reduced the price, as I remember it, to $3.85 as the net profit to the slayer. *The American* said that a killer could be employed, if he was hard up, for as little as $5, provided that the victim was of no social consequence, and provided the employer would look after the necessary protection in the courts.

III

Here we have, baldly, the background of the Chicago situation which brought the murder of Alfred (Jake) Lingle of *The Tribune,* to be followed by a murderous assault upon a *Daily News* reporter. Racketeering, in the form which has spread from that city to many others, originated apparently in the building-trades unions, and spread itself thence to organized gangs, which had already learned from the newspapers the blessings of paid police and official sanction. Certainly the gangsters and racketeers were on friendly terms with many newspaper men. Lingle, for example, had visited "Scarface Al" Capone in his Florida retreat, and Capone had given him a diamond belt-buckle which he wore with pride. Even when I lived in Chicago a Hearst writer used to tell with glee of aid and comfort he had received from an underworld character. I suspect that he embellished the story somewhat, but I have verified the main details, and will set it down as he related the incident.

This man owned a home in a Chicago suburb, but there was a mortgage for $8,000, and when foreclosure was threatened he tried to make a loan from a bank.

"I tried every respectable banker in Chicago," he complained, "and not one of them would lend me a cent. So I went down to the West Side, where a friend of mine was running a gambling joint. When I went in that night, Billy was dealing faro. I walked around the table, so he could see who I was, and then sidled up to him and said, 'Billy, can you lend me ten grand?' And Billy reached under the table, drew out a stack of yellowbacks, counted off ten, and went on dealing faro."

Jake Lingle was not a writer like the borrower of $10,000—a pittance in the Chicago underworld—but a "leg man." He had been on the staff of *The Tribune* for eighteen years. Notwithstanding that, his wages were but $65. At the time of his death, although he was married and had two children, he had lived alone for six months at the Hotel Stevens. He usually got up a little before noon, broke his fast, took a stroll along Michigan Boulevard, had his chauffeur drive him to the races or to some underworld haunt, and then put in an appearance at the office of *The Tribune.* If there was any story requiring his special talents, he attended to it; if not, he was off to dinner, sometimes with a police captain, sometimes with a former police commissioner, who was later found to be his partner in a substantial stock-market account; then to the theatre or a speak-easy, "and so," as Pepys put it, "to bed."

While Lingle was living at the hotel, Chicago organized and financed a million-dollar publicity campaign to tell the world that the city was not as wicked as

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was generally supposed. The deaths by violence were no more numerous per capita than in many cities, and fewer than in some. A month before Lingle was slain—and his murder was the eleventh gang killing in ten days—*The Tribune* complained editorially that the press of the United States was giving disproportionate attention to Chicago crime news, and that the murder rate of 12.1 per 100,000 of population should not subject the city to the brunt of notoriety. It was recalled that Herbert Hoover, in his first public address after being inaugurated as President, had told the American Newspaper Publishers' Association:

"More than 9,000 human beings are lawlessly killed every year in the United States. Little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted and but a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished. . . . At least fifty times as many robberies in proportion to population are committed in the United States as in Great Britain, and three times as many burglaries. . . . Life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world."

The President brought this to the attention of newspapermen because he thought the press an effective agency to check the reign of the criminal. If Chicago was the incubator of racketeering, and had achieved an evil eminence in crime, it was not, *The Tribune* contended, that the city had rolled up the worst record contributing to Mr. Hoover's statistics. Thank God Chicago was not as some of the others!

On the south wall of the new and costly Tribune Tower was inscribed the definition of a newspaper as framed by Colonel Robert R. McCormick, one of the owners:

"The newspaper is an institution developed by modern civilization to present the news of the day, to foster commerce and industry, to perform and lead public opinion, and to furnish that check upon government which no Constitution has ever been able to provide."

The Tribune's slogan is, "The World's Greatest Newspaper."

Lingle lunched on June 8, last, at the Hotel Sherman and set out afoot, with $1,500 in his pocket, to attend the races and make his play from the club-house at Washington Park. As he entered the crowded pedestrian tunnel beneath Michigan Avenue, on his way to a railroad-station, three men followed. Near the exit one of them stepped up behind the reporter, drew a "belly-gun" (sawed-off revolver), and thrust it close to the back of Lingle's head, then fired. The slayer dropped the revolver, threw away the silk glove he had worn to avert finger-marks, vaulted over a parapet, and disappeared.

"It is war," said *The Tribune* the next morning; "there will be casualties." And *The Daily News,* in a first-page editorial two columns wide, launched a companion attack. "Some complaisant persons," it said, "are wont to say that the gangsters merely kill one another, thus saving the public the cost of convicting them. That shallow view cannot be dismissed too summarily. It is a dangerous delusion. The murder of Alfred Lingle . . . is a plain notification that under the present police administration the gangsters regard themselves as free to run the city for their own vicious uses. . . . The city of Chicago is the victim of a vicious administration system. That system must go."

Hearst buried the hatchet. The managing editor of his New York tabloid picture-paper telegraphed, "We will pledge our support to anything you may

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suggest to see that the murderer or murderers pay the penalty in full." His *Herald and Examiner* matched *The Tribune's* offer of $25,000 for information leading to the arrest of the slayer, and *The Evening Post* added $5,000, asserting that no show of gang terrorism should deter Chicago newspapers "from doing their full duty in behalf of the public."

Elsewhere the daily press expressed its deep indignation, and praised the Chicago newspapers for their courage in the face of threats. The murderers of Jake Lingle, it was agreed, must be run to earth like rats. Reporters could not be slain with impunity because they "knew too much"; gangland must be overridden.

Chicago became a principal news centre of the world. The chief of police and the chief of detectives were demoted to captaincies; a lawyer for *The Tribune* took charge of a special investigation, civic and religious organizations massed behind the movement; among the outside newspapers which covered the story were the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and *Star*. St. Louis is a good training-ground for reporters. John T. Rogers, whom *The Post-Dispatch* sent to the scene, revealed that in spite of Lingle's paltry wages he banked $60,000 a year, mostly in cash. Harry T. Brundidge of the St. Louis *Star*, a Pulitzer-prize winner, told of the singular life Lingle led at the Hotel Stevens, where he was on a "private register." Only certain persons could telephone him. "Sure," the house detective told Rogers and Brundidge, "how could he get any sleep if he wasn't on the private register? His telephone would be going all night. He would get in around three in the morning, and he needed rest. Why, policemen would be calling up to have Jake get them transferred or promoted, or politicians would want the 'fix' put on somebody. Jake could do it. A big man like that needs rest."

Then it was revealed that Lingle had been killed, probably, by some member of a gang which had been "starved out" because "Scarface Al" Capone monopolized police protection through Lingle's good offices. *The Tribune* gave space to this theory; it gave space also to Brundidge stories about the connection of other unnamed newspapermen with the underworld. And suddenly the fine solidarity of the Chicago press was shattered.

A verbal newspaper war succeeded the old circulation war. The other newspapers were resentful at being tarred with *The Tribune* brush, they resented the fact that a *Tribune* lawyer was in charge of the gangland inquiry, they demanded that the grand jury substantiate the charges against others than Lingle—and one of them called the grand jury report asinine when no substantiation was presented. Eight weeks after the murder of the reporter the press was busier with an internal quarrel than with investigation of the facts. The real issue was buried under irrelevant intranewspaper bickerings. Even the St. Louis *Star* was drawn into the squabble.

IV

Lingle's loyalty to his news sources cost his life. Many reporters have risked and even lost their lives out of loyalty to their papers; the relation of the craft to its informants is seldom fatal. Yet it is one of the weak spots of daily journalism as it is now practised in the United States, and it is the more serious because newspapermen almost invariably merit confidence. There are few instances in which they have betrayed those who trusted them with facts, with the un-

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derstanding that the source of the facts should be concealed.

Politicians and elected officials are prone to resort to this device. "Talking not for publication," said Charles Evans Hughes, when he was Secretary of State, once when I happened to attend a "conference." Mr. Hughes did not mean that he was not talking for publication, but that the correspondents, if they made use of what he said, must state it on their own authority—or the authority of their newspapers—without saying where they had got their data. I do not mean by this instance to single out Mr. Hughes as more often addicted to this practice than other men; his eminence shows how far the practice spreads. The "White House Spokesman," who was put to death by general derision, is a familiar example and has been made the text of many discourses. The effect on the reporter, whether his story is political or routine, is to make him irresponsible and inaccurate, because there is less danger of being taken to task; the effect on the informant, if he is unscrupulous, is to make him take advantage of a propitious anonymity; the effect on the reader is to deprive him of the authority back of what he sees and sometimes to misinform him.

In Chicago news of gang murders and other crimes has been printed for years in such fulness of detail as would have been possible only if the reporter had access to the criminals themselves. Not only must he have access to the underworld; he must have the confidence of its denizens, and that relation could not be established without paying a price. Not the reporters and the newspapers alone have paid the price. Chicago, the most brazenly gang-ridden metropolis in this country, paid by that very fact. Not long after Lingle was killed a gangster's automobile, after its occupant had fired on a passer-by, emitted a smoke-screen as it fled; and the incident provoked this sarcastic comment in another metropolis:

"In this way gang warfare continues to approach closer to the model of real war. Rifles and machine-guns and bombs are an old story. Intelligence service has been brought startlingly close to the original, so that it is often difficult to say which master a spy is serving—difficult to say whether an individual is a gangster, policeman, business man, reporter or all in one.

"Now that fugitive taxicabs in Chicago emit smoke-screens to facilitate their escape, we may look hopefully forward to Capone scout planes keeping an eye on Moran bomb planes; and on the Chicago River and in Lake Michigan miniature plane carriers and submarines; and in the Loop police tanks crushing their way through beer-runner barb wire and over hijacker trenches; ultimately, a proposal from harassed civic sources for a conference between police and racketeers looking to parity in guns, even if it be too much to hope for a reduction or complete disarmament."

This somewhat ironic picture of the future of gangdom in Chicago, most racket-ridden city of the world, has its justification, perhaps, in the common use of machine-guns there, and in the mowing down of a whole squad of gangsters by their rivals at a single stroke. Edward D. Sullivan, author of "Rattling the Cup in Chicago Crime," estimates that from bootlegging alone, racketeering as a national industry derives $3,000,000,000 annually, employing about 5 per cent of this country's population; that there are about 200 rackets in all, engaging some 6,000,000 persons. "Assured of his political protection," he says, "the gangster is quicker to kill than ever before in criminal history." And

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Paul Blanshard has defined racketeering as "a scheme by which human parasites graft themselves upon and live by the industry of others, maintaining their hold by terrorism, fraud, misrepresentation and manipulation."

In Chicago not the politicians alone nor the "respectable" persons in what Mr. Sullivan calls "the superworld" act as accessories to the underworld, but a section at least of the press. Undoubtedly newspaper men as a group, although underpaid and ill rewarded, are of high personal standards. My long and wide acquaintance in the craft has convinced me that reporters are of exceptional personal integrity and honor. It must not be supposed from the Chicago record that a black eye is dealt thereby to men of "the game" generally.

But Chicago newspapers, which function under a constitutional charter of freedom granted on the implicit assumption that all the press would act as the surrogates and protectors of the public, have not qualified honestly for that special privilege at any time, so far as I know, during this century. The principal newspapers there have never been entitled to an exceptional and advantageous status since the early days of their celebrated "circulation war."

Words for Kentucky

By Sarah Litsey

This land is lonely still.
A hollow of ground, a gravely watchful hill
May yet evade man's widening reach.
These places keep the ragged speech
Of wilderness.
Out of such loneliness
My roots are sprung.
My grandsires must have strung
Their bows beside these wandering, childlike rivers
And filled their quivers
And carved their legends on the bark of trees
Akin to these.
This black, rich earth has had for food
Part of the swift, adventurous blood
Which after a hundred years or so
Beats its insistent ebb and flow
In my own veins.
Not drought nor the chattering rains
Nor wind nor the way years go
Can alter the things I know
About this land to which I came
Before my father had a name.

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This warning against too quick an acceptance of the theories and ideas of Albert Einstein is by the professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University. Professor Poor presents his reasons for thinking Einstein a false prophet when the majority of scientists accept him—blindly, he contends.

What Einstein Really Did

BY CHARLES LANE POOR

Artistic proof is, like artistic anything else, simply a matter of selection. If you know what to put in and what to leave out you can prove anything you like, quite conclusively.—ANTHONY BERKELEY.

SCARCELY had the thunders of cannon ceased to reverberate when in 1919 the entire world was startled and amazed by the announcement of a new theory of the universe—a theory so bizarre that it shocked common sense. This theory of relativity, it appeared, involved the ideas, or concepts, that the speed of light is one of the fundamental controlling factors in all natural phenomena, that space and time are inseparable and are united together into some kind of independent reality, and that gravitation, or the attraction of body for body, is due to warps and twists in this space-time continuum. And with these new laws and these new concepts of time and space, one must accept, it was asserted, the formulas and methods of non-Euclidean geometry, and must abandon all the guiding precepts, axioms, and mental processes and reactions which have been evolved by test and trial during the æons since man first trod this earth. It was claimed that this theory of Einstein was founded upon a newly discovered law of nature and was firmly based upon the decisive experiments of Michelson and Morley; it was claimed that Einstein had mathematically proved every step in the complicated maze, and that this mathematical proof was supplemented and rendered incontrovertible by the fact that the theory "works."

Among all the vague generalities about time, space, and geometries of four and five dimensions, one concrete specific result of the theory was claimed by Einstein: the discovery of a new law of gravitation; the specific claim that there is something radically wrong in Isaac Newton's law of inverse squares. This new law, involved in the formulas for planetary motion, was derived, according to Einstein, from his fundamental law of relativity, from his reservoir of all knowledge "without any particular assumption, whereas Newton had to introduce the hypothesis that the force of gravitation between mutually attracting material points is inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them." And in support of this concrete claim Einstein states that his theory and his law of gravitation have accounted for a slight irregularity in the motion of the planet Mercury; states that his theory has worked in predicting that light-rays from distant stars are bent as they pass near the edge of the

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eclipsed sun; has worked in predicting that the spectral lines of sunlight are displaced toward the red end of the spectrum as compared with the corresponding lines from terrestrial sources.

But no one seems to know just what this relativity reservoir of knowledge really is; no one seems to know anything about the new law of gravitation, how or why it differs from that of Newton, how it really accounts for the motion of Mercury; or how a new law of gravitation can bend a ray of light. Viewed through the eyes of the layman, the biologist, the chemist, and the philosopher unversed in the intricacies of astronomical calculation, the illusion is perfect. One stares with wonder at the soldierly ranks of tensors of many kinds and types, at covariant vectors, and at all the strange symbols of the tensor analysis, and one readily believes that Einstein's formulas are unimpeachable and impregnable. The observations, cited in support of these wonders, appear authentic and seem to have been made, with painstaking care, by astronomers and physicists of the highest rank. Yet one wonders, wonders whether it may not all turn out to be a display of magic. The merest tyro knows that you cannot get something out of nothing, knows that the conjurer does not materialize the rabbit out of the hat. One knows that the conjurer has invisible assistants behind the scenes, and that he has carefully prepared his apparatus before he makes his bow to the public.

So the illusion of relativity required long and careful preparation before it was publicly exhibited. Einstein began his work at some time prior to 1905, and during all the years that followed, many preparations were made behind the scenes. The first of these was gradually to transform the few inconclusive measures of Michelson and Morley into a long series of crucial and decisive experiments. It will be remembered that Michelson invented a complicated optical device and, with the assistance of Morley, tried in 1887 a new method of measuring the well-known motion of the earth through the ether of space. This luminiferous æther, as it was originally called, is the material medium, or ocean, which fills all space, and which serves for the transmission of light waves just as the waters of the Atlantic serve to transmit waves produced by gentle breezes, by hurricanes, and by volcanic upheavals. This light medium has been thought to be at rest, to be as a whole stationary; and in it and through it travel the earth, the sun, and the countless stars. Now by one of those peculiar verbal inversions which often happen, this motion of the earth through the ether has been termed "ether-drift." This is just as much an actual misnomer as it would be to call the passage of the *Mauretania* through the waters of the Atlantic "ocean-drift." The waters pass by the *Mauretania* at the same speed as the *Mauretania* passes through the waters, and the earth travels through the stationary ether of space at exactly the same speed as the ether "drifts" by the earth. The Michelson experiments were, in fact, made to determine the "world-drift" through space.

These now celebrated experiments were made in a basement room at Cleveland on three days in June, 1887. The results of these six measures on a beam of light were disappointing. They failed to give the known motion of the earth in its orbit about the sun, a motion of some nineteen miles per second. According to Michelson's published results the apparatus indicated a speed of only about three to five miles per second. This failure of Michelson to get the expected result might be explained on any one or more

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of several grounds: miscalculations as to the motions of the earth which the instrument actually measured, errors in the physical theories of light upon which the instrument was based, or errors in the theory of the ether. The ether in the closed basement room might have been entrapped and have been carried along with the instrument; it might have been only partially entrapped. A steamship, moving through still water, drags the particles of water, in immediate contact with its sides, along with it. Particles an inch or two from the steel side of the vessel cling less tenaciously and are slowly passed; particles a foot or two away show no frictional effect and are left at rest by the passing vessel. This effect of dragging water is the well-known "skin friction" of the naval architect. May there not be a similar friction between the earth and the ether, and may not the three to five miles, measured by Michelson, be due to the effect of some sort of "ether drag"? May it not have been due to some obscure optical effect of the many reflecting surfaces in the instrument? Whatever may have been the real cause of Michelson's failure to measure the full speed of the earth through the ether, it is clear that Einstein made no attempt to explain the actual results of the experiments. He assumed that such result ought to have been zero, and upon this assumption he built his amazing structure. The Michelson experiments furnished no warrant for this basic assumption of relativity. But somehow during the succeeding years of relativity building, this assumption became transmuted into a scientific fact, and the six meagre observations of Michelson were transformed into a long series of observations made at many places and at many times of the year. Einstein refers to the "unsuccessful attempts to discover any motion of the earth relative to the 'light medium,'" and now states that these experiments of Michelson "must be decisive." Eddington, the protagonist of relativity, states, in popular works and in his serious mathematical treatises, that Michelson repeated his experiments many times, that he "detected no difference" in his various observations, and that he failed "to detect our motion through the ether." Not only have the Michelson experiments been thus stretched and distorted out of all resemblance to the original, but the "assumed" results have been generalized into the statement that "it will never be possible to determine our motion through the ether."

While it is certainly true that Michelson failed to get his expected results, yet these broad assertions of the relativists have not the slightest basis in fact. Over a century before Michelson was born Bradley, in 1725, directly measured the motion of the earth by means of light rays; and since that memorable date, night after night, astronomers have noted and measured the effects of such motion upon the apparent positions of all heavenly bodies. No mention of this aberration of light, as this particular effect is called, is to be found in Einstein's popular expositions; no discussion of it appears in Eddington's mathematical works. Not even the word "aberration" is to be found in the index of this supposedly complete treatise of relativity. And since 1919 Dayton C. Miller has repeated the Michelson experiment many thousands of times, and always with results consistent with the original observations of 1887. The apparatus shows the motion of the earth through space, indicates clearly the direction in which the earth and sun are moving; but for some, as yet unexplained, reason it does not show the full and correct speed. Its speed scale is apparent-

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ly wrong. That is all. Find the correct speed scale of the instrument, and the earth's motion would be fully determined. To base a theory of the universe upon the failure of a single instrument to give correct speed results is as logical as it would be for a motorist to insist upon correcting all maps and charts of the earth's surface to conform to the speeds and distances shown by his untested, unverified speedometer.

But the new law of gravitation and the supposed effects of gravitation upon light remain to amaze and mystify, and to prove that Einstein's "ought to be" really is. Not only is this new law mysterious and intangible, but it seems to have been materialized out of the fathomless depths of relativity. Neither Einstein, nor any one of his followers has ever explained in simple, understandable language just what this law really is, or how it differs from that of Newton. Einstein's fundamental mathematical paper, in which the findings and results of relativity were promulgated, is probably the most clever presentation of a philosophical theory ever written. But it violates every canon of scientific procedure. The major portion of the paper is taken up with meticulous explanations of the many formulas and methods of the new and intricate tensor analysis. But nowhere in this celebrated paper can one find a clear and specific statement as to the basic hypotheses, or assumptions, upon which the theory of relativity rests. These assumptions are so cleverly inserted into the intricate explanations of the unusual mathematical processes, that somehow one is led to believe that they are not assumptions at all, but are necessary and logical deductions drawn from some fountain of all truth by means of the wonder-working methods of mathematical analysis.

In this remarkable paper Einstein first brings forth Newton's law of gravitation, the well-known law of inverse squares. He then casts this law back into his mathematical machine and brings out something quite different, a new law of planetary motion. Whence came Newton's law? What really happened when it was thrown back into the maze of relativity mathematics? Einstein's paper gives no hint: Einstein's followers, Eddington, Schwarzschield, Russell, and many others, do not, possibly cannot, tell. These mathematical formulas and amazing transformations must have been prepared somewhere and somehow. But where and how? Fortunately an innocent-looking foot-note, apparently referring to a mere numerical calculation, led to a paper printed in Berlin in 1915. This obscure paper does not form a part of the regular series of Einstein's relativity articles, nor was it published in the regular journals in which the relativity papers were printed. It is today practically unknown to scientists, for it is not reprinted in standard collections of papers and documents of relativity. Yet it is in this practically unknown, unsung paper that the conjurer's trick was performed; it was in this paper that Einstein inserted Newton's law of gravitation into his basic formulas.

Every schoolboy, who has ever been plagued with problems in algebra, knows full well that every symbol in his equations must have a definite meaning, or value, assigned to it. He knows that the first step in solving any one of his troublesome problems is to say: "Let x equal the number of horses," or pigs, or bushels of potatoes, or whatever the necessities of the particular problem may require. He knows full well that he cannot just jumble up x's and y's, and a's and b's, and have them all automatically sort themselves out; he knows that he

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cannot draw the required meanings of these symbols from some unknown mathematical reservoir of knowledge. The intricate tensor mathematics of an Einstein is subject to the same limitations as the common algebra of the schoolboy. And in this paper of preparation Einstein was forced, just as the schoolboy is forced, to define his symbols. He calls this definition an "Ansatz," a writing-in, or an assumption. He starts his wonderful fabric by defining his tensor symbol, g_{44}, in such a way as to make it the exact equivalent of the Newtonian potential of ordinary astronomy. This gravitational potential is merely a mathematical expression, or symbol, which summarizes Newton's law that the force of attraction diminishes as the square of the distance increases. Einstein, thus, assigns to his basic symbol of relativity mathematics a value so as to make it "play the part of the gravitational potential." He put the Newtonian law of gravitation into the relativity hat behind the scenes; and, after building an elaborate edifice of mathematical formulas, after using intricate and unfamiliar systems of tensor analysis, he suddenly brings forth the concealed rabbit, and exclaims, "Remarkable!" I have produced Newton's formulas "without any assumption."

Having thus materialized Newton's law of gravitation and Newton's formulas for planetary motion, Einstein drops them back into his magic box of tensor analysis, and, after a few vague phrases, brings them forth again. But now both are changed. He appears to have produced a "somewhat different law of attraction," and from this different law to have found "a deviation" from Newton's laws of planetary motion. It will be remembered that, according to current astronomical facts and theories, the undisturbed path of a planet about the sun is an ellipse fixed in space. No real planet actually travels in such an orbit, for the Solar System consists of many planets, and they interfere one with another; and each planet's orbit is disturbed, or turned, by this mutual interference, into a sort of rotating, wavy curve. But, under the Newtonian law of attraction, the primary path of a planet, the path it would describe were it and the sun the sole bodies of the system, is an ellipse. It appears to be otherwise, however, with Einstein's new formulas, or theory of planetary motion. According to him, the primary, or undisturbed "orbital ellipse of a planet undergoes a slow rotation in the direction of motion." And the amount of this unexplained relativity rotation of the orbit of Mercury is stated by Einstein to be just sufficient to explain a rather puzzling irregularity in the motion of that body.

This observed irregularity in the motion of Mercury might be expressed as a slow rotation of the orbit. But the exact amount of this rotation is unknown, and it is tangled up and confused with several other minute irregularities. It was first discovered by Leverrier in 1859, and was confirmed by Newcomb in 1895. Both these astronomers, however, showed that its exact value was uncertain, and that it is not the only factor to be considered. Newcomb, in fact, named ten other minute irregularities in the planetary motions. The largest of them all is the rotation of Mercury's orbit, which has been variously estimated as being from 25″ to 50″ per century: Leverrier's original calculation was 38″ per century. This is such a minute quantity that it would take several hundred years for the departure of the planet from its theoretical Newtonian position to become noticeable to the naked eye. And all these very slight departures from

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regularity can be perfectly well accounted for by well-known conditions in the Solar System. They can be fully explained by the known ellipsodial shape of the sun and of the planets, and by the presence of swarms of meteoric matter, known to exist between the sun and the various planets. Einstein, however, disregards all these facts, disregards the plain statements of Leverrier and Newcomb; and asserts that the perihelial motion of Mercury is the "sole exception" in an otherwise ordered system. He shows that his new, unexplained formulas of planetary motion, the formulas found by dipping Newton's into the cleansing waters of relativity, give for Mercury "a rotation of the orbit of 43″ per century, corresponding exactly to astronomical observation (Leverrier)." Thus, while changing the facts and figures found by Leverrier through long and painstaking astronomical research, Einstein claims that his theory of gravitation not only excels "in its beauty" that of Newton, but that it has also "explained a result of observation in astronomy, against which classical mechanics is powerless."

Again the obscure paper of 1915 discloses the mathematical processes. But in this case it would seem that the conjurer deceived himself as well as mystifying his public: deceived himself by the very intricacies of his own mathematical methods, and by his unfamiliarity with astronomical facts and methods.

When he dropped Newton's formula for planetary motion into his mathematical machine, it was for the avowed purpose of changing the units of time and of space in which this motion is measured. The fundamental precept of relativity is that the fixed units of time and space, heretofore used in all problems of physics and astronomy, are unsatisfactory and unworkable. According to the relativity theory of the universe, each observer has his own individual "clock" and "yardstick," and the rate of his clock and the length of his yardstick vary as he moves about from place to place. Thus an observer on Mercury will measure the motions of that planet by means of clocks and yardsticks that differ, in rate and in length, from those used by a mere astronomer on this effete earth. The second plunge into the mathematical bath was to effect a transformation; to express the motions of that planet in terms of the "more accurate" units of length and time used by the advanced observer in his modern relativistic observatory on a Mercurian mountain top.

But when the cleansed formula was brought forth, it was not only transformed as to units, but apparently also as to the law of motion. To a logical mind this latter is impossible. The mere change of units in which a quantity is expressed cannot change that quantity, be it acceleration, planetary velocity, or the weight of lumps of gold. The weight of a heap of golden nuggets can be expressed in pounds, in ounces or in kilograms; but the changing of the units does not change the weight of the nuggets. The fact is that Einstein made a slip in his preparations for his public exhibition of relativity: he did not work his mathematical machine correctly. He forgot to transform the weight of one of his golden nuggets from the pounds of astronomy to the kilos of relativity; added pounds to kilos, and got an inconsistent and illogical result.

The golden nugget that Einstein thus forgot to transform is the mathematical symbol which represents the mass of the sun. This slip, which should have been caught, may perhaps be excusable in one who has had no training in astronomical calculation; for the methods of

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celestial mechanics differ from those of physics, chemistry, and other terrestrial sciences. In terrestrial physics, mass, or quantity of matter is a fundamental unit independent of the units of time and of space; but in all celestial mathematics mass is expressed in terms of time and distance. The unit of mass in use in all mundane affairs is defined as being the quantity of matter contained in a certain definite metal bar deposited in the International Bureau of Standards. The amount of matter in any other body on the surface of the earth can be found by a comparison, by weight, with this standard, or by a comparison with one of the many authenticated copies of this standard. And such measure of the mass of a body may be used with any one of the several systems of time and length units; may be used with the second of time and the centimetre of length, or may be used with the day and the mile. Whatever system be thus used, the number of kilograms, or units of mass in a definite battleship remains the same. Whether we reckon the speed of the battleship in miles per hour, or in metres per second the number of tons in its displacement remains the same. But in astronomical calculations the case is different. We cannot directly weigh the mass of the sun against any such fixed physical unit, nor can we directly measure the mass of Jupiter, nor of Mercury. We can only indirectly estimate the mass of the sun through the motions it causes in the various bodies of the solar system. In astronomy, thus, the unit of mass is defined in terms of motion, is defined as that mass which will cause unit motion (acceleration) in unit time. The astronomical measure of mass will then change with changes in the units in which time and space are measured. If one change the unit of time from the day to the month, or to the year, one automatically changes the unit of mass in terms of which the sun is reckoned. The usual units of astronomy are the day and the distance of the earth from the sun (93,000,000 miles), and in terms of these units the mass of the sun is expressed by the small fraction 1/3379; but in terms of the units of the physical laboratory, the second and the centimetre, the mass of the sun is expressed by the immense number, by 1 followed by 26 zeros.

Whether or not Einstein had ever made a serious astronomical calculation he certainly overlooked this fact, and kept his mass constant expressed in terms of astronomical units while transforming all other factors of his formulas to the "more accurate" units of relativity time and space. When this slip is corrected, and when every term and every symbol in Einstein's formula is expressed in terms of his own relativity units, then the form of the equation is identically the same as that of Newton, and the orbit of the body is seen to be an ellipse, fixed in space. This is as it should be. The mere change in the units in which a planet's motion is expressed cannot change that motion, cannot change the orbit, or change the law which governs the motion.

Thus the so-called relativity rotation of planetary orbits is a mathematical illusion;—an illusion due to an incomplete mathematical transformation and to an illogical interpretation of the resulting formula. There is no relativity rotation of Mercury's orbit, and there is no Einstein law of gravitation.

Notwithstanding all this, it is claimed that the "bent-light" observed at recent solar eclipses is clear proof that Einstein did find a new law of gravitation, and that the entire relativity theory has been conclusively proved. Bent-light and the wonders of solar eclipses caught the

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public fancy and were sedulously cultivated by the many writers on relativity and by the organizers of eclipse jaunts to the interesting and picturesque countries of the far East. Eddington, the organizer of the first party to "verify" the Einstein theory, wrote most entertainingly of how the new gravitation attracted and bent light rays, of how it was possible to "weigh" light, and he even envisaged the possibility of future public service corporations selling their light by weight, just as a coal dealer now supplies his customers with tons of coal. Einstein's own statement as to the cause of this wonder phenomenon, however, was somewhat different. According to his popular exposition of relativity, one-half of the predicted bending of the light-ray is due to the Newtonian attraction of the sun, and the other half is produced by the "curvature" of space. But he failed completely to explain how gravitation acted upon a ray of light, or how the intangible nothingness of space could be warped by the sun.

All of these weird explanations were apparently accepted without question, and funds were poured out to build instruments and to finance the many expeditions from England, from America, from Canada, and from other countries. The astronomers at the heads of these expeditions do not seem to have bothered themselves as to what it was all about, or as to what their costly trips might or might not prove as to bent-light and the Einstein theory. The voluminous reports of these expeditions do not contain a single statement as to the real basis of Einstein's claim, nor the slightest hint as to how he actually made his calculation that rays of light should be bent by just 1.75″ of arc in passing the edge of the eclipsed sun.

This is all the more remarkable because Einstein's original paper on the foundations of the general theory of relativity is perfectly clear on this point. However obscure and indefinite that paper may be in regard to the law of gravitation and the supposed relativity motion of Mercury, it is definite as to the actual mathematical formulas by which the light calculation was made. These formulas are printed in full, and the mathematical symbols, in which they are expressed, are explained and defined. There cannot be the slightest question as to how Einstein made his actual computation, or as to the assumption, or hypothesis upon which that calculation rests. And these formulas and this calculation show that there is no basis whatsoever for the fantastic claims of the popular expounders of relativity, show that Einstein's own popular "half and half" explanation is utterly at variance with his mathematical work.

The mathematical formula, by which Einstein calculated his predicted deflection of light, is a well-known and simple formula of physical optics. In it there is not the faintest trace of tensor analysis, of warped space, of the relativity of motion, or of any one of the many perplexing concepts of relativity. It is a formula of the old-fashioned, simple wave theory of light, which is in constant, almost daily, use by astronomers, by physicists, and by the makers of optical instruments. In this simple, every-day formula Einstein substitutes an hypothetical "retardation" of light in its passage by the sun; and this purely theoretical retardation is the sole new concept, or hypothesis involved in the prediction of bent-light. Now this supposed, or hypothetical effect of gravitation upon light is the direct reverse of the known effect of gravitation upon matter. Gravitation accelerates matter: according to this hypothesis of Einstein it retards light. A particle of matter falling to-

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ward the sun falls faster and faster; a ray of light moving directly toward the sun, travels, according to relativity, more and more slowly. At the centre of the sun, the speed of the falling body would be infinite; the speed of light, zero. The gravitational attraction of the earth for bodies at its surface produces the effect we call "weight"; if Einstein's hypothesis in regard to light be right, the gravitational effect is reversed. Light would have "anti-weight," it would weigh less than nothing. How can one who has ever looked at Einstein's formulas spin fancy tales of "Weighing Light?"

Thus the many and elaborate eclipse expeditions have been given fictitious importance. Their results can neither prove nor disprove the relativity theory, for not a single one of the many concepts of that theory is involved in Einstein's calculation. Nor can these results prove anything in regard to the supposed "new" law of gravitation, for the truth or falsity of the Newtonian law is not involved in the formula, from and by which Einstein calculated his celebrated 1.75″ of arc. The sole new concept that can be tested by the eclipse expeditions is that of an hypothetical retardation of light in its passage through the gravitational field of the sun. At the best these eclipse observations might prove the fact that light suffers a retardation as it passes the sun, and might prove that such retardation is of a certain definite amount. But such observations cannot show anything as to the cause or causes of such retardation; they cannot distinguish between a purely theoretical retardation, such as claimed by Einstein, and an actual retardation caused by the passage of the ray through refracting materials near the solar surface.

But the actual published results of the many eclipse expeditions do not show even this. There is no evidence of any kind to show that light-rays are bent, in any degree whatsoever, as they pass the edge of the sun. The observations are extremely difficult and are beset by all sorts of complications and disturbing influences. The instrumental difficulties alone are almost insurmountable, and before the ray reaches the plate of the astronomer it must pass through the many miles of the earth's atmosphere. In this passage through the air, the ray is always bent, and sometimes twisted out of its direct course. All stars appear higher in the heavens than they really are, and this effect of atmospheric refraction is one of the most troublesome corrections to allow for. Based upon many years of astronomical observations, tables have been made which give the average amount of such refraction for normal night conditions of the atmosphere. The amount of this atmospheric bending of the light rays changes quite rapidly with the varying temperatures of the air, and is materially affected by layers and currents of air of different temperatures. Such effects are often noticeable at the seashore and in desert lands, and cause the well-known mirages in which ships are seen upside down, and desert lands are turned into lakes and seas.

Now the eclipse observations must be made under very abnormal conditions of the atmosphere. As the eclipse becomes total, the sun's light and heat are suddenly withdrawn, and the temperature falls very rapidly. Disturbances and air currents are set up, and the refraction will not be the same as in the case of ordinary observations made on quiet, clear nights. Yet there is no way of estimating the effects of these abnormal conditions, and the astronomer must apply the corrections from the tables made

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to represent night observations. These corrections to the observed positions of the stars on the eclipse plates are larger than the predicted Einstein displacements, and many times larger than most of the deflections reported to have been found. In fact an error of only a few degrees in estimating the temperature of the column of air through which the ray passes, would give a fictitious and entirely erroneous deflection for each star. And the various expeditions took no precautions to determine actually the temperature at the time each plate was exposed. During the five or six minutes of the eclipse while the temperature was rapidly changing, only one reading of the thermometer seems to have been made; for all the various calculations were made with one standard temperature.

Fully as serious are the instrumental difficulties. A photograph of a group of stars may give a more or less accurate map of the group, but it gives nothing as to the scale of the map. From an eclipse photograph one cannot tell whether a given star is at its normal distance from the sun's centre, or whether it has been displaced inward, or outward. To determine this one must know the photographic scale: the scale on which the map was made. An astronomical camera is extremely sensitive to changes in temperature. A difference of 3° between the temperatures of the outside tube of the camera and the photographic plate encased in the plate holder is sufficient to so change the scale of the map as to give the stars an apparent outward, or inward, displacement larger than the 1.75″ of the relativity prediction. This scale, upon which the whole question of whether or not the stars were actually displaced outward, should be determined by some unquestioned, independent method. Yet not a single eclipse party has ever yet so determined the scale. Each and every party has found this scale from the star images on the eclipse plates by assuming that these images were displaced just as Einstein predicted. Campbell reduced his photographic plates and determined the scale by "adopting Einstein's prediction": Trumpler finds the scale of his map by "assuming with Einstein" the presence of the predicted displacement and the way in which Einstein said the stellar deflections would decrease with the distance of the star from the sun.

Even though the astronomers thus assume the existence of the very stellar displacements that their elaborate and costly expeditions were supposed to hunt for, they could not even then bring their observations into accord with Einstein without utilizing to the full the artistic power of selection. In the South American eclipse of 1919 less than 15 per cent of the actual measured data was used by the British astronomers in obtaining their announced results: in the Australian eclipse of 1922 slightly less than 50 per cent of the data was used by Campbell and Trumpler. The Einstein prediction requires a deflection for each star not only of a certain definite amount, but also in a certain definite direction. The observed deflection might agree exactly with the predicted amount, but if it were in the wrong direction, it would disprove, not prove the relativity prediction. You cannot reach Washington from New York by travelling west, even if you do go the requisite number of miles. The astronomers got over this difficulty by the simple means of calling all nonradial portions of their actual measures "accidental errors," while that portion of each observed deflection, which happened to be in the direction predicted by Einstein, was taken to be a reality. Such

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selection was most artistically done, and, in looking at the picture of proof presented, one takes in the general effect, but fails to notice the artistic license by which the effect was produced.

When the star displacements are freed from all these assumptions and the actual measured deflections are taken, they are found to be very discordant, to be in all sorts of directions, and to have not the slightest resemblance to those predicted by Einstein. And further the size and direction of these minute deflections are different on different plates: they show distinctive changes, both in direction and in size, as the eclipse progresses. The photographs taken at the beginning of an eclipse are quite different from those taken near the end of totality. This is just the effect that one would expect, if these deflections are due to temperature changes in the air over the eclipse station. Thus the actual results of the many eclipse expeditions do not furnish the slightest evidence in favor of Einstein's prediction of "retarded" light. The discordant and often illusive measured displacements, if real, can best be explained by some refractive effect in the earth's atmosphere; by possible temperature effects, on air and instruments, caused by the passage of the eclipse shadow.

Thus two of the crucial tests of relativity are found to be illusions. What of the third test, the displacement of spectral lines toward the red end of the spectrum? Einstein, himself, states that if this displacement does not exist, "then the general theory of relativity will be untenable." Yet a simple inspection of Einstein's own mathematical work shows that this predicted displacement does not involve a single one of the basic tenets of relativity. The formulas by which he calculated this hypothetical shift do not contain the slightest trace of "curved space," of a "space-time continuum," or of non-Euclidean geometry. The so-called Einstein shift is due to a single concept grafted onto the relativity theory:—namely, the assumption that all atoms situated near the surface of the sun, or other gravitational body, vibrate more slowly than do similar atoms situated in free space. This merely means that an atom of sodium, of zinc, or of hydrogen will vibrate at a given rate in a laboratory on the earth, at another and slower rate near the surface of the sun, and at a still slower rate in the vicinity of a large and more ponderous star. Now there is nothing impossible, or even improbable in this new assumption. The time of vibration of a pendulum changes with its location on the surface of the earth; the Moon would rotate about the earth much slower if it and the earth were brought nearer the sun. These are well-known effects of gravitation. But Einstein does not base either his new assumption or his calculations upon any of these well-known and thoroughly tested principles of gravitation. On the contrary, the sole basis for his formula is a revamped and modernized version of Jules Verne's story of an imaginary trip to the Moon. Thus while there may be some plausibility in the general conception that the vibrating atom is affected by gravitation, there is neither rhyme nor reason in Einstein's specific formula, nor in his prediction of a specific shift in the spectral lines.

Further there is no valid observational evidence to support his claims and predictions. In the early years of relativity, Einstein, Eddington, and dozens of lesser lights claimed that spectroscopic observations of the sun had placed "the existence of the effect almost beyond doubt." The observations, however, are of extreme difficulty, and there are many

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factors which may displace a line in the solar spectrum. Motion in the line of sight, toward or away from the observer, will cause very marked shifts (the Doppler effect); changes in the pressure of the light emitting gases will seriously affect the positions of the spectral lines. And these purely physical shifts may be much larger than the hypothetical Einstein effect. No one knows the exact conditions of the solar atmosphere, knows whether, at a particular moment, the light giving atom is rising or falling, or whether the pressure is negligibly small or many times that of the atmosphere at the surface of the earth. This is now clearly recognized and even such an ardent relativist as Henry Norris Russell admits that "in the case of the sun the shift is small and its effects are confused with other small displacements not yet fully understood." Abandoning thus the original claims of proof, the relativists now turn to a small star, the companion of Sirius, and assert that observations on this minute body "conclusively prove" the existence of the Einstein shift. But the measurements are based upon only two or three selected photographic plates of small scale, which were taken under most difficult conditions. While these measures indicate a shift toward the red end of the spectrum, yet the most recent independent analysis of all this evidence shows that the shift may rather be due to simple physical causes, and that these measures made upon this abnormal selected star fail to prove the presence of the definite shift predicted by Einstein.

Thus the claim of Einstein to have found a new law of gravitation and the many assertions that the theory of relativity has worked in accounting for the motions of Mercury and has been conclusively proved by the eclipse observations and by the displacement of spectral lines are all merely unproved, and, so far, really unsupported illusions. Einstein and his followers have been dwelling in the "pleasing land of drowsyshed —"; in the land

> "Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye."

Requiem

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

No man wishes
Body and soul
Of a woman. Either
Outweighs the whole.

For both together
Well may be
Less than he bargained for
Separately.

One gives to the other
Till there is
Left from neither
What he'd call his.

And he shows wisdom
When all's said and done,
Of her body or soul
To have martyred one.

But while he wishes
A half, not the whole,
God rest her body—
God save her soul.

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An excellent first story

Powwow

BY ROBERT GESSNER

He was walking down the road in the black of night, walking rather aimlessly. He knew, subconsciously, he was heading for the clearing just off the Duluth highway, where the Indians held their annual ceremonial dance. But he was not thinking of the powwow, for he had heard a lecture and it left him moody and thoughtful. His father, the uncrowned chief of a dwindled band of northern Wisconsin Chippewas, had told him of the sacred attitude with which the old Indians revered the dances. Adam had inherited his father's knack of speech-making, a heritage from countless chiefs, and as he walked in the darkness he repeated his father's lecture. "My son, I am not telling you not to go to the dance." No, the boy chuckled, he wouldn't do that; he knows how much I love Lily. He continued the oration: "But when I was small my grandfather told me stories from unwritten scriptures, older than the scriptures of the Christians, and they served to make me honor and revere the dance. But this powwow. It is an excuse to get drunk."

He had stopped gesturing. He stood still in the darkness. Far off he heard the low, steady beating of an Indian drum. It was eerie—that drum sounding in the black, coming it seemed from nowhere. Like an unseen rattlesnake working its rattle and its charm. Bayland Pete's at the buckskin, he told himself. Bayland Pete's rhythm was the real stuff. He beat like the old-timers. Adam stood as if hypnotized by the glassy eyes of the snake itself. The strokes came to him at first measured, like the stealthy steps of a cat, then they hurried with gathering speed like a fleeing deer, then they paused, stumbled, hesitated, like a wounded moose. Now they caught themselves up and swiftly ran away, like the rising rays of the sun. It sounded strange, weird, but it sounded familiar.

Adam felt an indescribable tugging from within, a tugging for air and movement. It was as irresistible as the beats themselves. It was a powerful, primitive yearning to dance, to shout, to sing. A yearning as unceasing as the strokes on the buckskin. It came upon him swelling like the incoming rolls of the sea. The beats flung themselves against his legs like waves, and they shook his body like a frail ship and made him feel much alive. He felt the tingling along his blood and he felt good.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The beatings had entered his flesh. They had stirred his blood and yet he knew no reasonable excuse for it. He remembered his father telling him the people put the dance on for show, to get money from tourists. But he remember-

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ed the stories his father repeated—stories which now came to life in him to serve once again their purpose, to make his mind throb with the ancient beauty of the powwow. "We have danced to the sound of that drum for centuries," he said, half aloud. His blood was flowing from a pure stream of chieftains. He was feeling the surge, the toss—it was irresistible, and he felt good.

In the direction of the drum he saw many red flares brightening the black sky. It was eerie, this red against the black, and the drum, and now the rising shouts of the dancing men:

"Hi-ya! Hi-ya! Hi-ya!"

He broke into a run.

An enclosed car with glass and interior lights came down the road behind him. He saw the white passengers, and when it passed he grabbed the spare tire. That was fine. Now he would get there quicker.

The car stopped and he wondered, for they were not yet within the enclosure. Some one approached with a flash-light, and he recognized his cousin Denomie.

"Seventy-five cents wan car, pleez."

Adam smiled. Denomie, his cousin, collecting money.

The car passed through the gate and his cousin flashed his light on the spare tire. He tried to sneer and then laughed.

"How's business?" Adam shouted.

"Pretty good." He made a face and laughed again. Adam laughed too. Denomie with a bright flash-light, collecting money.

A dozen cars were parked in a large semi-circle. Donegan Bluehawk, the Indian policeman, was directing traffic with a sapling freshly peeled of its bark. He wore a star cut out of cardboard, which shone brightly with a covering of silver paint. In front of the cars were benches, strung around in a whole circle. Women and children were on the benches, and a few men. Red flares stuck in the ground before the people, forming a large lighted ring for the dancers.

Adam approached and leaned against a tree, behind a bench of old women, laughing among themselves.

One pointed: "Look! Thomas Thunder, would you know him in that head-outfit?"

Out in the circle, dancing with the others, was a thick-boned man with a monstrous bonnet of eagle feathers. They sprouted from his round face, making him look ridiculous—an Ojibwa warrior with a Sioux war-bonnet. Adam knew the Ojibwa never wore feathered head-dresses before the coming of the white man. But Adam knew white people liked to see Indians dressed like a circus, and white folks paid to see dolled-up Indians. Already one was running into the dance circle with a camera. He pointed his finger at Thomas Thunder, who stopped dancing, while the white man held his camera for a time-exposure. Finished, he threw Tom a quarter, who, grinning, rejoined the jogging line.

The old women had a good laugh over Tom, as he posed for his picture, like a rooster, proud and pompous. They pointed and laughed at others as they danced past their bench. Adam saw that most of them wore white man's felt hats. Some wore dirty tennis-shoes, some beaded moccasins, some white man's shoes with rundown heels—all were stamping down the dusty ground. There were white man's store vests delicately worked with scrolls of Indian beads. Some were chewing wads of gum. There were red-and-green circus tights from which dangled pieces of pop-bottle glass and white man's mirrors and shreds of feathers. There were bits of red yarn, pearl buttons, sparkling slices of tin.

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There were Navajo blankets woven on a white man's machine. War-paints were white man's grease-paints, mingled with the sweat of copper-hued faces. There were sleigh-bells, circus-bells, jangling from ankles in beat with the buckskin drum. And mixed with all this were the ancient war-clubs, handed down from father to son for generations—ancient war-clubs—sacred war-clubs.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Look at Peter Joe wid hez woman lipstick down hez cheek an' 'cross hez for'ad!"

"Ha-ha-ha!"

"Look at Tom Thomas an' Pete Moses wid rouge over der faces, an' powder in der hair! Ha-ha-ha!"

"An' here comes dat Grouse-Man again wid de ring stuck in hez noz. Hez had moz picture taken ta-night! Ha-ha!"

Adam moved away from the women. He had no interest in the dancing. He looked for Lily, his love—the reason for his coming to the dance.

He walked around the circle, passing a pop stand. Peter Joe's wife, holding a small baby in one arm, was selling colored bottles to a white man. At the end of the counter stood a pail of water with a dipper. One of the dancers was taking several dipperfuls. It was good free water. Adam knew, for it came from a spring by his father's house.

He could not find Lily in the crowd. He went around the circle twice and finally stopped and watched the dancers. He understood why his father never came to the powwow. This was his first in some time, for last year both of them were in the wild-rice fields off Lake Superior when the dances were held—at the height of the tourist traffic, so his father said. He could not remember much about the ones before, except the drum, the boom-boom-boom, the red flares, and the strange faces of white people.

Suddenly he saw Lily. She was dancing with a young white man. With one arm they were holding hands while the other was around each other's waist, and she was laughing. He was curiously watching the movements of her feet, as they jogged along to the beats of the drum. Adam was angry. He wanted to strike him down, this white intruder. He wanted to scold Lily and drag her home. In his rage he saw other girls dancing with white men. Some fat white women were dancing with Indian men. He turned away and looked at the tops of the dark trees, lighted by the red torches. He heard two old men talking near by.

"Damn good stunt of that John Sharp to have white folk join dance. People from Duluth, Superior, St. Paul, from all over come to dance at Inzhun powwow! Ha-ha-ha! Six bits wan car. Ha-ha-ha!"

He felt a tug at his shirt. It was Lily.

"You mad at me? You will not dance with me?"

He did not answer.

Lily stood as a pure Indian maiden—a beautiful Indian maiden, dressed in buckskin. Adam saw her head-band of flowered beads, her buckskin dress colored with beaded designs, her moccasins soft and brown. He saw her as a clean, healthy spirit from the legends his father told him of Little Boy Man, of Star Boy, born of a mortal maid and a heavenly star.

"You jealous?" she asked.

He saw her deep brown eyes, deep like pools. He felt his body disappearing in the magic water. Fiercely, like a warrior, he nerved himself. "Why are those white people allowed to dance Indian dances to the Indian drum?"

"Mister Sharp tells us to ask them. It is good for business, he says. He's a manager. He takes the men to Chicago, to

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dance on the Soldier's Field. They get money, and pay doctor bills with the money."

"Go. Dance with the white men."

"You are mean. I only do what I am told."

She ran toward the circle. He wanted to follow. He wanted to dance with her, to hold her hand, to put his arm about her waist, but he felt it would be useless. He could not do the Squaw Dance with a fat white woman in front of him and a grinning white man behind him. He walked over to a car and sat on the front bumper.

They were doing the Snake Dance and the drum had ceased its pounding. It was quiet for the first time that evening. John Sharp led the line, winding the men back and forth so as to imitate the crawling of a snake. They stopped, raised their heads, and sang: "Hi-ya-ha."

"Boom. Boom - boom - boom." The drum answered.

They curled slowly around and around in a circle, remaining in a coil for a silent minute.

"Hoy-ya."

The drum answered "Boom."

They quietly crawled out of the coil. It was impressive and Adam was moved. He thought it beautiful in its own individual way. His eyes turned to the end of the line, as it crawled forward. Some small boys and girls were sprawled on their bellies. They did not know how to dance the Snake Dance, and they laughed and giggled among themselves. At the end one little girl sucked her finger and smiled at the people, while she was being dragged along by her other hand.

Adam did not care to watch any longer. But he knew it would be over in a minute, so he looked on.

The line was stretched out, from John Sharp with his mass of eagle feathers to the little tot at the end. The men fell on their knees and lowered their heads.

"Yah," they sang.

"Bumm-bumm." The drum scarcely whispered.

It was over. They jumped up laughing and jostling one another. They took seats on an empty bench, chuckling aloud. John Sharp removed his Sioux war-bonnet and mopped his brow with the back of his hand.

"Would that I were born a hundred years ago," Adam said, half to himself.

Bayland Pete and the three other drummers commenced to pound the big drum.

"Powwow," said a painted dancer, sitting in front of Adam. He stood up and made toward the circle, with hesitating, shuffling steps. He was an excellent dancer. He bent over with arms stretched behind him. He took jogging steps, shaking the jingle bells tied to his ankles. The other men laughed. Some followed, each trying to outdo the other in the powwow. One backed up as he danced like a goat giving ground, making his bells shake like mad. This brought laughter from the benches. Another bent low, like a hunting-dog, with his rear stuck out. He put his hand over his eyes, as if he were scouting. The laughter was louder.

The drum ceased. As the dancers went toward their bench, the drummers took up their sticks again. Another powwow, which meant they wanted to see a good dancer. The men strutted into the ring, grinning broadly. Their heads were high, their elbows stuck out from their sides.

"Ho! Ho!"

"Hah-yah-ah-hay! Hay-yah-ah-hay!"

One old man was moving slowly by himself. At first Adam did not recognize his face. It was old "Chief" Buffalo, and he was tired. When the drum stop-

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ped, he shuffled toward the bench. He sat down with a sigh and patted his legs and grinned. Another dance started, but he did not rise. He sat with eyes lively watching every movement of the prancing men. When the dance was over he stood up and moved toward the centre.

"Boo-zhoo! Nee-chee! Boo-zhoo! Me —Buffalo—me, going mak'-um beeg talk."

"How! How! Wuh!" The circle shouted approval. So Buffalo was going to talk in "Inzshun"-English, for the benefit of the white visitors, who paid seventy-five cents a car, Adam thought.

"Long tam' ago—me—Buffalo—go on Washin'ton. Me tellum Keetch-ie O-gi-ma, dose beeg w'ite chief: 'Inzshun no lak rese'vation. Too muz swamp, too muz sand, too muz water. No good!' Beeg w'ite chief tell Buffalo: 'O-zah-wah-kig—be good boy. Go back on Inzhun rese'vation. Washin'ton give Inzhun plenty payments, plenty good hats, plenty good eve'ting. Washin'ton heart good to you. You damn good Inzshun. Look! I stick dez medal on yer ches'. Look—see dis goll medal—got-um woman on medal! Ho! Ho! Damn good medal!' I walk-um home wid medal. No got-um plenty good hat, plenty payment. No get nod-t'ing. Once I got-um bum hat. No-good hat—got-um plenty holes. Ah-deek, doze moose, doze deer, doze caribou—dey t'row way der horns in spring. In summer dey get-um nice new hat—no got-um holes. Inzshun got-um plenty clothes before w'ite man come. Mak-um suits wid skins of Waugoosh an' Nee-gig, doze fox an' otter. Mak-um plenty clothes—no got holes. Inzshun got plenty holes in Washin'-ton clothes. Holes in clot' plenty beeg, plenty beeger dan dis medal on de ches'! Me—Buffalo—me hab spoken!"

"How! How! Ho! Ho! Kay-get! Kay-get!"

The white people were laughing. The Indians were chuckling and nodding to themselves. Buffalo walked off with a half-smile, half-sneer on his face.

The drummers started up a two-step. Men and women arose. There were jingling of bells and imitation war-whoops.

A plump white girl stepped from the crowd. She approached the centre, where the drum rested within a ring of jackpine branches. She sat on the log, next to Bayland Pete, and took out a note-book and pencil. She commenced to write hastily.

Adam leaned toward the massive head-dress.

"John Sharp," he said, "she is in the Sacred Circle. Who gives her permission?"

He was disturbed and grunted back at Adam, as he stood up. He went to her and whispered in her ear, and she nodded earnestly, arose, and left. Adam watched her get in a car, and he watched the car take the road toward town.

Men, women, and children were doing the Fish Dance. They moved slowly to hesitating beats. The leader fell on his side and began to wiggle his shoulders and hips. The line followed him; one by one they dropped and began to wiggle, and loud guffaws came from the benches. "Look at that old woman Keesheek doing that shimmey," some one cried. Adam thought it almost funny, this wiggling of the fat woman, this wiggling of the children acting for their elders and the whites.

He saw Buffalo sitting by himself and he went toward him. The "chief" did not notice him coming, for he was not watching the Fish Dance. He was staring at his hands.

"Good evening, grandfather."

"Ah, Adam-boy, you here?"

"Yes, I came to hear your speech."

He spat, tried to look sour, glanced at

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him with his wrinkled face, and winked.

They both chuckled, and Adam sat beside him. Buffalo had taken off the tattered hat he wore during his speech and now his head bore a beaver hunting-cap, with two feathers dangling from behind. It was the real Ojibwa bonnet.

"Chief Buffalo, you do not like the Fish Dance."

"Me no see Fish Dance."

He moved his hands as he stared. Adam knew he was going to say more and he did not answer.

"When Buffalo was small boy dey no laugh at Fish Dance. People t'ought Fish Dance was good dance. Great Spirit Dance. Only men dance Fish Dance. Dey show fish swimming in water. Den waves toss fish on rock. Dey wiggle on bank like fish—crawl to get back to water—suff'ring an' dying. Damn good dance. Good Spirit Dance. Great Fish Spirit now angry to see dis Fish Dance."

Adam saw the white girl returning. She handed three packages of chewing-tobacco to John Sharp and took her old seat on the log with Bayland Pete.

"Grandfather Buffalo," Adam said, "John Sharp is smart Indian. He does not drink white man's whiskey for nothing. He need not buy tobacco now for two weeks."

Sharp stood in the circle talking to the tribe in Ojibwa.

"Brothers and women, this white woman is here taking notes. I do not know what about. But she is all right. She goes to trader's store and brings tobacco for the Sacred Circle, like the old custom."

He raised his hand and showed the packages. Carelessly he tossed them between the jackpine branches. They fell beside the drum and all men's eyes were on the tobacco. But they knew who would be the first to pick it up, when the last beat sounded.

Adam looked at the drum-ring more closely. Between two jackpine branches stood a tall pole. From it hung a string of painted eagle feathers.

"Grandfather Buffalo, what is the strange stick in the Sacred Circle of the Ojibwa drum?"

Without moving his eyes from his hands Buffalo answered: "One is pretty Sioux war-spear. Odder is 'merican—squaw!"

He spat out the last word. Adam knew that squaw was a white word meaning cheap Indian woman—a word of disdain.

"Adam-boy, Buffalo go home. Buffalo tired, me. Buffalo spirit sick, Buffalo spirit says: 'Go home. What for you watch dis dance, dis wicked medicine. Go home, Buffalo, me.'"

He shuffled off. Adam did not offer to go with him, for he knew Buffalo would feel hurt if any arm were held out as a support. No one noticed the bent figure shuffling toward the black road.

John Sharp's speech was a sign for the old-timers to do their solo dances and songs. Bayland Pete hushed all with his big drum. Slowly he raised his beat-stick—suddenly he sent it crashing upon the hide with a mighty boom, and began to shout the Drummer Song:

"H! Hi! Hi!
Beat on the buckskin!
Beat on the buckskin!
Hi! Hi! Hi!
Thunderbird comes!
Thunderbird comes!
Hi! Hi! Hi!
Thunder drum booms!
Thunder drum booms!
Hi! Hi! Hi!"

Bayland Pete stopped as suddenly as he began. For half a minute there was terrible silence. Adam knew the Drummer Song was much longer than what Bayland Pete sang. Every Indian knew Bayland Pete had forgotten the Drummer Song. But the fat white girl looked

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up from her note-book. Her nose had been close to her pencil. She had been writing like a mad beaver but now she proudly smiled at Bayland Pete, as though she had done him great justice. She began to clap her hands. The Indians nodded at her clapping. They grinned to themselves as they clapped. . . .

A small knot of young braves, on the opposite side of the circle from Adam, were swaying back and forth among themselves. Some were laughing and shoving at each other's heads. Adam could not see their faces because they stood behind a red flare. They swayed to one side, and as they swayed they parted. Adam saw Lily. She was in their midst, but she was not laughing nor was she shoving. They seemed to be teasing her. Adam started up.

No, he thought, there is Denomie, Lily's cousin . . . it is he they are pushing . . . Denomie is being laughed at . . . I suppose he is drunk . . . yes, I see him reel . . . Lily must be trying to get him away . . .

He ran to her and elbowed his way through the boys, jostling and pushing. They too were reeling and Adam surmised they were drunk. Yes, he smelt liquor. Then Lily saw him and she smiled and he felt proud. He touched her hand as he reached for Denomie. Her eyes were deep. He had their common cousin around the chest. Her face was close to his. "Adam," he thought he heard her whisper. Then Denomie saw him.

"Well, by zhoo, Adam's shober ageen."

The boys laughed. Adam knew Denomie had treated them with whiskey. He wondered how much money had been spent. It was to have been used by the women for the buying of beads and needles, to make moccasins for the tourists. He started to drag Denomie away.

"Shay, what's idea, eh? Denomie ain't going da leave boys yet. Misses Han'rason 'specting us back fur nudder pint, eh, fellers?"

"Sure! Sure! Come! Shake de relatives!"

They laughed and moved toward a back path. Denomie struggled to follow them down a trail leading to the brown house with a light that burned all night. Mrs. Anderson, a white woman with gray hair and gray eyes, owned the house. In daytime you could see her sitting on her porch, watching the path for customers.

"Take him home, please, Adam," Lily was saying.

"You—are you not coming too?"

She dropped her eyes. "No, I promise white boy to take me home in his nice car." With eyes still lowered, she wheeled and was gone. Adam watched her get in a green roadster. He saw her as another girl waving with the moving wheels.

He went down the road with an arm around Denomie's chest. They walked through clouds of newly risen dust.

"Damn good buz-ness—six bits de car —ha! ha! Damn good buz-ness!"

Adam did not hear him. He was watching a red tail-light farther up the road growing dimmer and dimmer.

"Some day," he said softly, "I shall kill an American."

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE publication of the Letters of James Whitcomb Riley, which appear synchronously with this article, is significant in many ways, and especially in three. The Letters are full of allusions to contemporary books and authors; they contain the poet's firmly held convictions on the technique of verse-composition; they are a revelation of one of the richest, juiciest, most individualistic personalities in modern literature.

The mighty genius of John Sargent is impressively displayed in his portrait of Riley; he has caught Riley's independence, his humor, his whimsicality, and that unusual combination of impeccable neatness with *diablerie*. This portrait has been so frequently reproduced in books and periodicals that it is almost as familiar to the public as the poems themselves; but I advise every one who can manage it to take a journey to Indianapolis and see the original painting.

Riley was one hundred per cent poet, and took no lasting interest in anything except literature. Even his health, often poor, and finally hopelessly injured, caused him comparatively little concern. He thought it more important to write well than to be well. After he was forced to give up walking and to take the air in an automobile, he never alluded to his physical condition, but talked about literature with the same zest he had always shown. Not long before his death, I spent a couple of hours with him in his motor-car in Indianapolis, and as we drove slowly about the city, we talked about poetry. The car came to a stop in front of the publishing home of The Bobbs-Merrill Company; Mr. Hewitt Hanson Howland, later Editor of *The Century Magazine,* came out of the building and placed in my hands a copy of the beautiful edition of Riley's non-dialect poems, called "The Lockerbie Book." While Riley's fame began with dialect, any one who opens the Lockerbie volume for the first time will be surprised to discover how many well-known pieces it contains: "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "When She Comes Home Again," "The Little Man in the Tin-Shop," "There! little girl! don't cry!" and many others.

Riley took no interest in politics or in athletics, and therefore was never much of a newspaper reader, though he began as a journalist. The news of the political world and the sporting page, he never read. In his whole life he voted only once. Then, to please a friend who was running for office, and who begged him to go, he went to the polls; but not understanding the mechanism, he voted for his friend's opponent.

One day in Indianapolis I found him in the barber shop; while being shaved, he reached out his hand and took mine. He felt of the callous spots, and said: "What do these hard lumps mean?" "Golf," I answered. . . . He was silent, then he queried softly *"Golf?"* as if I were a visitor from another planet.

And once when he was lunching in a restaurant with Meredith Nicholson, they were joined by a voluble young man, unknown to Riley. The visitor talk-

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ed incessantly. After the meal was over and the windbag had departed, Riley and Nicholson walked for several blocks without saying a word. Finally Riley asked, "What is the name of your friend?" Nicholson told him. "Reticent," said Riley.

Mr. Nicholson, if he has not already done so, should print an account of the luncheon where he, Riley, and Henry James made a party of three. Riley felt at home with most authors but was tongue-tied in the presence of James; and the novelist could make nothing of Riley. Finally James said something about a woman who had two beautiful eyes. "They usually come in pairs," suggested Riley. Henry James gazed at him in utter bewilderment, and during the rest of the meal looked at him from time to time furtively and suspiciously. But the Hoosier poet made no further contribution to the conversation.

I do not know how many phonographic records there are of Riley's voice; but I know of one, though I do not know where it is. One night in New Haven, Professor Edward W. Scripture, the famous psychologist, gave a dinner to Riley, where Professor Beers, Professor Thomas D. Goodell and I were present. (Professor Henry A. Beers, the most fastidious and "difficult" critic I ever knew, was the first authority to salute Riley as a national poet.) Doctor Scripture got out his phonograph, and Riley recited into it his famous poem, "Old Fashioned Roses." Later in the evening we "turned it on," and it was a magnificent record.

"Old Fashioned Roses," by the way, is the name of the book of Riley's poems published in London. My copy (1894) is of the seventeenth edition. No American poet of the twentieth century has had anything like the popularity in England attained by Riley.

Riley was immensely pleased by academic recognition in the form of honorary degrees, which he received from Yale, from the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Indiana. He was also quite naturally delighted by the admiration his work obtained from Rudyard Kipling, Henry Irving, Mark Twain, John Hay, W. D. Howells, Joel Chandler Harris, John Burroughs, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and younger writers such as Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade; and he never forgot the greeting which came to him when most he needed encouragement, from Longfellow. But although full of reverence for men of genius, he was merely amused by an excess of formality. At the very moment when he was in a desperate illness, so acute that it was doubtful if he would live through the night, the National Institute of Arts and Letters was holding the annual meeting in New York. They formally voted the Gold Medal for poetry to James Whitcomb Riley, and decided to send him a telegram at once. After the wording had been agreed on, some one suggested that they add the words "God bless you." Others thought the expression lacking in dignity.

Well, apparently the receipt of the telegram cured Riley, for he made a miraculous recovery. Some time later, I was talking with him about the medal and the telegram, and I said there had been objection to the words "God bless you." Riley looked at me quizzically and said, "Why, if they felt that way about it, why didn't they simply telegraph 'God damn you'?" The incongruity of that greeting to a man on his deathbed struck us both, and Riley laughed consumedly.

Had Riley not preferred to be a poet, he might have been a great comedian. His face was in this way as expressive as that of the great Coquelin. Those who

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heard Riley give his impersonation of the School Visitor will remember it as one of the finest specimens of the histrionic art. At a dinner in London he recited for the benefit of Henry Irving, and the English actor was enormously impressed. Not only on the stage, but in conversation, the mobility of Riley's features added to everything he said.

It sometimes happens that we meet for the first time a man whose published work displays a human sympathy that seems to have come from the heart; and the man himself appears selfish, inconsiderate, conceited. Now Riley was exactly the man of his works; his life was the best of his poems. His unassuming and inexhaustible kindliness, his effervescent humor, his utter sincerity, his innate cleanness of mind, were exactly what they ought to have been. And he had a genius for friendship, which these Letters, mostly hitherto unprinted, reveal. The hundreds of thousands who know Riley's poems by heart, will, in reading these informal epistles, come into the presence of the man.

To Charles Warren Stoddard, who asked him for his photograph, he wrote with it

> Of course I don't look like you've doubtless fancied me all out,—dark, rolling eyes, bleak Shakespearian brow and tumbling mane, blent with a hell-to-pay-and-no-pitch-hot cast o' countenance, peculiar to our New World brand of bard, to whom, I Gawd! you will listen, er wisht you had! No; not at all, I trust. In fact, in subjecting ourselves to the photographer, I rather hold that, as Chispa mildly observed to the serenaders, "our object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams." Possibly in this example I have even permeated the opposite extreme and show altogether too meek and gruel-y.

Riley's hatred of free verse was so uncompromising that he could not appreciate Walt Whitman. To those who admire what Mark Twain called the "noble art of profanity," it was a treat to draw him out on old Walt. For Riley's profanity was lyrical; it flowed like an unwrinkled stream. In a letter to a young aspirant, he proved his orthodox views:

> Do you read and study all the Our-kind poets—they who "belong," as Kipling says?—Keats, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti,—and his sister Christina—Herrick, the peerless, and Longfellow, the divinely pure and artless.

He loved straightforward speech, even in poetry. Writing to another aspirant (thousands wrote to him), he said,

> And may I again advise you to select words with the greatest care. Avoid rigidly the "ersts" —"erstwhiles" — "Chrisms" — "pellucids"— "cloudlets," and all that swarmlet of detestlets! There are thousands of these words, once used, but now altogether out of taste—and they oftentimes spoil poems for the modern reader when to save his life he couldn't define what was in the verse that struck him unpleasantly.

The best of his letters are probably those to Bill Nye, whom he loved most; but they should be enjoyed as wholes. Here is a letter from Mark Twain, written in 1891. He had just read Riley's "Honest Old Sam Hungerford."

> Dear Riley:
>
> It's a darling poem, and I thank you ever so much for it. But—when it comes to reciting it, I can't even remotely approach you. You are the only man alive that can read your poems exactly right.—There are poets who can't read their works worth shucks; and if they should offer to read their poems to me I should easily have the grit to say "Oh, gimme the book and lemme show you *how!*—You just make me tired." But I should never say that to you, my boy; you *do* know how.
>
> In the fine 'Ras Wilson poem you've flung in some more of those things which make my mouth water for an Elder Time, and a big toe with a rag around it. One time or another you've got them *all* in, I believe—except, perhaps, p'simmons & p'cons; and maybe red haws. We hadn't p'cons in Missouri—had to cross over to the Illinois bottoms.

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This is my tenth day in bed with rheumatism. There is less recreation about it than you would think.

Yours ever,

MARK.

Riley was profoundly gratified by the suggestion of Charles Scribner's Sons that they should publish a complete edition of his Works, called the Homestead Edition. This was carried out, and makes a beautiful set of books, the typography and the illustrations being works of art. In 1897 Riley wrote to Mr. Arthur Scribner, protesting that he hated to write any prose, and then pleasantly giving a specimen of his "best" prose in the Postscript.

DEAR MR. SCRIBNER:

It is pleasant to hear of your safe home-coming, . . . even though from the throne of your desk you again demand—prose! . . . Prose, simply, likes me not, nor can I mix its elements with any skill, or knead and bake the stuff to any proper finish. . . . But on next page I will copy and submit the best paragraph I've got together—and it's, of course, subject for any change you may choose to suggest.

(*next page*)

At sight and inspection of "The Homestead Edition" I desire to acknowledge to the Publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, the deep sense of personal satisfaction their perfect work affords me. Presenting my simple product, as they are, in so superior a way, I can but feel the honor they do me and mine, and most fervently therefore do I assure them of my thanks now and continued gratefulness.

Apart from the diverting nature of many of these letters and their revelation of Riley's personality, all young writers of verse will do well to *study* them; for his numerous letters to ambitious aspirants are filled with good advice on major and minor points. Students of language and of dialect will also find them full of valuable information.

It is possible that some, observing the full-hearted encouragement that Riley gave to literary aspirants, and the unstinted praise, "weighing out gold for silver," that he poured out on books and authors of only moderate ability, may think he was easily deceived by mediocrity and that he was without critical judgment. The facts are otherwise.

His own early struggles were so severe, his appreciation of what encouragement he himself had received was so intense, that his naturally warm-hearted and affectionate disposition prompted him always to help rather than to hinder. He well remembered how enormously he had been stimulated and inspired by approving comment from famous authors. He felt that praise from him might spur ambitious literary aspirants to higher achievement; whereas harshness or irony would not only hurt their feelings, but possibly extinguish their spark of talent. It will be seen that he always had in mind Perfection—in his most extravagant praises he held that goal before those to whom he wrote.

Riley was always looking at the literary firmament in the hope that a new planet might swim into his ken. In the year 1905, I think it was, I was talking with him about the signs of promise in American poetry. We both saw very few. It should be remembered that the renaissance of verse in America, so evident just before the World War, was in 1905 not evident at all. The finest work of Edwin Arlington Robinson came later; while as for Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, and Edna St. Vincent Millay—they had not risen. Riley said there was just one "coming" American poet whom he believed in with all his might. "She is a neighbor of yours; she lives at New London, Conn., and her name is Anna Hempstead Branch." He was so enthusiastic about her work, that in a few days I received from him three volumes of her poetry, with his favorite poems and pas-

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sages marked. Every American to-day who loves poetry admires her verse.

Riley's belief in the survival of personality after physical death was never affected or constrained. He was not whistling to keep up his courage; nor was his faith in immortalism inspired by a fear to face realities. He never believed in the so-called "proofs" of immortality that come from spiritualism, however much comfort others may have derived from such manifestations. He did not need any proof. I have never known any one with so natural, so unquestioning, so sincere a belief in survival. He took it for granted.

Riley has become a legendary figure, and many lusty myths are in circulation. It will perhaps do no good to substitute fact for fiction; but there are two current myths about which a word might not be impertinent. Because he wrote with such sentiment and accuracy about farm life, many believe he was born and "raised" on a farm. As a matter of fact, the family never owned or lived on a farm.

His father, Captain Riley, was an able and successful lawyer in Greenfield; but he returned from the war, like so many other soldiers, only to face poverty. The family went from affluence to the opposite. There was a splendid library in the house, but James was antagonistic to the "learning" which his rather stern father attempted to force on him. Yet the boy grew up in a cultural environment. A member of the family tells me that the histrionic ability of the poet may have been inherited from the father, who was distinguished for his emotional pleas in the courtroom and for his persuasive powers on the political platform.

Another famous legend is that Riley was a professional sign-painter, who in his wanderings finally acquired enough homespun literary facility to express himself in rhyme. A member of the family, to whom I am indebted for these and other facts, says: "He was no more sign-painter turned poet than Eugene O'Neill was wharf roustabout turned playwright."

Riley had no means of making a livelihood, knowing no trade. The state of affairs at home was discouraging, and his earliest attempts at writing failed to receive any encouragement. A physician told him he was threatened with tuberculosis. A roving life outdoors appealed to him as it does to every normal boy, and in his case there were specific reasons for it. He ran away from home, and for a time joined an itinerant medicine wagon of a type now extinct. The "doctor" in charge had one sign-painter and finally hired Riley as an extra hand at painting, advertising, and entertaining. Here he turned his natural talent for drawing to some account, had a jolly time with an amusing set of men, and wandered joyfully outdoors.

Those who believe that because he wrote so many poems on farm life he must have lived on a farm, might also argue that his poems of the home prove that he was a "family man." He was never married.

By far the best book that I have read by an Australian writer is "By Way of Cape Horn," by Alan J. Villiers. There are four "byes" in one sentence, and I feel like adding an ejaculatory fifth. Mr. Villiers is twenty-seven years old; he is a Shipman, an Artist, a Philosopher. This book is unbelievably good. It chronicles a voyage in a sailing ship around Cape Horn, not in 1834, but in 1929! Sailing-ships, which began to be fashionable around the year 4000 B. C., are now becoming as obsolete as the trireme. But the *Grace Harwar,* in which Mr. Villiers

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sailed around the Horn in mid-winter, is the Real Thing. Forty years old, she had no auxiliary, no power except the wind, no wheel-house and no comforts. This is why Mr. Villiers selected her; he wanted experience and he got it. It was a terribly tragic voyage.

His only piece of good fortune, and this is so remarkable I wonder he does not emphasize it, is that the Captain, the Mate, and the Second Mate, although absolutely fearless and resourceful, were invariably *kind and considerate*. I am astounded that he had the luck to sail under such men. The brutality of the "bucko Mate" is a tradition of the sea. It may be that with the passing of sails is passing also the savagery of the "Old Man" and the officers.

This is a magnificent book; it deserves to become a classic. It ought to be read by millions. The description of the burial of young Ronald Walker is one of the most profoundly impressive narratives in the long and complex annals of the sea.

Two queries have often risen in my mind: When Magellan took his fleet of sailing-ships through the Straits, nearly four hundred miles, in 1520, why have not more sailing-ships attempted it? And why, since the Old Testament people lived on a strip of coast and were acquainted with the sea-dogs of Tyre and Sidon, why didn't they ever put to sea themselves? Why, when the Carthaginians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Chinese were such marvellous sailor-men, why not also the Jews?

Two critical works on two of our contemporary poets appear simultaneously, "An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson," by Professor Cestre, of the University of Paris (written in English), and "Vachel Lindsay, Adventurer," by A. E. Trombly. The latter is more in the biographical style and is a study of Lindsay's character and personality; the former is almost exclusively a work of literary criticism. The poetry of Robinson is more and more attracting the attention of European critics; and Professor Cestre, a literary scholar of international reputation, who has done much to increase the study of American authors in France, has made a valuable contribution to the thoughtful consideration of Robinson's growth and development as a poet.

Sheila Kaye-Smith has written one of the best novels of her notable career in "Shepherds in Sackcloth," a story of the household of an English country clergyman. It is beautiful and it is tragic. She is so admirable an artist that her intense religious convictions do not distort the focus of her pictures. Yet I think I see what she means—do you?

"The Selbys," by Anne Green, a novel of conversations, is a book of sheer delight. Sparkling is the right word.

The difference between these two novels on the one hand and Alice Gipson's "Silence" on the other, is really the difference between cultivated society and the sage-brush of Idaho. But those who know "their Idaho" will like the simplicity of this unpretentious story, and those who do not will have a good chance to find out what Idaho is like. It is like—it is like—why, it is like Idaho.

If any one wishes to know why the contemporary French drama is intellectually bankrupt, all that is necessary is to read "Les Miettes," by Edmond Sée. This triviality was first produced in 1899, revived in 1905, and revived again in 1930! It is inferior to at least a dozen English and American plays of the last season. The author's recent one-act piece,

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"L'Elastique," has much more psychological penetration in its satire, but is also far from being a masterpiece.

"Conversations with George Moore," by Geraint Goodwin, a beautifully printed book, is full of interest. In addition to the penetrating conversational criticisms by Mr. Moore—who richly deserves a Boswell—the interviewer has given us an excellent portrait of the novelist. These Confessions of an Old Man I like better than those of his youth. There is more matter with more art.

I rejoice that at last "The Silence of Colonel Bramble," the only humorous novel produced by the war, and to me the best thing André Maurois has written, appears in an English translation, done by Thurfrida Wake, the verses by Wilfrid Jackson, the Introduction by Brand Whitlock, who read it in the original manuscript "in the gloomy autumn of 1917." Mr. Whitlock, I am pleased to see, likes "Bramble" the "best of all"; he says acutely, that Maurois "has the French gift of delicate irony and a sense of humour that is rather more English than French."

"American Girl," by the accomplished sports critic, John R. Tunis, is his first novel, and it is very good indeed. It deals with the tragic life of the professionally amateur tennis player; its heroine is NOT in any way whatever to be confounded with Helen Wills Moody, who is not only the finest woman player in the world, but one of the finest ambassadors America has ever sent to Europe.

An admirable corrective to Lytton Strachey's insidiously diverting "Eminent Victorians" may be found in "Those Earnest Victorians," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. To him also the Victorians unconsciously afford a tragic spectacle. But there were giants in those days and they are here presented as colossal figures. The author has the advantage of intimate personal knowledge, and he is a philosophical historian. Caricature for caricature, how do you like his comparison of the Victorian "young person" with her successor of 1930?

> . . . there is the even more submissive daughter, with her tendency to faint and her virginal simplicity, a type invariably contrasted, by no means to its advantage, with another—scarcely to be described as moral—labelled "the modern girl."
>
> And, in passing, we may be permitted to express our surprise that, even accepting these types as genuine, that drawn of the modern girl should be so much in favour. A girl devoid of tenderness or any unselfish trait, whose solitary intellectual interest is in sex-problems, who is brutally rude to her parents and indecently frank in her intercourse with men, who ruins her constitution with gin and her complexion with cosmetics, whose plastered lips are foul with oaths, and who has probably parted with her virginity in a week-end cottage at the age of eighteen—this journalese paragon would seem, in many ways, a questionable improvement even on poor, silly Flora. Let me hasten to add that so many modern girls seem to have got into the novels and newspapers, that there are hardly enough left over to stock a small and self-advertising coterie of plutocrats. But one trembles to think what would happen to any contributor to a society journal, who let it out that there are houses in Mayfair entirely innocent of cocktails, and that in an even greater number of old-fashioned country houses the cult of feminine gin-swigging is thought to be more than a little vulgar.

If the sophisticated reader should succeed in forgiving the author for that comparison, how will the following be received?

> We are, for instance, perpetually having it drummed in upon us that the Victorian woman, compared with the modern variety, was hopelessly inferior physically and intellectually, her status relatively servile, and her usefulness bounded by such futilities as working cross-stitch—though even this, one would imagine, was no less productive an occupation than the cutting of divots. How does this square with

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the fact that the mid years of the nineteenth century in England were graced by the most brilliant galaxy of feminine genius that has adorned any age or country? Where, even beneath the beams of the Roi Soleil or amid the glitter of the Quattrocento, will you find such a conjunction as that of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the two great Brontës, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Christina Rossetti, Florence Nightingale, Octavia Hill and—many would be inclined to add—the Queen herself? Would any candid apologist for modern femininity, with its votes and emancipation, undertake to produce a contemporary list to compare with it? To put one down in black and white would be so cruel as to fall not far short of libel on the selected champions.

Well, if the contemporary children of fashion have fallen below the lowest level of the Victorians, the transition is well depicted in a new novel by the adroit V. Sackville-West, called "The Edwardians." The story starts with a *moue*. "No character in this book is wholly fictitious," which after all, although the contrary is usually stated, is true of every good novel in the world—how could it possibly be otherwise?

This is a novel of the smart set in England in 1905; and if this be a true picture, I can no longer regret the disappearance of the great estates and the confiscating taxes. All I can say of these leaders of society is what Macduff said to Malcolm.

> Fit to govern!
> No, not to live.

Here are some hair-raising murder stories that will do what detectives ought to do, arrest the reader's attention: "Number Naught," by Selden Truss; "The Lion and the Lamb," by Phillips Oppenheim; "The Strangler Fig," by John S. Strange.

It is good news that Anne Sedgwick is contemplating a visit to America this autumn. She was born in Englewood, N. J., but has lived for so many years in France and in England that her voyage hither is an event. The Return of the Native will be joyfully greeted, and all the more so because she has completed a new novel, "Philippa," which will be published this winter.

THE FANO CLUB

During the past summer this institution reached an apotheosis. Professor and Mrs. A. J. Armstrong of Baylor University, Texas, not only led their pilgrims thither, but in the month of July placed a permanent tablet in the church of San Agostino where the famous picture of "The Guardian Angel" reposes. The tablet is draped with English, Italian, and American flags and reads

> QUESTO ANGELO CUSTODE
> DEL GUERCINO INSPIRO IL
> GRANDE POETA INGLESE
> ROBERT BROWNING
> A SCRIVERE UNA DELLE SUE
> POESIE PIU POPOLARI.
> LAPIDE COLLOCATA IN
> SEGNO DI VENERAZIONE
> DA BAYLOR UNIVERSITY'S
> DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
> WACO TEXAS.
> FANO LUGLIO 1930

Members of the Fano Club admitted on this pilgrimage are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Milton, Lee Milton, Mrs. Stuart McCollum, Miss Margaret J. McCollum, Robert McCollum, Mrs. Lewis C. Greenlec, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Edward J. Hubbell, Mrs. Solon I. Gilmore, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Matilda Brown, Miss Ida Forbis, Independence, Mo.; Mrs. Robert Padgitt Dupree, Waco, Texas; Miss Mary Hadley, Pontiac, Mich.; Miss Minnie Morris, McCrary, Ark.; Miss Mary Moss Richardson, Canyon, Texas; Mrs. T. H. Johnson, Dermott, Ark.; Mrs. Chester Korn, Augusta, Ga.; Mrs. J. H. Johnson, Camden, Ark.; Mrs. J. C. Castellaw, Ennis, Texas.

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These pilgrims also erected a tablet to Mr. and Mrs. Browning in the house where they lodged at Siena; then they went to Bagni di Lucca, where Browning wrote "In a Balcony," and were greeted by a public reception.

Other new Academic Members who joined this last summer are Josiah Collins, Jr., Yale 1930, W. F. Murray, Yale '94, accompanied by Mrs. Murray and other members of the family, Grace Murray Hopper, Vassar '28 and M.A. Yale '30; Roger F. Murray, 2d, Yale '32, Miss Mary C. Murray, Vassar '30, Vincent F. Hopper, Princeton '27, and H. R. Mustard, Yale '31, who wrote "Veni, vidi, vici."

Several readers have written me protesting against the increasing use of "Rev. Brown" in so-called respectable newspapers. This is inexcusable. It should be invariably Rev. Mr. Brown, or Rev. Dr. Brown, or Rev. James Brown, and in formal statements, The Rev. James Brown, but NEVER Rev. Brown. It seems strange that such a thing should require mention. One might as well say Hon. Bingham.

More and more policemen are patrolling in machines instead of on foot. The change seems to be from patrolmen to petrolmen, *n'est-ce pas?*

I have been called many names, but Mr. C. R. Lynn of Pensacola, Fla., sends me the following clipping from the Jacksonville *Times-Union* of August 10, which is really news.

William Lyon Phelps, a well-known American politician, believes in early hours.

List of books mentioned, with authors, publishers, and prices.

"Letters of James Whitcomb Riley." Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

"By Way of Cape Horn," by A. J. Villiers. Holt. $3.50.

"An Introduction to Edwin Arlington Robinson," by C. Cestre. Macmillan. $1.75.

"Vachel Lindsay, Adventurer," by A. E. Trombly. Lucas Bros., Columbia, Mo. $1.50.

"Shepherds in Sackcloth," by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. $2.50.

"The Selbys," by Anne Green. Dutton. $2.50.

"Silence," by Alice Gipson. Caxton, Caldwell, Idaho. $2.50.

"Conversations with George Moore," by G. Goodwin. Knopf. $3.

"The Silence of Colonel Bramble," by A. Maurois. (trans.) Appleton. $2.50.

"American Girl," by John R. Tunis. Brewer and Warren. $2.

"Those Earnest Victorians," by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. W. Morrow. $3.50.

"The Edwardians," by V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

"Number Naught," by S. Truss. Dodd, Mead. $2.

"The Lion and the Lamb," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown. $2.

"The Strangler Fig," by J. S. Strange. Doubleday, Doran. $1.

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Hard Wood

(Continued from page 472)

Pa flushed suddenly and hit his fists together.

"Goddam all meddlers!" he said.

Dan shook his head and stared at the fire.

"As for Rut Comer," said Pa, "I'll whip him within an inch of his life, like I did Dave, and if that ain't enough for him I'll shoot him on sight. I won't stand meddlers. I work for my keep and I harm no man. I want to be left alone. I'm agin meddlers from the word go and I'll take no orders from Abolitionists and such."

Dan shrugged and got up.

"I guess I'll be going, Jim," he said. "Remember, I'm for you as much as the law allows but I got to do my duty."

Pa got up also and knocked his pipe out into the fire.

"Dan," said Pa, "you ain't serious about taking Grandma's red bird, are you, just because a lot of meddlers says so?"

"Well," said Dan, "law is law and if folks insist, why, that's final and complete."

Pa said nothing and Dan looked about the room uncomfortably, then went out, softly closing the door.

Pa stood in the middle of the room, rubbing his chin, then he went into Grandma's bedroom. She had just finished her supper and was lying back with her eyes closed.

"Evening, Ma," said Pa.

"Evening, son."

Grandma turned to look at him. Pa saw that the red bird's cage was covered.

"Billy's gone to bed, eh?"

"Yes," said Grandma; "he's been hopping and singing all day long."

She smiled, then she turned her face to the wall.

"I'm tired, Jimmy," she said.

Pa stood looking down at her for a little while, then he tiptoed out of the room.

Tom didn't come home for supper. Pa and Clay ate in silence, passing the dishes without speaking, and pointing when they wanted anything.

Pa finally noticed that Clay was unusually silent and glanced up at him. He was pale.

"Anything wrong, Clay?" he asked.

Clay hesitated before replying.

"Well," he said, "I had a run in with Red Coffin and we ain't friends no more."

"How's that?"

"Well, Red Coffin's a plain Abolitionist and I ain't."

Pa bent over his plate and said nothing.

"We had a little argument in Sachs' store," said Clay. "Everybody got pretty excited and Red said I wasn't no better than a rebel. Is there going to be a war, Pa?"

"I reckon so."

After supper Pa went for a walk and Clay went out to his shack and lit his lamp. He was finished with "Ivanhoe" now and was trying to read "Heart of Midlothian," but somehow he had lost interest in reading.

He hadn't seen Milly for nearly a month and he hadn't talked to her since that night on the river. Folks said that she and Dave were still walking out together but that Joe Bristowe had warned Eb Truder that he wouldn't stand for Dave being at Eb's house. Everybody seemed to get a lot of amusement out of it, and some of the young farmers were laying bets that Dave would or would not marry her. The church-workers said it was a scandal and somebody ought to do something about it.

Clay never thought of Milly without feeling queer and uneasy; she was such a pretty little girl and had such nice ways, but she was false as she could be and shameless. He could not understand that; it was impossible for him to understand how she could act the way she did with him and then forget all about it, and go around with Dave as calm as you please. He was hurt, and avoided her.

He was sitting half asleep over his book when Pa came in. He sat up and stared at Pa, whose face was red and stern.

"Look," said Pa, pointing out the door.

Clay got to his feet. He saw fires blazing in the direction of the village and turned to stare at Pa, puzzled.

"Bonfires," said Pa. "The Abolitionists think war's due to hit us. It's something in the papers. I don't rightly know what."

"What you going to do, Pa?"

"Well," said Pa, "I don't rightly hold with 'em, but when it's all said I guess I'm a Union man."

Tom came home at eleven o'clock roaring drunk and went about shouting that he was going to war and take his accordion with him

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and to hell with the sawmill. Pa got up out of bed and patiently tried to quiet him, but when he persisted, Pa slapped him soundly to bring him to his senses and then put him to bed.

II

Tom was reading Pa an article from the paper about the "Traitors in Our Midst," and Pa was stroking his mustache and looking very grave. Clay sat waiting for his father to go to the shop. It was eight o'clock of a cold fall morning and the landscape was wintry with its bare trees and empty fields.

When Tom had finished Pa said:

"There's a heap of trouble due to hit this country. The war's a certain thing, I reckon."

"Looks like it," said Tom. "Joe Forman says he ain't figuring on operating the sawmill for a week yet, if ever."

Clay listened, noticing that Tom was not as offhand as usual and that Pa seemed worried.

"Pa," said Tom, "there's a lot of talk downtown about us Goodhues. Some fellers down in Mississippi strung up a yank and filled him full of holes. And Joe Bristowe says Springvalley ought to do the same with a reb, meaning you. Course it's all talk but I don't like it, no, sir. I reckon you better quit that talk about Valandigham. Me, if Abe Lincoln says fight, I'll fight."

"Well," said Pa, "I'm a Union man but I don't like the company I have to keep. I've stood for States Rights since my first vote but busting up the Union is a horse of another color. It makes a man think."

"Better tell people how you feel, Pa," said Tom, running his hand through his hair. "I don't like the look of things."

Clay got to his feet uneasily and walked over to the window. It worried him to see Tom so serious. Things must be bad. While he was leaning there he heard talking and then Clem White and Rut Comer came round the house and climbed the porch steps.

"Pa," said Clay, "there's Rut Comer."

Pa looked up puzzled, then, getting to his feet, he went over and closed the door to Grandma's bedroom.

"What's the matter?" Tom demanded.

"Here's trouble sure," said Pa.

There was a knock at the door and Clay opened it. Clem White came in followed by Rut Comer, who took off his hat and glanced uneasily about the room.

"Howdy, Jim," said Clem.

"Howdy," said Pa. "You want to see me?"

"Yep," said Clem. "I don't like to do this no better than you like having me, so don't make it no harder than it is."

"It's about that red bird," said Rut, keeping his eyes lowered. "It's agin my feelings to mention it as the old lady has had it for many a year, but law is law."

Pa turned to Clay and Tom.

"The meddlers has got a new law now. A man can't have a bird in a cage no more."

Tom opened his eyes wide but Clay said:

"That's silly."

Pa stood silently plucking at his mustache. He couldn't make up his mind what to do. The town was in a turmoil and if he refused to obey he was outside the law and would be punished and nothing would be gained.

"The bird'll die if we turn it out," said Clay. "It's used to being kept. A hawk'd have it in a minute."

"Can't help that," said Clem, and the tone of his voice made Pa look up. Clem's face had a harsh, determined look. Pa was surprised, as Clem had always been friendly.

"Clem," he said, "don't you think we better wait till spring?"

"Can't do it, Jim."

"It's the law," said Rut, "and we're just plain officers."

"Plain jackasses," said Tom, leaping up.

Clay was stunned with surprise. Here was Tom, who had been talking about caution a while back, making trouble. His face was red and his eyes had a steely glint.

"You better keep your mouth shut, Tom Goodhue," said Clem. "You and the rest of the rebels had better watch your P's and Q's. This town's about sick of you and your Pa."

"Who's afraid!" said Tom. "Not me, nor Pa, nor Clay neither. We ain't like the Bristowes, a-hiding behind the law and a-sneaking around taking pets away from old women."

"We're just doing our duty, that's all," said Rut.

Clem silenced him with a gesture.

"Jim Goodhue, I ain't got no time to parley with you," he said. "I hereby order you to release that there bird according to law or suffer the consequences, which includes resisting officers and laughing the laws of your country to scorn."

"Oh, my eye!" said Tom. "Don't talk like a schoolbook, Clem White, when you can't hardly read."

Clay saw that Pa was pale and that Clem White's attitude was slowly arousing him to anger.

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"Silence," said Clem, "or I'll put you under arrest. I been friendly with you Goodhues since I was knee high but I ain't got any use for traitors, I ain't."

"You been reading the papers," said Tom, "and you got your bull head full of nonsense you don't understand."

"Wait, Tom," said Pa. "No use arguing with these fellers. They got their minds made up."

"That's right," said Clem, bristling.

"Well," said Pa, his voice rising to a shout, "get out of my house. Get off my premises and don't you never come back. I ain't caring a damn if you're officers of the law or what you are. Git!"

Rut moved backward toward the door. Clem hesitated and ran his eyes over the Goodhues who were lined up together with set, determined faces. While he hesitated Tom pulled a pistol out of his shirt and stood dangling it. Rut fumbled for the doorknob, then opened the door and stepped out onto the porch, keeping his eyes on Tom.

"You'll wish you never made that statement, Jim Goodhue," said Clem, turning his back and following Rut out onto the porch. "I'll be back later." Then as he shut the door behind him he finished: "When I get my gun."

Clay went to the window and watched Rut and Clem till they disappeared down the turnpike.

"Tom," said Pa, "you was some hasty. What got into you?"

"I hate a fool like Clem White a-telling us Goodhues what we'll do and what we won't. We're good citizens, ain't we?"

Clay looked at Tom in wonder. Pa nodded slowly.

"Well," he said, "we're in for it. Don't think I'll go to the shop this morning."

Sade came in with a pale face and said:

"Grandma wants you, Mr. Goodhue."

Pa nodded and left the room. Sade said:

"It's a wonder somebody don't take that Rut Comer and pitch him in the horse-trough, the dum fool!"

III

Tom, Clay, and Pa sat in the living-room, smoking. Tom had laid a big fire and now it was roaring up the chimney. It had got colder since sunup, the air was full of frost, and the sun was but a feeble light in a slate-colored sky. Beyond the house Clay could see the desolate turnpike, the bare brown fields, the skeleton trees, and the gaunt hills. Trying to fight down an insistent feeling of uneasiness he got up and stood at the side of the hearth, looking into the fire. Pa smoked stolidly. Tom kept scraping his big feet across the floor and clearing his throat.

In a little while they heard vague noises, like distant shouts, in the direction of the village. At first Clay thought it was the wind in the chimney. But Pa said:

"Sounds like a runkus downtown."

And Tom nodded.

"Pa," said Clay, turning and wetting his lips, "what we going to do?"

"The best we kin," said Pa. "I don't know what's coming no more than you do, but we're committed now. We've stated where we stand."

"Yep," said Tom, "I reckon I was some hasty."

"That's no matter now," said Pa.

The noise increased and little by little they could distinguish individual voices in the hubbub. Pa knocked out his pipe and took his squirrel gun down from above the fireplace. Tom took out his pistol and put it beside him on the table.

"The only thing is," said Pa, "I'm worried about Grandma."

Tom and Clay exchanged glances, then both lowered their heads.

"If it wasn't for Grandma I'd say to hell with the whole village," said Pa. "I don't know just what is best."

Clay, who was looking out the window, turned and said:

"Here comes Liz Willet's boy. Wonder what he wants?"

Pa opened the door and Frankie Willet ran across the yard from the turnpike and hurried up the steps. He was about twelve years old and didn't have any father. He lived in one of the shacks across the railroad tracks, near the Truders.

"Well, son," said Pa.

Frankie wiped his nose with his sleeve and said:

"Mr. Goodhue, I want to see Clay."

He peeped in the door and looked at Clay.

"You're him, ain't you?"

"Come in," said Pa.

"Can't stay," he said. "Got to be running back."

Clay was puzzled and kept wetting his lips. Tom and Pa were as puzzled as he and said nothing.

"Clay," said Frankie, "Milly Truder sent me."

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"Milly did?" gasped Clay.

Pa and Tom looked at each other quickly and then shifted about uncomfortably.

"Yes, sir," said Frankie, "she told me to tell you a mob is coming up here after all of you. She heard Dave Bristowe talking. She says I'm to tell you to go away 'cause . . . 'cause . . ." He stopped and looked from one to the other. " 'Cause they're aiming to kill you."

Nobody said anything and Frankie turned back to the door.

"It's true as I'm standing here," said Frankie. "I seen 'em. They had guns and a rope."

Clay's face was white and his mind was in confusion. Tom and Pa said nothing, but just stood there looking into the fire. Frankie stared from one to the other, then he ran out quickly and closed the door. Clay saw him making for the turnpike.

"It was nice of Milly," said Pa.

Clay didn't know what to think. But in spite of his feeling of hollowness, of fright, he was pleased. Milly hadn't forgotten him; she was on his side against the Bristowes.

Tom scratched his head.

"Milly must've fell out again with Dave. But what I don't see is, why she singled Clay out. That's beyond me."

"Well," said Pa, "that's no matter. The mob's a-coming and that's the long and short of it. Boys, I want to say this. I'm plumb sorry I got you in all this trouble on account of my talking. I'm plumb sorry."

"We'll stick by you, Pa," said Tom.

Clay turned from the window and in a loud, unnatural voice said:

"Here they come. Right up the turnpike."

Tom turned and dashed out the back door, but returned instantly with a muzzle-loading, double-barrelled shotgun. Pa took it from him and gave him the squirrel rifle.

"Clay," said Pa, "go sit with Grandma. Talk to her. There ain't no use in her knowing what's going on. She's nervy as you make 'em, but she's a very old woman now."

Sade came running in with a white face.

"They're a-coming! They're a-coming!" she cried.

"Get up-stairs and lay down on the floor, Sade," said Pa.

"I'd best stay here," said Sade; "I ain't afraid."

"Get up-stairs, Sade," said Pa. "Don't argue."

"You been good to me, Pa," said Sade. "Give me a gun."

Pa took her by the arm and hustled her to the stairway door and pointed upward.

"Git!" he said.

Tom took off his hat and waved it.

"Hurray for Sade!"

Sade climbed the stairs and disappeared.

Clay stood hesitating. He was sweating clammily and his hands were trembling. But he wanted to help. Seeing Tom so cheerful now that trouble had come he was ashamed of his fear. He wanted to get a gun and help. But Pa said:

"Go in with Grandma now, Clay, and shut the door."

Clay obeyed.

Grandma was lying with her eyes closed and Billy was hopping about in his cage. From time to time he'd swell out his neck and sing, then he'd turn his head half around and peck at his feathers.

Clay sat down by the bed and tried to calm himself; but as the minutes passed his heart pounded faster and faster and he sat listening; even the thought of Milly did not seem to ease him. That night on the river seemed far off and fabulous like a fairy tale; part of a mid-summer night's dream. He was caught in the present.

Grandma turned and saw him.

"Well, son," she said.

"Just thought I'd keep you company," said Clay.

"I'm porely to-day," said Grandma. "I reckon I won't live the winter out. I can't hardly lift a hand."

"You'll be all right, Grandma."

"No, we all die, Clay, young and old. And I've lived my time out."

Clay didn't know what to say and sat silent. He had never seen Grandma look so sad before; usually she was pretty cheerful.

"It's the cold, Clay," said Grandma. "It gets in your bones. When I was a young woman I never got cold."

"Want me to put some wood in the stove, Grandma?"

Grandma nodded and then turned slightly away and shut her eyes.

Clay heard shouts now. He wanted to run to the window, but he was afraid that Grandma would see him and ask questions.

Pa was standing in the doorway looking at the mob which had stopped in the turnpike in front of the house. Tom, with his hat pushed back and a pipe in his mouth, was at a front window, which was open half a foot.

Dave and Joe Bristowe were in the centre of

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the mob and Joe was carrying a rope over his shoulder. Tom set his jaw when he saw Red Coffin and Hen Oaks with the Bristowes; they were good friends of his; he had drunk many a can of beer with them.

Tom shouted to Pa:

"I see as many friends as enemies, Pa."

"It's the war," said Pa, without turning. "It's gone to their heads."

Joe Bristowe jumped up on a boulder and shouted:

"There he is, folks. Go get him."

Half a dozen men in the front of the mob started across the yard, but Pa came out, crossed the porch, and sat down on the cellar-door with his back to the wall.

The men hesitated and Pa shouted:

"All right! Come and git me! Come and git me! But I'll get a few of you-uns first."

He raised the shotgun to his shoulder and swung the muzzle up and down before the crowd. One of the men, slowly retreating, tripped and fell backward over a big stone. There was a momentary panic and several men started to run.

Dave and Joe Bristowe shouted at them to come on and be men, and Joe flourished the rope.

"Charge him! Charge him!" cried Joe. "Remember the yank they hung in Mississippi."

There was a lull, then some one at the rear of the crowd said:

"Charge him yourself, Joe Bristowe. Your feet ain't stuck to the sod."

Tom left his post at the window and came out to sit beside Pa.

"Tom," yelled somebody, "we ain't after you."

Tom shouted back:

"If you're after Pa you're after me!"

The crowd drew back slowly and a bunch of men gathered around Dave and Joe Bristowe. While they talked a group of horsemen appeared over the hill just beyond the turnpike and rode down toward the crowd. It was a squad of cavalry; Dan Crane was riding ahead of them with a sergeant. At the edge of the turnpike the sergeant halted his men, and Dan Crane rode among the people talking to them, pointing toward the village.

Slowly the crowd moved off, cursing Dan Crane and shaking their fists in the direction of Pa Goodhue. Dave and Joe Bristowe were the last to go. Joe walked along arguing loudly and trailing the rope in the dirt.

Grandma turned uneasily in her bed and said to Clay:

"What's that I hear, son? It sounds like men a-talking."

"Why," said Clay, "I think Pa's down on the turnpike with Dan Crane and some other fellers."

"Talking mighty loud, ain't they?"

"Yes. It's about the election, I reckon."

Grandma turned her face to the wall and after a moment said:

"I'm cold. Bettter put some more wood on the fire."

Clay had just fed the fire and the sheet-iron stove was red hot in places, but without a word he went to the wood-box.

IV

Clay woke with a start. Some one was pounding on his door. He sat up in bed, confused, and began to rub his eyes. Through his window he saw a big, rayless, red sun coming up over a distant woods. The morning air was frosty and chill, and he began to shiver.

"Clay! Clay!"

It was Sade. Wrapping a blanket around him, he climbed out of bed and opened the door. He was startled and drew back at the sight of Sade. Her face was white and her hair was standing on end.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

Sade put her hand on his arm.

"Clay," she said, her face twitching, "your Grandma's dead."

Clay stared.

"She's dead," said Sade. "Some one left her window open. The cold killed her."

Clay swallowed and ran his hand through his hair.

"Why! . . ." he said.

Then he turned, still stunned, and holding the blanket about him, because of Sade, pulled on his pants and shoes.

"Oh, God; it's awful," said Sade. "What are we coming to?"

Clay hurried past her into the hall, but he hesitated.

"What about Pa and Tom?"

"They ain't up yet," said Sade. "They've had such a bitter time I thought . . ."

"All right," said Clay.

The responsibility was forced on him. He didn't want it, he felt so alone. He'd much rather have Pa go first; Pa was so dependable. He didn't want to see Grandma lying there dead. Why, only last night she had smiled at him. It seemed queer.

He descended the stairs, followed by Sade, who had begun to sob.

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Grandma was lying with her head thrown back and her mouth partly open, staring. Her hands were clamped on the counterpane as if she had tried to pull it over her head or rise by pulling herself up.

Clay ran his hand over his face and took a step away from the bed. This wasn't Grandma; this wasn't the kind old woman who used to smoke a pipe by the fireplace and kiss him when he hurt himself. He was terrified by this rigid figure on the bed.

Sade took him by the arm.

"Look," she said, "I left the window just as it was. I ain't seen that window open since early last fall."

"Who could've opened it?" said Clay, averting his eyes from the bed.

He felt trapped, singled out for misfortune, and stood aimlessly rubbing his hands together and wondering what to do.

Sade gripped his arm and said:

"Look, Clay. Billy's gone."

The cage was still partly covered, but stunned by Grandma's death, they hadn't noticed that the little door of the cage was half open.

"They done it! They done it!" said Clay.

Turning he ran out into the living-room, opened the front door and began to search for Billy. Sade unfastened Grandma's hands from the counterpane, but suddenly overcome by panic, she ran out of the room.

After a short search, they found Billy, stiff and dead, at the foot of a big oak tree at the side of the house.

"They was here in the night," said Clay.

"We'll kill 'em, that's what," said Sade, sobbing; "though they ain't fitten to die."

When they went in Pa was sitting by the cold hearth in the living-room. He had pulled his pants over his nightshirt and drawn on his boots. Unable to speak Clay held out the dead bird.

Pa nodded.

"They was here in the night," said Clay.

Pa nodded. Tom came out of Grandma's room and stood staring at the floor. His face was contorted with grief.

Pa got up and said:

"Make a fire, Tom. Sade, you cook us some breakfast."

Nobody said anything. Tom began to lay the fire, going about it mechanically. Sade went out to the kitchen.

"What you going to do, Pa?" said Clay.

Pa stood drumming on the mantelpiece for a moment, then he said:

"I ain't saying."

At breakfast they ate without speaking, staring at their plates and avoiding one another's eyes. Pa seemed calm and determined. Tom's eyes were red and from time to time he wiped them with his sleeve. Clay sat stunned.

After breakfast Pa went in to look at Grandma, then he came back and said:

"Boys, I want you to stay right here. I'm going down to the shop on a little business."

Tom and Clay exchanged a look, then Tom said:

"Don't you think I better go 'long, Pa?"

"You do what I say," said Pa.

Sade came in to clear away the dishes.

"Mr. Goodhue," she said, "won't you be careful with all this feeling in town? You'd best take Tom along."

Pa turned to them. His jaw was set and he hardly saw them.

"You all stay here," said Pa, "and mind things. If I don't come back, Tom, you're the head here and I want you to leave off your childish ways and be a man."

Tom walked over to the fireplace. Sade stood with her hand poised over the table, staring at Pa.

"If you don't come back!" Clay exclaimed. "Where you going, Pa?"

"That don't concern you," said Pa. "I want you boys to do what I say."

Nobody said anything. Pa stood looking at them, then he turned and went out the back way. Clay stared after Pa, but Tom followed him as far as the yard.

Pa turned and said:

"Stay here with Clay and Sade."

Tom nodded and stopped in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. Pa went into a small workshed at the back; when he came out there was a big bulge in his coat pocket and he was carrying a small blacksnake whip. He crossed the yard without looking back and started off down the turnpike.

Tom came back into the living-room. Clay was standing at the window looking down the road and Sade was sitting at the table with her hands over her face crying.

"Clay," said Tom, "he's got a pistol in his pocket and he's carrying a whip."

Clay nodded.

"I can see the whip," he said.

V

Clay was mending the fire and Sade was sitting near by, her hair drawn tightly back and her face white, reading a Bible, when

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Tom came in followed by Doc Swope, the coroner.

Tom took off his hat and flung it on a chair, but said nothing. Doc went toward Grandma's room, but stopped in the doorway.

"Get me a light, Sade," he said.

Sade closed the Bible, carefully marking her place, and got up.

"Tom . . ." she began.

But Tom silenced her with a gesture and said:

"Nobody's seen Pa."

Doc burst out:

"It was a swinish trick. It's a disgrace to the town of Springvalley, war or no war. I'd like to put a rope around a certain neck, and I'm a law-abiding man. There wasn't a better woman in this county than Grandma Goodhue."

Tom ducked his head to hide his tears. Clay bent over the fire. Sade went to the kitchen to get a lamp for Doc.

"How long's you Pa been gone?" asked Doc.

"Since morning," said Tom.

"Where was he headed for . . .?"

"He said he was going to his shop," said Tom, "but he never, 'cause I was down there looking for him."

Doc stood shaking his head. Sade came back with a lamp which she gave to Doc.

"Don't fret, you folks," said Doc; "maybe he'll turn up directly."

Doc went into Grandma's bedroom and Sade took up her Bible and sat down.

"Tom," said Clay, "don't you think we better go searching for Pa?"

"Not for a while yet," said Tom.

They sat in silence. The night was cold; a fine powdery snow was blowing against the window panes, and the wind was whistling about the house, rattling the shutters. Clay got up from the fire and sat on the floor with his back against the wall. Sade bent over her Bible forming the words with her lips.

Tom made a queer noise in his throat, then he said:

"Clay, we won't never see Pa alive."

Clay said nothing. He wanted to rest, to quit thinking; he wanted ease from the agony of the day; he wanted to wake up from this nightmare with the sun in his face. He wanted Pa to call him from bed gruffly as he had done when he was a boy; he wanted to run down and see Grandma before breakfast.

Sade began to read aloud:

"A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth. It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter: for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. . . ."

Tom bent his head and sat with one hand over his face.

Sade closed the book, and sat staring off across the room, then she got up suddenly and began to sob. Clay turned his face away.

"She was good to me," said Sade; "the whole family was good to me when I wasn't nothing but a rotten little sinner."

"Never you mind, Sade," said Tom.

VI

As Doc Swope opened the door to go out Dan Crane, Clem White and a regular army sergeant stepped up on the porch. A gust of cold air rushed into the room making the fire dance.

Tom and Clay got to their feet and stood silently staring at the three men. Doc Swope said:

"Sorry, but I got a case in town. I'll give you my report to-morrow, Dan."

Dan nodded and Doc went out.

"Tom," said Clem White, "where's Jim Goodhue . . .?"

Clay and Tom looked at each other.

"Come on, Tom," said Dan. "We're aiming to find him so there's no use in keeping nothing back."

"We ain't seen Pa since breakfast," said Tom. "He told us to stay right here and wait for him. I'm just as anxious to find him as you are and that's the plain truth."

Dan pulled at his mustache which was wet with snow. Sade came in from the kitchen and stood with her hands on her hips, staring from one to the other of the three men.

"Better search the place," said the sergeant.

"Do what!" said Sade. "What business you got a-searching this house of death? Grandma Goodhue's lying dead in there on account of some rascals like you."

The sergeant hastily snatched off his cap and turned to stare at Clem White.

"All the same," said Clem, "we're looking for Jim Goodhue and we're aiming to find him; that's the long and short of it."

"He ain't here," said Sade.

"Tom," said Dan, "will you and Clay give me your word of honor your Pa ain't here?"

"Yes, sir," said Clay.

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"Yes, sir," said Tom; "and to show you how we feel about it we'll help you look for him."

"I don't like this," said Clem.

"What's he done?" asked Sade.

"Well," said Dan, "he give Rut Comer a fearful beating with a whip."

"Good," said Sade.

Tom and Clay looked at each other, then Tom asked:

"Wasn't there no shooting?"

"Not as I know of," said Dan. "He must've caught Rut without a gun. He met him down near the New Moorefield road. We found your Pa's pistol down there, Tom; and it ain't been fired."

The sergeant scratched his head and said:

"Dan, don't you reckon we better search this house just to make sure?"

"No," said Dan; "these boys give me their word of honor."

"And it's as good as bond," said Sade.

Clem and the sergeant stood shifting about, looking at Dan. Tom walked over to the fire, rubbing his chin. Clay was filled with a sudden hope: it wasn't like Pa to light out to escape consequences, but maybe he had this once; maybe he'd gone to Harmony where he had cousins.

"Give him a good beating, did he?" said Tom.

"Well," said Dan, "he'll be in bed for a spell."

"Serves him right," said Tom.

There was a short silence, then Clem said:

"That's no way to talk, Tom Goodhue."

"Now, now," said Dan. "I ain't backing Pa up in what he done, as it was outside the law, and I ain't saying Rut Comer's to blame, but if he was he deserved every lick he got and then some. Tom," he went on, "I know what you boys're suffering as there wasn't a better woman nowhere than Grandma. It's near a hanging matter."

Sade turned suddenly and left the room.

"Sade's hit hard," said Tom.

"Grandma was good to her," said Clay.

There was a short silence and they all heard the rumble of a wagon and in a moment voices called from the road. Clay ran to open the door. A gust of wind blew in, carrying snow with it. Clay saw three men with lanterns standing beside a wagon. He ran out followed by the rest. One of the men stepped up and flung his arms around him, holding him.

"Clay," said the man, a farmer from the New Moorefield Pike, "don't take on now. Keep a stiff upper lip, son."

Clay saw something, covered with a blanket, lying on the bed of the wagon.

"It's Pa," he said.

"We found him shot," said the farmer.

Clay fell to his knees with his arms over his stomach.

"I can't stand it," he cried.

Tom laughed loudly and shouted to Dan:

"Well, there he is. You found him."

"For God's sake, Tom," said Dan.

But Tom was leaning against the wagon crying.

VII

When the funeral was over, Tom walked slowly toward the hired rig followed by Sade and Clay. Sade was near fainting and her face was ghastly under her black veil. Clay, with lowered head, took her arm, guided her past the headstones in the little churchyard cemetery and helped her into the rig. Then he got in beside her. Tom picked up the reins and clucked to the horse, but Dan Crane came up and said:

"Wait, Tom."

Dan stood with his hat off, uncomfortably shifting.

"Boys," he said, "the folks in Springvalley are all mighty sorry for you and I'm speaking for them 'cause they can't find words." He swallowed and looked uncertainly from Clay to Tom, then he smiled slightly and said: "And I reckon I'm with 'em there. I can't find words neither. But I might say that we're all going to do what we can to ketch the man that shot your Pa and bring him to justice."

Sade put her hands over her face and sobbed. Tom sat looking at the reins he was holding, but Clay said:

"Dan, don't talk so. You know who hated Pa. He'd just got done giving Rut Comer a beating. Rut didn't shoot him 'cause he wasn't in no condition to. But who else is left?"

"I know it looks bad for the Bristowes," said Dan, "but Joe and Dave can prove where they was that whole day."

Clay said:

"We might as well be going along, Tom. This talk won't get us nowhere."

But Dan put his hand on the reins. He felt the menace in Clay's words and in his attitude. Tom was bent forward, sitting loosely in his seat and staring at the road; this was the old Tom Goodhue who used to get drunk and play the accordion. Dan knew that Tom would never change; he might put on determined airs, because of Pa, and stand shoulder

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to shoulder with him temporarily, but after all, he was what he was and it would come out. Clay was different; he was like all the real Goodhues; full of pride, as Grandma used to say, and, though he might not know it himself, merciless. Dan saw that Clay's face had aged, that the little-boy look had entirely disappeared, that he was Jim Goodhue all over again.

Addressing Clay exclusively now, Dan said:

"Don't go off half cocked, Clay. This ain't a time for hatred and division with a war coming on. I'm an officer of the law hereabouts, Clay, and, I hope, tolerably honest, and I give you my word we'll see justice done. We won't leave a stone unturned."

Sade dropped her hands and burst out:

"Don't you believe it, Clay. He's protecting 'em! I know! Rascals stick together."

"We'd best be going, Tom," said Clay.

Dan took his hand from the reins and stepped back.

"Think it over, Clay," he said.

Clay nodded. Tom clucked to the horse and the rig rolled up the rutty road which led from the church to the turnpike. The wind was chilly, but the sun was bright and hot, melting the snow. Clay turned to look back. On a little rise at the side of the church he saw the two new graves. Grandma and Pa had been buried side by side in the Goodhue plot.

VIII

Clay worked hard at the trade his Pa had taught him. He had plenty to do. Folks that used to go to Ed Wise in the town came to him now. And he knew why; generally the people in Springvalley were a decent lot and they were sorry for him, they wanted to see him get along. He took the work and did his best at it, but he was not grateful; that part of him had atrophied. He was always on guard now; never frank or friendly; he felt a menace in things that had seemed very simple to him a while back. He had grown thinner, paler, and silent. Often the old-timers would point him out to their grandsons and say: "There ain't a hardworkinger boy in this community." Behind his back he was praised for his silence and his sobriety; both prime virtues, much lauded but little practised, in Springvalley.

Often when he was alone in the shop Clay would stand with plane or hammer poised and stare into space. The present would suddenly disappear and he would be in the past; that happy past which had once seemed such a permanent thing. He did not remember his mother; she had died when he was a baby. She was not a part of that rich store of memory which would rise suddenly in his mind and make him stand with hammer lifted. He saw sunny days on Sinking Creek when he had waded barelegged in the shallows and fished with his hands for crawdads; he saw winter days when the trees snapped with frost and the creek was frozen over. Or there was Thanksgiving with big turkeys smoking on a table laid for twelve; or Hallowe'en with Jack-o'-lanterns and apples floating in tubs of water.

He had a pleasant memory of one Hallowe'en when he had kissed the little Stover girl from the next farm and she had said that she was his girl. He and Tom had gone out to gather pumpkins for the party. It was toward sunset and the sun was big and red in a slaty sky. The corn-field was covered with a light blanket of snow and as he bent over to cut the pumpkins from the vines he saw, leading every which way, the minute tracks of the field mice. The little Stover girl came out to watch and at his suggestion bent down to look at the tracks of the field mice. Her face was full of color due to the cold air and she looked so nice squatting there beside him that he kissed her. "Oh!" she said and sprang up. But that night at the Hallowe'en party she kept near him, held his hand, and told him finally that she was his girl.

And then there were winter days when the drifts were high and the river was solid enough for skating. After work sometimes Pa would come down to watch them skate; he'd stand on the bank smoking his pipe with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. "Hi, Pa!" the kids would yell and Pa would say: "Keep off the thin ice or you'll get your pants wet." And one time young Red Coffin fell in and got clear under the ice and Pa chopped a hole and pulled him out. Sometimes they'd drive in a sleigh to the old schoolhouse on the New Moorefield Pike where the folks would dance quadrilles to fiddle music, and the kids would run about the floor getting in the way until, one by one, they would fall asleep. Later there was the long sleigh ride home over the frozen road. The moon shone white on the snowy fields; your breath would hang in front of you, a white mist; and the runners of the sleigh would screech in the frosty night.

There were times when memories not so pleasant would stir. Clay would see Grandma lying stiff with her head thrown back; or the sound of voices carrying across the field would remind him of the voices that called him from

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the house the night they brought Pa home dead under a blanket.

He'd stand sweating, not knowing what to do. It was true that Rut Comer couldn't have killed Pa as they found him badly beaten in a field over two miles from the place where they found Pa. It was true also that Dave Bristowe, or so his Ma said, had been in bed with a cold on the chest and Joe had been in Harmony. Yet who was left? Nobody wished any harm to Pa except a few hotheads who had joined the Bristowes the day they marched to the house with a rope. A few hotheads, easily appeased; for the night after Pa had stood them off with a shotgun, they built bonfires in the village streets and hanged him in effigy.

But Clay couldn't be sure. He itched to make things even; he couldn't sleep at night sometimes for thinking about poor Pa lying six feet under in the churchyard and nothing done about it. He felt ashamed and weak and beaten, but he could not bring himself to the point of shooting Dave Bristowe, who avoided him now, passed him with lowered head, seemed both wary and sullen.

It was an awful thing to kill a man. Clay was a hunter and shot animals and birds without a qualm; but, even now, he could remember when as a boy he had gone one day with Tom and Pa to hunt a bear. They met it in a thicket and it reared and stared at them, terrified. Tom fired the first shot, wounding it. With a roar of agony it fell and began to roll and toss, beating the ground with its body. Pa fired and the bear recoiled from the shock of the bullet which struck it in the head, then it got to its feet and lurched off into the brush where they heard it gasping and writhing. Death seemed a terrible thing that day.

Sometimes Clay would hit his hands together in agitation and mutter:

"I've got to be sure! I've got to be sure!"

IX

One night as Clay was crossing the yard he heard singing and the sound of an accordion. Climbing the steps at a run and flinging open the door he saw Tom and Wat Stahl sitting in the living-room. They had a can of beer on the floor before the fire and Tom was sitting with his legs spraddled, playing the accordion.

Clay started back, his face pale and his mouth twitching.

"Stop it!" he cried. "A-playing music in this house when your Pa ain't cold in his grave."

Wat Stahl got up uncertainly and stood staring. Tom sat with his mouth slightly open and the accordion hanging from his right hand.

"What kind of a man, are you, Tom Goodhue," cried Clay, "with Pa on that last day a-begging you to give up your childish ways and be a man."

Tom got awkwardly to his feet and said:

"There ain't no harm in it, Clay. Can't a man enjoy himself?"

Wat stood looking from one to the other, then he put on his hat and said:

"I'll be going, Tom."

Tom said:

"Don't go, Wat."

But Clay said:

"Go if you like, Wat, and don't be coming up here to drink beer with Tom no more. Keep him in the village."

"Now, now," said Tom, smiling his old smile. "Don't be throwing harsh words at Wat Stahl. He ain't never harmed you."

Clay wanted to put his arm around Tom and talk to him in a kindly voice; but suddenly, in a flash, he saw Tom in all his weakness, a big, good-natured, slack-mouthed fellow, who wanted to have a good time, to drink beer and laugh and sing comic songs, no matter what.

"I'm a friend to all the Goodhues," said Wat, whose feelings were hurt. "And I got a reputation generally for doing what is right."

Clay stood looking at the floor. He felt very lonely.

"We won't play no more music, Clay," said Tom. "But can't we drink our beer?"

Clay ran his hand through his hair and said:

"I guess I was some hasty." Then he turned to Wat and said: "Stay and have supper with us, Wat, and we'll drink the beer."

"I'll do it," said Wat, "just to show you I took your hasty words in good part. Yes, sir. I like to be friends and grudges are a thing I can't stand."

Tom put the accordion on the shelf and he and Wat sat down by the fire. Clay went out into the kitchen. Sade was cooking over the big stove and her face was red from the fire.

"Clay," she said, turning, "I'm glad you shut 'em up. It struck me as blasphemous when I heard 'em singing them songs, but I'm hired help."

"You ain't," said Clay. "You're about the only friend I got."

He turned away to pump a basin full of water. Sade bent over the stove, gritting her teeth to keep back her tears.

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PART III

I

Clay leaned against the hitching rack at Paulson's livery barn and watched the crowd on the streets. It was a Saturday night and all the farmers were in from the surrounding country. Rigs, wagons, and buckboards were hitched all along Maple Street, and the courthouse yard was full of men, standing in groups by the big sundial, leaning on the iron railings or walking up and down the great stone porch. The saloons were crowded and fiddles were scraping. Across the street at Dawson Hall two recruiting officers were standing on beer kegs, haranguing the crowd which stood gaping at them. The big doors to the hall were wide open and Clay could see Doc Swope sitting at a little pine table with a lantern beside him, entering the names of the volunteers who passed in a line before him: young farmers, for the most part, who stood dangling their hats and looking around sheepishly at those behind them.

It was a warm spring night. The snow had melted long ago and the maple trees had been tapped. The sky was clear and distant and the stars were bright. A slow, lukewarm wind was blowing up from the south bringing with it the odor of new-turned sod and growing things.

Clay felt strangely agitated by the warm spring night, the flaring lights and the excitement of the people about him. He wanted to join in with the others; he wanted to plunge into the crowd and rid himself of his loneliness, his sense of isolation. All winter he had lived solitary except for Sade. Tom was home only to sleep and he had lost all touch with him.

Clay felt strong and young and the music of the fiddles stirred him. He wanted to dance and forget the heavy burden he had been carrying. He wanted to stand gaping before the recruiting officers, whose gold braid shone under the lights; he wanted to pass in front of Doc Swope and see his name written in the roster and be praised, as each volunteer was, for giving himself to his country. He wanted to be a part of the bustling community life about him. But something held him back.

Turning he saw Red Coffin, Hen Oaks, and Dave Bristowe coming down Maple Street arm in arm. They had just left Hopner's Saloon and they were beer-warmed and happy. Clay drew back slightly to let them pass, pulling his hat down over his eyes. But Red saw him and shouted:

"Howdy, Clay Goodhue, you old groundhog. Ain't seen you for a month of Sundays. Where you been?"

Clay swallowed and said:

"I been busy."

Hen Oaks came over and hit him on the back.

"Clay," he said, "we've joined up. We're going to fight the rebels and save the country. Hurray!" Then he turned to Dave who was hanging back and said: "Ain't that so, Dave?"

"Yep," said Dave, keeping his head lowered and working his boots around in the dust.

"Yessiree," said Red, "we're the fightingest bunch of fellers on Pretty Prairie and we'll ketch the rebs in no time. We joined the cavalry, Clay. A man kin get away faster on a horse."

They all laughed, then Hen said:

"Dave, don't be hanging back there. This ain't no time for ill feelings. Step up here and shake Clay's hand. He don't wish you no harm."

Dave kept his head lowered but sidled up. Clay drew back slightly, but there was something so embarrassed, so conciliatory, in Dave's attitude that he hesitated for a moment, then held out his hand. Dave took it quickly and pressed it.

"Sorry we had all that there trouble, Clay," he said. "Sorry we come a-busting up to your house when we didn't have no right to. But a feller does get worked up over nothing."

"That's all right," said Clay, swallowing and feeling empty inside.

"Now," said Red, "let's traipse back to Hopner's and take a glass or two. It warms the belly."

Hen Oaks put his arm around Clay and drew him toward the saloon. Dave and Red followed them.

The bar was crowded and at the back a two-man orchestra, guitar and fiddle, was going full blast. Clay relaxed; and joined in the fun. It made him happy to be standing at the bar drinking beer in comradeship. It made him happy to have Hen Oaks standing with his arm around him. For the first time in months he felt free of responsibility. He let himself go with the crowd; he laughed when they laughed, he shouted and hurrahed with

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them, he applauded the music, and called for songs. He even smiled at Dave Bristowe whose heavy face had a red, embarrassed look.

In a little while Tom came in followed by Wat Stahl. Tom took a step backward, startled at the sight of Clay drinking with Dave Bristowe, then he came forward with a shout, shook hands all around, clapped Clay on the back and ordered beer for all, throwing a greenback on the bar.

"We joined up," cried Wat Stahl. "We joined up to fight the rebs."

"Cavalry?" shouted Red Coffin.

"Yep. Cavalry," said Tom, "and God help the horse Wat gets. He can't ride a broomstick."

"Well," said Wat, "I ain't a-kicking as long as it's all right with the horse."

Clay turned to Tom.

"Did you join up?"

"I did," said Tom, lowering his eyes. "How could I help it with all the young fellers going?"

Clay said nothing but lifted his glass and looked away.

The bar was crowded from wall to wall now, and the bartenders were sweating and colliding with one another in their haste. The place was hazy with tobacco smoke and the kerosene lights danced and flickered, throwing monstrous shadows on the ceiling.

The man with the guitar took out a little mouth-organ and attached it to a wire stand around his neck; then with a nod to the fiddler he began to play, blowing into the mouth-organ and strumming on the guitar. The fiddler scraped vigorously, beating time with his foot. One man took up the song, then another; in a moment the whole bar was singing.

> "Oh, Susannah;
> Don't you cry for me.
> I'm going to fight the rebels
> With a shotgun on my knee."

When Clay got home Sade was sitting in the living-room reading her Bible. Clay thought that Sade was getting a little queer; she never had much to say any more, and never smiled. She had got thinner and her cheeks were sunken. Every night now she read her Bible.

"Sitting up late, ain't you, Sade," he said.

"Why, yes," said Sade. "Where's Tom?"

"I left him back in the village. He joined up."

Sade closed the Bible and said:

"He ought to be ashamed joining up with them men that killed his Pa."

Clay shifted uneasily and said:

"War's war, Sade. It's different from peace time."

"Your Pa was agin 'em, Clay, and you know it."

"He was agin 'em, yes," said Clay, "but he was a Union man."

Sade got up and put her Bible away.

"Well," she said, "I don't understand such things. Right's right and that's what. They killed your Pa and that's the end of it."

She went out slamming the door. Clay stood in the middle of the room, a little shaken, shamed by Sade's vehemence. In the silence he heard Sade singing an old hymn. It made him feel queer and unhappy. His grandmother had taught Sade that hymn.

He walked over to the cold hearth and sat down. The window was open and the warm spring wind was blowing in, bellying the curtains.

But the warmth and happiness of the evening had evaporated; he felt hollow and sad. What if it was spring, what if there was a pleasant excitement in the village and a spirit of comradeship due to a common danger! Pa and Grandma were dead and rotting in the churchyard. His own youth was over. Milly was lost to him, getting ready to have a baby with no father, as folks said. New York with its wharfs and harbor was far away; California was as remote as his possibility of getting there. A man might read and read, and dream and dream, but that was nothing but fairy tales and did not fill a life.

Clay got up and stood looking out the door into the turnpike and the quiet, dark fields beyond.

"I never should've shook his hand," he said. "It wasn't right."

II

It was toward sundown when Clay left the turnpike and opened the gate. Smoke was rising from the supper fire and he could smell fried potatoes and steak. He had been working since six o'clock and he was tired and hungry. He climbed the porch steps and went out into the kitchen. Sade was bending over a skillet, and Liz Willet's boy, Frankie, was sitting beside the stove eating bread and cold meat.

Sade turned and said:

"He wanted to see you, Clay. So I told him to wait. He was hungry, so I fed him."

Frankie stood up awkwardly, gripping the bread. He had grown like a weed and his voice was changing, alternately bass and treble.

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"What do you want, Frankie?" asked Clay.

"Milly sent me," he said. "Milly says you're to come down to see her."

Clay looked from Sade to Frankie, feeling his face growing red.

"What about?"

"Don't know," said Frankie. "She's almighty porely. Going to have a baby, Ma says."

Sade shook her head slowly from side to side and said:

"It's a mortal shame to raise a child like that."

"What, ma'am?" asked Frankie, turning.

Clay scratched his head in perplexity.

"Well," he said, "I'll eat my supper first."

When Clay turned into Millrace the sun had set and the shacks along the street were in the shadows. He remembered when he had stood under the big trees with Milly; he remembered that night on the river and how little-girl Milly had seemed suddenly mature and wise and mysterious. He remembered her skipping down the street, dangling her bonnet from a string. He remembered the smirking faces of the young farmers as she passed.

Eb was sitting on a box in front of the shack and when Clay crossed the yard, he got up, took off his hat and said:

"Evening, Clay."

Clay was embarrassed and cleared his throat.

"Evening," he said; "Frankie Willet was up to see me and he said Milly asked wouldn't I come down."

"She did," said Eb. "I don't know what she wants with you, Clay, but I do know she sets right smart store by you."

"She does?" said Clay, feeling queer.

"Yep," said Eb. "She was dead sick about you pappy." Then he scratched his head and burst out: "Dave Bristowe's got her in a nice shape and him running off to war."

Clay said nothing, not knowing what to say. Eb put his hand on Clay's shoulder.

"You might cheer her up a bit. She's porely."

Dreading it, Clay took off his hat and went in. There was a smoky kerosene lamp burning on an unpainted pine table. The room smelled damp and stuffy. Milly was lying on a cot which was pushed up against the back wall. Clay stopped, drew back a step or two, then stood turning his hat in his hand.

"Here I am, Milly," he said.

"I heard you talking to Pa outside," she said.

Her voice sounded sad and far away.

"Did you want to see me?"

Milly looked at Clay, then put her hands over her face and began to cry.

Clay felt a sudden wrenching inside him and wanted to run out into the street and hurry home. Under the thin blanket he saw Milly's big belly. His legs began to shake and putting out his hand he grasped the back of a chair and pulled it toward him.

"Clay," said Milly, taking her hands from her face, "will you help me?"

Clay nodded, not trusting his voice. This was not the little Milly he knew; this wasn't the little Milly who skipped along the levee and argued with him about the big bass. This was a woman with a pale, sad face.

"Dave done it," said Milly. "He promised me and promised me and now he's going to war. It ain't right, Clay."

Clay said nothing.

"I'll never forget that night down by the river, Clay," said Milly, "and how nice you was to me. But I was plumb gone on Dave."

Clay was suddenly angry.

"You should never've acted that way if you was," he said. "I thought you meant it."

"I did, I meant it," said Milly. "Only I was crazy over trouble with Dave."

"You done it out of spite," said Clay, "and here I thought you meant it."

"I never," said Milly. "I was lonesome."

"You was lonesome for Dave," said Clay.

"I hate Dave," said Milly. "He ain't half a man but a coward."

"All the same," said Clay, "you never meant it and when I asked you if you was my girl you said you didn't know. I remember."

"You never come near me no more."

"No," said Clay, "and I never would if you hadn't sent Frankie."

Milly reached out for his hand and squeezed it.

"I been thinking about you ever since," she said. "Didn't I send Frankie when that mob was a-coming?"

"You did," said Clay.

Milly kissed his hand and Clay drew back, startled.

They sat in silence for a long time. From the direction of Maple Street came a hubbub of voices and then a band started to play. There were distant shouts which gradually drew nearer; the band turned the corner of Millrace and Maple and came down the street followed by a company of volunteers, all in civilian clothes. They were marching for the fun of it, as they weren't to leave for Cincinnati till the

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first of the week. Some of them had pitchfork handles over their shoulders and they were jostling and laughing, trying to keep step. "Left, left!" called Doc Swope, who was marching in front. A couple of veterans, who had been wounded in the first skirmishes and were now on recruiting duty, ran along beside the rout, crying: "Hay foot, straw foot; belly full of bean soup," and taunting the volunteers.

When the noise had died down Clay said:

"Tom joined up."

"Are you going too, Clay?"

"No," said Clay.

Milly lay looking at the ceiling with her arms crossed; from time to time she turned her face toward Clay but he avoided her eyes. There was a long silence, then Clay cleared his throat and said:

"About my helping you, Milly. I reckon you could use a little money. Times are bad hereabouts."

"I could, Clay," said Milly, flushing and turning her face away. "Pa lost his job. We ain't hardly had enough to eat this last week."

Clay knew how shiftless Eb Truder was; he knew that Eb liked to sit in the sun in the summer and by the stove in the winter, doing nothing, not even talking. But he wasn't thinking of that. He was thinking of Milly and how sad it was that she was lying there in trouble, pale and sick, with no one to look after her.

"I've saved a little money I don't need," said Clay, avoiding her eyes.

He saw that Milly was going to cry, so he got hastily to his feet and picked up his hat, which had fallen to the floor.

"Oh, Clay," said Milly.

"I'll be going along," said Clay, wanting very much to get away, wanting to run for fear of the tears he felt coming to his eyes; "I'll see you're taken care of, Milly. Don't you worry."

He turned, but Milly called:

"Clay, won't you kiss me once?"

Without a word Clay came back and bending down kissed her on the cheek; but Milly turned and kissed his mouth. He tried to rise, but she gripped his arm and he was surprised at the strength of her fingers. He looked at her. Her face was drawn and white; her eyes feverish.

"Clay," she said and her voice sounded hoarse and far away, "Dave . . ." She paused and Clay saw that she was making a terrible effort. "Dave killed your Pa, Clay."

Clay started back from the bed as if struck by a whip; then he turned and ran out of the shack, forgetting his hat, which had dropped from his limp hand.

He heard Milly shouting at him and turning he saw her sitting up on the cot.

"He did," she shouted; "he told me!"

III

Clay tried to walk away from his thoughts. With lowered head, eyes on the road, he hurried along. His head ached and his hands were clammy. Confused images raced through his mind: he saw Pa stiff under the blanket, Grandma lying dead, staring; he saw the two lonely graves on the hillside, and Dave Bristowe's heavy, red face. He wanted to throw himself down on the road and die. Why should he have this terrible responsibility thrust on him?

Once he looked up at the sky and said, absently: "Getting cloudy. May rain." Then, suddenly: "Oh, God!"

He stopped at the gate. There was a light in the living-room. Sade was still up, reading her Bible more than likely. He opened the gate quietly, stole round the house and unlocked the door of his shed. There was a candle on the ledge by the door and he lit it. For a moment he stood on the threshold, looking. There were his books all in a row, his axe, his gun, even his old slingshot; there was the chair he had fashioned from a barrel, with Pa's help, in happier days. He stood trembling, then he flung himself down in the chair. The candle flickered in a light wind blowing up from the creek and far off toward Henderson's farm a dog was barking.

He sat with his hands dangling, staring at the wall. It had come at last. What he had dreaded had come. Dave had killed his Pa; he was dead sure of it. Milly wouldn't lie about that, though maybe she hated Dave now. Maybe she . . . !

He thrust the thought from him and got to his feet. What! Was he sitting there idle! He unlocked a chest he had made with the tools Pa had given him and took out a big pistol, the one Tom had put beside him on the table the day the mob came. It was oiled and loaded. Clay put it into his pocket; it was heavy and made his coat sag. Then he blew out the candle and locked the door behind him.

The wind was rising. He felt it damp on his forehead. Over near Henderson's the dog was still barking, its voice sharp in the quiet night.

Clay slipped round the side of the house.

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Quietly he crept to the living-room window and peered in. Sade was sitting with her elbows on the table and her head in her hands, reading the Bible. The lamp cast a pleasant glow round her. He saw her lips moving.

He wanted to go in, the room looked so tranquil. But, with a feeling of despair, he turned, hurried across the lawn and out the gate, closing it softly behind him.

Still hesitant, he walked for hours, avoiding the town. The wind had died down, the moon had risen in a cloudy sky, and the countryside was very still. Once, near Jordan's farm, he saw a dark object at the side of the road and drew back. But it was Jordan's red cow, picketed and calmly chewing her cud. He smelt her warm odor and stopped for a moment to run his hand over her soft muzzle.

Near the New Moorefield Pike, the image of Pa lying dead assailed him so vividly that he gasped, turned, and went back toward town, half running.

The Bristowe house was dark and still. Clay stood at the gate for a long time, not knowing what to do. In the field across the road, crickets were chirping a monotonous chorus, and he caught the smell of Dave's orchard, which was in blossom.

Turning away finally, he started up the road toward the toll-gate. What was he to do? Wait till morning?

He saw the toll-gate. It was up now and loomed black in the moonlight. The toll-house was dark.

He walked with lowered head, kicking up the dust of the road and fingering the pistol in his pocket. Suddenly he stopped and stood listening. He heard voices. Down the road a man was laughing. A door was opened and a beam of light was flung onto the road.

Ab Johnson's! Ab made a good white liquor and sold it cheap, Tom said. Clay's heart began to beat wildly.

"Good night," said a voice.

"Good night, Dave," came the reply.

The beam of light disappeared from the road. Clay heard the door slam. He stood unable to move for a moment, then he drew back into the black pool of shadow cast by the toll-house.

Clay took the pistol from his pocket and stood clutching it. Dave was coming down the road toward him. He heard him whistling.

Clay began to shake all over. He wanted to run. It was an awful thing to kill a man. A sudden image made him sweat. He saw the bear Tom and Pa had shot. It was threshing around in the bushes, beating its body against the ground.

The pistol was cold as ice in his hand.

He stepped out into the moonlight.

"Dave!" he said.

Dave gave a start and recoiled, staring.

"Clay Goodhue!" he said. "You fair scairt me white."

Clay's voice was steady and chill.

"Dave," he said, "you killed my Pa."

"Killed your Pa!" said Dave, starting toward Clay. "What would I be killing your Pa for?"

"Stay where you are, Dave," said Clay.

Dave caught the gleam of the pistol and recoiled again.

"Clay," he said, "don't be a fool. They'll hang you high and dry."

There was a short silence. Clay was in a turmoil but his hand was steady now. A sudden pressure of his finger and it would be over.

"Now look here, Clay . . ." Dave began; then, with a snarl, he sprang at Clay, covering the ten feet separating them in one leap.

Dave struck downward with his fist and Clay was stunned by the clubbing blow; lights whirled in front of him, then there was nothing but blackness. The pistol exploded loudly and leaped in his hand on the recoil. He heard Dave cry out, but Dave's arms were still around him, strong as cables, and his fist smashed downward again and landed with a sickening impact.

Clay, falling through black space, pressed the trigger once more, then the pistol fell from his hand and, fainting, he felt his coat rip up the back, then his shirt.

He fell forward on his hands and knees. Dave staggered away from him sideways, reeled for a moment like a drunken man, then fell flat on his face in the middle of the road. Clay, half conscious, saw him writhing and throwing his arms about.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Dave in agony, then he lay still.

In the toll-house a window was raised and a voice cried:

"Eli! Eli!"

Coming to himself, Clay picked up the pistol and ran.

At first he ran heedlessly, stumbling and from time to time falling on his knees. Then gradually he grew calmer and pretty soon he slowed down to a walk, turned from the road, crossed a timothy field and stopped at the edge of Sinking Creek. For a long time he stood motionless on the bank; then he threw

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the pistol into the water and fell to his knees. Of a sudden he was violently sick and, falling forward on his face, lay gasping and retching.

IV

It was midnight and the town was as still as the fields beyond. The wind had turned chilly with a promise of frost.

Dan Crane's wife shook him several times before he woke. She was standing beside the bed in a wrapper, holding a candle.

"Dan," she said, "there's some one knocking."

"Some one knocking?" said Dan, still half asleep. "Who's knocking?"

"I don't know," said his wife. "You get up and see."

Protesting, Dan got out of bed, wrapped a blanket around him and took the candle from his wife. His wife got back into bed and pulled up the covers.

"I wish you had a regular job, Dan," she said, "and wasn't called out of bed at all hours of the night."

Dan swore briefly and went down-stairs. Some one was pounding heavily on the door.

"That sounds like trouble," said Dan.

He set the candle down on a table in the hall and lit a lamp, then he called:

"All right! All right! Hold your horses!"

Holding the lamp high, he unbolted and opened the door. It was Clay Goodhue, hatless, pale, minus his coat and with his shirt nearly torn from his back.

"Clay," said Dan.

Clay stood there unable to speak; finally he said:

"Dan, I want to see you."

"Come in, Clay, come in," said Dan. "What you got on your mind, boy?"

Dan went into the parlor and put the lamp on the table, then he motioned Clay to a chair and sat down. Clay took a sealed envelope from his pocket and handed it to Dan.

"That's money," said Clay. "That's for Milly Truder."

Dan nodded, but he was puzzled and sat pulling at his mustache.

"I know I can trust you, Dan, to see that she gets it all, but not too much at a time."

"You can trust me," said Dan; then hesitating, he asked: "What's wrong with you, boy? What you been doing with yourself?"

Clay sat wetting his lips and running his hand through his hair.

"Dan," he said, finally, "I shot Dave Bristowe."

"What!" cried Dan, starting half out of his chair and dropping the envelope.

"I shot him," said Clay. "He killed Pa. Milly told me."

"Good God!" said Dan; then getting to his feet and pacing up and down he asked: "Is he dead?"

"He's dead," said Clay.

Dan held his blanket closely around him and stood staring off past the lamp. He remembered back when Clay was a tow-headed little boy playing in the dusty road. The Goodhues were the richest folks in the community then.

"Dan," said Clay, "I want you to look after Sade. The house is mine and Tom's, but Tom's going off to war. You see she lives in the house and has what she needs. Sell the carpenter shop and all the tools. That ought to bring right smart of money."

Dan said nothing.

"Will you?" Clay demanded.

"I will," said Dan. "But what about you, Clay?"

"I'm leaving. I'm hitting westward where there ain't no war."

Dan came over and put his hand on Clay's shoulder.

"You're putting me in a fix, boy. If I done my duty I'd arrest you, but I been a friend of the Goodhues for years and years, and Grandma was like a mother to me. Come out here and I'll give you a coat. Got any money yourself?"

"I got enough," said Clay. "I can work."

Clay followed Dan out into the hall and stood waiting silently while Dan dug into the big clothes closet for a coat. Dan held the coat for him and he got into it. It was much too big in the shoulders but it served well enough. Then Dan dug up a battered old felt hat and gave it to Clay.

"They may get you, Clay," said Dan, "as Dave joined up and it ain't healthy killing volunteers at the present time."

"I'm aiming to get to Illinois and then go down river," said Clay.

Dan nodded and unbolted the door. Clay paused and turned a pale, twitching face toward Dan.

"It was hell killing him, Dan," he said.

"Where is he?"

"Down by the toll-gate," said Clay. "He near had me though I shot him twice. He tore my coat clean off."

Clay stood staring. Dan opened the door and they shook hands.

"Good-by, Clay," Dan said.

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Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither anti-toxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter — painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.

More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the death-rates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Behind the Scenes

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

THE latest accepted story in the long short-story contest is by W. R. Burnett, who is being chosen for various literary honors with almost annoying persistency. His first two novels were selected by two different book-a-month clubs. A product of Ohio, Mr. Burnett had little use for higher education, finding his interest playing over the vaudeville stage, the prize-ring, and writing, as possible careers. For six years he was a statistician for an Ohio state department and served his apprenticeship to writing in the evenings. "Little Cæsar" was his first novel. His third, which was published in September, is "Saint Johnson."

Milton Waldman, whose article is first in the "If" series, was born in Ohio and graduated from Yale University in 1917. Mr. Waldman was an officer in the Infantry during the War. He studied law in New York—to become after all an author and editor. Four books of his have been published, the last being "The Disinherited," the story of a Jew torn between two environments. He edited the "Golden Hind Series" of famous explorers. Mr. Waldman has gone English and since 1924 has been assistant editor of *The London Mercury*.

Katherine Fullerton Gerould's is a familiar name to SCRIBNER readers. Mrs. Gerould makes it clear that her article is directed at means of avoiding divorce rather than at excuses for divorcing. It is an analysis of the quality of American marriages which attempts to present a satisfactory and workable basis for our own American conception of marriage in contrast to the continental marriage of convenience. In other words, it combines intelligence with romance.

Last month John Carter discussed "Russia's Challenge to American Business." Both ends of the problem are at home in this issue, when he explains why Prohibition and economics can't be mixed. John Carter is a government economist. He was graduated from Yale in 1919, and spent the next three years in American embassies in Rome and Constantinople. Later he became a foreign correspondent and when he returned to this country was on the staff of the N. Y. *Times*. Two serious books by him and many magazine articles have been published.

Owen Francis knows steel as the farm boy knows ploughing. He was born in the Monongahela Valley near Pittsburgh with the blast-furnaces lighting up the sky about him. He went into the steel-mills as a matter of course and knew the glare and white heat and back-breaking labor of the open hearth as do the characters in his stories. It was in army hospitals in France and America, after he had seen service, that his first opportunity came to read. "From then on I have tried to write." After two years more in the mills, he worked only when he had to until his writing could support him.

The recent political upheavals in Peru and Argentine heighten the significance of Waldo Frank's story of "The Canal" in this issue, in which he explains the difference in temperament between the South and the North American. The article was inspired by Mr. Frank's tour of South America, when he was lecturing to enthusiastic audiences under the auspices of two governments. The author of "The Re-Discovery of America" now has in preparation a book on the relations between North and South America which Scribners will publish.

Josephine Herbst is becoming known for her shrewd characterizations of middle-class Americans. Although Europe is the setting for this story, "As a Fair Young Girl," the characters are Americans. Miss Herbst, originally from the Middle West, has "been around this country a good deal, seeing it like a movie, from a small car." She lived abroad for three years. "Nothing Is Sacred" is a devastating novel of an American family.

Harriet Plimpton, graduate of Vassar College and the University of Pennsylvania, is "Yankee by preference," although she was born in New York City and is now teaching in Philadelphia. She has published poems in various magazines and newspapers.

Silas Bent began his long newspaper career in St. Louis, "a good training-ground for reporters." Before going to Chicago, where he worked on the *Evening American*, he occupied a chair in the

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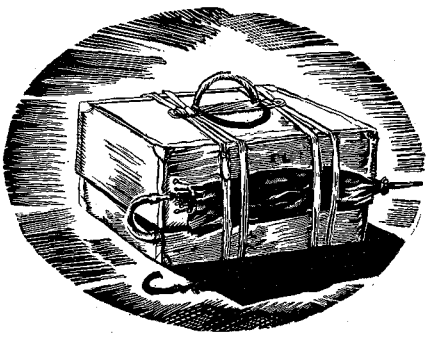

On the Woeful Shortage OF DOMESTIC GEMS

BACK in the days when servants were servants and not a problem, perhaps you had a Hilda (or maybe her name was Mary Ann) who was a paragon of all the domestic virtues. She "yoost" loved to wash clothes. And how beautifully she washed them!

Sometime, we hope, you will find another Hilda. In the meantime, here's a way to get better work from her current successor: See that she has Fels-Naptha's *extra* help! For while Fels-Naptha can't make your maid a more enthusiastic worker, it *can* improve the quality of the wash by leaving less of the job to her uncertain skill.

Fels-Naptha can do this because it is more than soap. It is good golden soap and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. You can smell the naptha, even when the big, generous bar has been reduced to a sliver. The soap and naptha, working hand-in-hand, wash clothes beautifully clean—just the way you like to have them washed.

And it is all done so gently. There's no hard rubbing to make your clothes old before their time. You can trust the most delicate fabrics to Fels-Naptha's bland suds. This soap is really *safe!* Fels-Naptha, like the perfect servant it is, doesn't demand special washday conditions. It does a splendid job in washing machine or tub; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water. And it helps to keep hands fresh. Did you know it contains glycerine?

Order Fels-Naptha to-day—make it a regular part of your washday equipment. It means *extra* help in easier washing. And it means sweeter, fresher, longer-lasting clothes.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether Fels-Naptha has been used in your home for years, or whether you have just decided to give it a trial, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who do their own housework prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into washing machine, tub or basin, and find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, anyone can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as they are needed. Mail coupon with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. Q.S. 11-30

Send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely — print your name and address

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(Continued from page 54)

School of Journalism at the University of Missouri. Publicity work, editorial work, and then free-lance writing since 1922. Mr. Bent keeps that flair for digging below the surface for news that he probably learned in St. Louis.

This is Sarah Litsey's second appearance in the Magazine. Kentucky has always been her home, and is the subject of her understanding verse.

Charles Lane Poor owns the rather breath-taking title of Professor of Celestial Mechanics. After taking his Doctor's degree at Johns Hopkins University in 1892, he taught there and succeeded Simon Newcomb (under whom he had studied) as head of the astronomical department. After his resignation in 1899, he entered the cotton manufacturing business and retired twenty years later. While active in business he became Lecturer in Astronomy at Columbia University in 1903; Professor of Astronomy until 1910; and Professor of Celestial Mechanics from that date up to the present time. Since 1920 Professor Poor has devoted himself to a thorough investigation of and fight against the Einstein theory, publishing many tracts and one book, "Gravitation versus Relativity," on his findings. Professor Poor has had time, withal, to own and race several yachts; to edit the new building restrictions for American racing-yachts; and to be president and mayor of his village on Shelter Island since 1919.

Margaret Emerson Bailey has been writing poetry for only two years, her poems having appeared in *Harper's, Forum, Books,* SCRIBNER'S, etc. She lives in New Canaan, Conn., and teaches in a girls' school.

Robert Gessner was born on a peninsula in Michigan twenty-two years ago, "was prenatally influenced by trees and Indians, and has never fully recovered from the latter," for he spends all his spare time with them, and thinks them the most interesting of United States citizens. A graduate of the University of Michigan, Mr. Gessner is now an instructor in the English department of New York University. "Powwow" is his first story. He is at work on an Indian novel.

What You Think About It

THE appearance of Frank Kent's article on Charley Michelson in the September issue immediately brought charges from the Republicans that Mr. Michelson's publicity activities in behalf of the Democratic National Committee was a plot by John J. Raskob to besmirch the reputation of President Hoover. This charge was made by Mr. Will Wood, Chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign committee, and created a political furor. The charge was replied to by Mr. Shouse of the Democrats. A new attack was made by Mr. Tilson of the Republicans. And a reply came from Mr. Raskob. Mr. Michelson was interviewed. The press associations carried all these stories, and the Washington correspondents gave wide notice to it. As a result we were flooded with clippings, including editorial comment from practically every newspaper of consequence in America.

Los Angeles *Times:*

Mr. Kent has made a complete case, proving that the great Bourbon offensive is a sham and a hoax, paid for by the Raskob millions. Nearly everything goes in politics, but this variety of fakery oversteps the limit.

The Cavalier in the Richmond (Va.) *Times Dispatch:*

Apparently, there is no limit to the absurdity which one may expect from a congressman. Wood charges John J. Raskob with *lèse-majesté,* and wants him hung for saying disrespectful things of our Mr. Hoover. Nobody but a congressman would have taken that [Mr. Kent's article] seriously. It has for years been patent to everybody (if we except congressmen) that Mr. Kent is in love with Mr. Hoover. He lives to sing Mr. Hoover's praises.

Winston-Salem (N. C.) *Journal:*

But it is worth a quarter of a million dollars to him [Mr. Raskob] and his liquor organization to retain control of one of the great party organizations and thereby nominate and elect wet Senators and members of the House.

Christian Science Monitor (Boston):

The activities of this bureau of calumny may fairly be left to the consideration of the American people. . . . A nation which honors its President will do more than merely look askance at a political organization which seeks systematically to destroy him by a campaign of misrepresentation.

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Study of Children at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

CHILDREN WITHOUT TOYS

SLIM, GALLANT, UNTRIED . . . fresh as new rose petals . . . they put their toys aside. Yet before them still stretch several more years of childhood. It is, perhaps, the most difficult time of all. Now more than ever they must have plenty of just the right thing to do . . . and worthy friends. Their sensitiveness, their eagerness to live poignantly, must be sympathetically dealt with. Reality must be adroitly exchanged for the discarded toys.

And it all will be a little easier if they have been taught how to partake of the "cultured life."

This does not mean that they have to be poets or great musicians. It means, to take music for an example, a pleasant familiarity with gay melodies, with the spirit-stirring work of immortal genius, with all the myriad cultural influences of a fine art.

True, it may seem, at first glance, expensive to substitute a superb piano for a toy. But a first-rate environment will definitely help to produce a first-rate person. And the Steinway is so perfectly and soundly built that it will serve your children's children when the time comes . . . yet it can be obtained now on a deferred payment plan that will not burden even the modest income. The Steinway will do more than assist your children through their most difficult time to a sane and beautiful life. It will give them an attractive accomplishment that will help them to make friends. It will permit them to develop their talents on what is both the strongest and most perfect instrument. And it will subtly connect them with a glorious tradition . . . for virtually every great musician since Wagner has used the Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.

10% down balance in three years

Used pianos accepted in partial exchange. If there is no Steinway dealer near you, write for information to Steinway & Sons, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th Street, New York.

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**

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(Continued from page 56)

Terre Haute (Ind.) *Tribune:*

The Saturday Evening Post has just concluded a series of articles by Owen Wister who explained with great pride and flourish and at great length, how he used to be invited to meet Roosevelt and cook up articles condemning Wilson. These were published in the leading magazines of the country. So, if Mr. Michelson has been caught writing articles giving Mr. Hoover the raspberry, he has plenty of precedent.

Detroit *Free Press:*

The methods Mr. Kent describes are doubtless considered smart practical politics in Washington; but the common citizen throughout the country is likely to take a different view.

St. Louis *Post Dispatch:*

The national committees of both parties have been employing publicity men for a long time. . . . If Charley Michelson has captured the title, say, of the "Publicity Man of the Century" some acknowledgement should be made to Mr. Hoover for his magnificent, if unwitting, collaboration. For all his genius Mr. Michelson could never have completed the diary except for the cargoes of material the administration has supplied.

Lexington (Ky.) *Leader:*

Are they likely to admire and to condone, or to enjoy, this work of "smearing" Hoover? If this is so then the American people have lost their sportsmanship and their sense of proportion.

Sacramento *Bee:*

And if he has shot holes in the administration armor, it is the administration itself that has supplied the ammunition. His greatest collaborator has been Herbert Hoover himself—not the superman of the Republican campaign literature of 1928, but the Hoover of the tariff surrender, the Hoover of the Parker appointment, the Hoover of the prosperity fictions and the unemployment prevarications; and the Hoover of the Huston and Muscle Shoals messes.

Marshalltown (Iowa) *Times Republican:*

At the head of each of Michelson's "news" stories it should be stated that he is receiving a salary of $25,000 a year to "smear Hoover."

Raleigh (N. C.) *News Observer:*

The fact that James L. West, the Republican publicity director, a good newspaper man out of breath trying to keep up with this fellow Michelson, just can't explain convincingly why prosperity in November 1928 was solely at the disposal of Herbert Hoover whereas a depression ever since has been an act of God, is all the proof [of a plot] Mr. Wood needs. . . . Mr. Hoover has now scrapped all the precedents to permit the attendance of Mr. West at all conferences between Mr. Hoover and the accredited representatives of the press. It goes without saying that Mr. Michelson will not be there.

Longview (Wash.) *News:*

The rank and file of the Republican party should feel grateful to Mr. Kent for disclosing the inner workings of the marionette show in Congress. With the plot thoroughly understood it ceases to be effective.

Fairmont (W. Va.) *West Virginian:*

Michelson's success has been due largely to the fact that Republican politicians in and out of Congress and the conspicuous party organs which were not for Hoover before the Kansas City convention simply laid down on him after the inauguration. No President in either party since the Civil War period has lacked party support to anything like the degree Hoover has lacked it. Hoover was suspected of being a liberal at heart and a progressive in his political philosophy, and he had not come up through the usual political channels. . . . The result was that Mr. Michelson got stories intended to do Mr. Hoover harm onto the front pages of newspapers that would not have let anything reflecting upon Coolidge into any part of the paper a few months earlier.

Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail:*

The whole proceeding shows the desperate plight of the Democratic party under the Raskob leadership and influence. It should be condemned by all decent-minded men.

Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser:*

It is believed that he [Michelson] writes most of the interviews with Senators and Congressmen attacking the Republican régime. And the Republican publicity director writes the interviews in reply. Wherefore, this war between two competent newspaper reporters.

PROPHECY

In 1872 there appeared in the old *Scribner's Monthly* an article by Julius Erasmus Hilgard predicting the centre of population of the United States in successive thirty-year periods. Basing his prophecy on a well-defined mathematical system of his own devising, from 1870 to 1900—the period in which Hilgard said the population centre would advance 126 miles—he missed it by but 6.5 miles.

In 1930, however, it seems likely that he will be almost exactly accurate, according to Clarence E. Batschelet, census geographer. Hilgard estimated that the population centre would move 88 miles between 1900 and 1930, and census figures are bearing it out almost to the mile. Hilgard further prophesied in the *Scribner's* article that the centre would be about 30 miles east of St. Louis in the year 2000. This, he forecast, would be just about ultimate and the country could thereafter be depended upon to maintain an approximation of equilibrium with St. Louis as pivotal point.

(Continued on page 60)

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Retail credits and motor cars

MANY generations ago, when banks began to extend credit to producers of raw materials and manufacturers of finished goods, the world experienced an immense increase in production and in wealth.

This generation is witnessing a corresponding extension of credit to the individual consumer, which has stimulated the sale of goods because it has enabled the average family to enjoy greater advantages and greater comforts to an extent never paralleled.

The principle of instalment purchasing has been utilized by many lines of industry, but in none has it played such an important role as in the motor car industry, where more than 60 per cent of all cars are now sold to individuals on credit.

General Motors, back in 1919, recognized the importance of time payments in retail sales and organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation as an independent banking institution to provide credit on a sound basis to General Motors dealers and to buyers of General Motors products. This institution has enabled more than 5 million people to enjoy their cars while paying for them out of income.

This one institution has granted more than two and one-half billion dollars of credit, based upon the inherent honesty and industry of the American people. The bulk of this vast sum has been borrowed from a group of the world's most forward-looking banks.

Without this sound credit structure and banking cooperation, the automotive industry, with all that it means to American life and prosperity, could not have become the largest manufacturing industry in the world.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW COACHES AND YELLOW CABS
FRIGIDAIRE—THE AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR
DELCO-LIGHT, DELCO WATER SYSTEMS AND DELCOGAS
GENERAL MOTORS RADIO · GMAC PLAN OF CREDIT PURCHASE

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(Continued from page 58)

"MANY THOUSANDS GONE"

If the criticisms of "S. S. San Pedro" were decided in their tones, those of "Many Thousands Gone" were violent. There were the criticisms based on literary reasons. There were the criticisms arising out of Union versus Confederate sentiments. There were the criticisms denouncing the low moral tone of the story. In brief, it was another grand contest which had everybody in the office agog! Again, the criticisms were of unusually high caliber. They were sound, sensible, and vigorous. The opinions we are quoting here are taken at random from the hundreds of letters, our only attempt being to select them by States so that a cross-section of the country's opinion may be available. There will be another contest this month based on Mr. Burnett's story, "Hard Wood." You're missing half your life if you don't take part. The details are on page 66, among the advertising pages immediately following this department.

Brilliantly written, and with much of poetry, this story is absorbing. . . . So alive and vigorous, so freshly and unusually treated, and above all so rich in real people.—CONSTANCE MOORE WILLEY, 120 Dwight St., New Haven, Conn.

The story reminds one of a puzzle picture, composed of blocks. The blocks are not put together right.—M. G. JOHNSON, Seattle, Wash.

A story of peculiar power due to the manner of the telling rather than to the material used.—JAMES P. MATTHEWS, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

He sat with his head in his hand, a sheet of paper before him, and said, "I shall think of some startling thing" and wrote his "brain-storm."—MARY G. H. SCOTT, 2700 E. 13th Ave., Denver, Colo.

He has written powerfully and brutally of a brutal subject, admirably fitting his manner to his matter. All his characters are alive, some even terribly alive. . . . But he admits not one admirable person. . . . In this reader's opinion, rather thickish realism.—MARY DEAN, Knoxville, Tenn.

Having been born and reared in South Carolina, I have always considered the Civil War romantic, chivalric, fought with blood and heart-ache (my grandmother had three gallant young corpses brought in from one battle), but, somehow, worth all it cost. On each Memorial Day I hear fighting extolled and war heroes crowned with immortelle.

Now comes Mr. Bishop with a pen like a two-edged knife. I find all war is nasty, bitter, dirty, obscene. I am convinced many of the "belles" in hoops and curls were only simpering, faded "Miss Celies"; a gentle heroine might be an uncouth "Mrs. Colston," while a godly woman might be a whining "Cousin Hetty."

'Tis a new view; new—and true.—MRS. VANCE DAVIDSON, Chester, S. C.

While one could not say the handling is perfect, the reader sees the events unfolding before him as a panorama. . . . Leaves an impression which lingers in the head.—DARWIN BECK, 4105 S. Wayne Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Since this reader rejects the story on other grounds, he refrains from commenting on its occasional vulgarisms and coarseness, and the "mutilation" of poor Danny.—JARED W. YOUNG, Mountain Lake Park, Md.

As it stands, it is cynical in thought, weak in characterization and setting, chaotic in plot and ambiguous in title; on the whole, a pathetic travesty of human life.—CHRISTINE NOYES, 5 Tewksbury St., Lexington, Mass.

Interesting, unusual, intelligent—a characteristically original viewpoint—a touch sophisticated and subtle—and insight and intuition entirely impersonal—done in the modern way with neither sentimentality nor bitterness.—EVELYN SMITH, 1330 Wingfield St., Augusta, Ga.

I emphatically object to the author's having Strother himself set fire to his aunt's home. In spite of his dislike of Virginians and of Aunt Annie, childhood memories and his West Point training would prevent an act bordering on arson.—LOUIS PELZER, 226 L. A. Bldg., Iowa City, Iowa.

An adroitly phrased, but loosely knit, tissue of discarded propaganda.—ANNE I. TRAINER, Ridge Road–Via Chester, Trainer, Pa.

Not, certainly, a pleasant story. . . . But a memorable piece of work.—E. H. WITHINGTON, Park College, Parkville, Mo.

I dropped September SCRIBNER'S with something of a shudder. . . . In spite of intensive training, I am still gentle. . . . Technically, the story is excellent. . . . In the sense of being salutary, his story has a "good" theme.—MRS. TOM B. BARTLETT, Marlin, Texas.

Rugged folk who read this story will be prepared to meet any war propagandist with thumbs down. . . . Couldn't it have ended a bit more brightly? Otherwise, my compliments to the author.—MRS. WM. WOOLHISER, 40 Linn Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

There is neither art nor good craftsmanship. Unity has been disregarded and the omniscient view point is annoying. . . . SCRIBNER'S would do well to give us more of Hemingway or Callaghan.—JAMES WILBUR SMITH, Fort Stanton, N. M.

Not only has the author achieved his purpose, but he has created a vivid, memorable and interesting story.—MRS. WILLIAM C. KOPPER, 400 E. 58th St., New York City.

Dyed in human suffering, John Peale Bishop's story is complete.—MRS. A. D. MILLER, Ruskin, Fla.

His descriptions are masterpieces, he develops his story like the unrolling of a scroll. . . . But the picture is altogether dark. Is this quite fair? . . . Left us in a state of nausea.—ELIZABETH WOOD, Cottonwood Falls, Kans.

It would be well if all thinking people who are indifferent to the devastation that can be wrought by adher-

(Continued on page 62)

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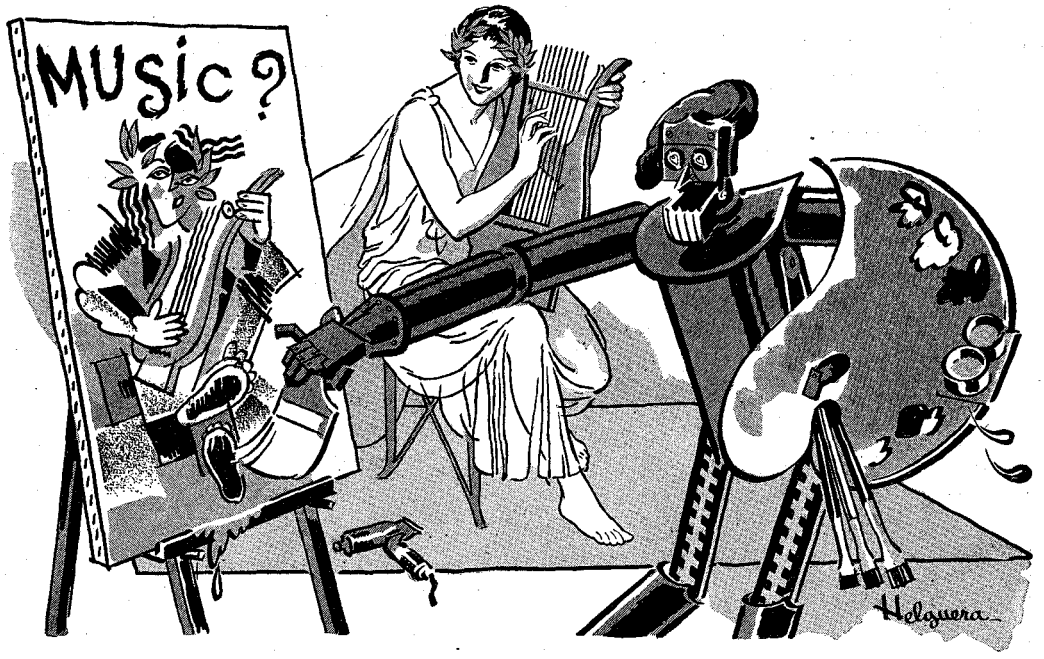
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A PICTURE NO ROBOT CAN PAINT!

ONE cannot produce art without feeling. Hence the inadequacy of mechanical rendition of music as a substitute for Living Music.

* * *

Life—glamour—excitement—are fundamental requirements of the theatre. There is drama in the artist's struggle to please and in the emotional response of the audience.

* * *

The intelligent theatre goer enjoys the thrill of the artist's presence, and the feeling that his presence, too, is felt. He is a participant in the event—a critic of the performance, empowered to reward excellence and to reprove fault.

* * *

Music supplied this life, this human contact, for the motion picture theatre until the coming of Canned Music.

* * *

The purely mechanical theatre represents the climax of a new spirit in the theatrical business, one that takes the docility of the patron too much for granted. His money is required, therefore he must be given a show. "But," says the exploiter, "let's give him no more than we must."

* * *

The new economists of the theatre! Are they right? Or are they wrong?

* * *

Millions of theatre patrons believe they are wrong and are voicing a demand for Living Music in the theatre by joining the Music Defense League. It is your right, also, to vote on this cultural issue. See coupon below.

S-11

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)
JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President,* 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 60)

ence to the dogmatic formula of patriotism would read "Many Thousands Gone." . . . Told surprisingly well.—ALLIE M. BUTTON, Vine and Israel Sts., Eaton, Ohio.

It abounds with life—rough, boisterous life. . . . A tumultuous, gripping story. . . . But the use of the theme shows poor taste.—JAMES MANNING, 381 Communipaw Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

A powerful story. . . . It grips, holds, and pounds away on the memory long after the pages have been closed.—FLORENCE F. SMITH, 531 S. 3d St., Rockford, Ill.

A certain facility in writing, a certain veneer of sophistication and some imagination do not make a writer of literature.—K. W. RIDDLE, Charles Town, W. Va.

Stories of the Rebellion I do not consider a good theme. . . . Because they keep alive a period of our national life, the break of which would have been completely healed if such tales did not help to stir up feelings of antagonism and bitterness.—FRANCES M. WEBSTER, 1929 Kalorama Road, Washington, D. C.

Personally, I *abominated* it! Why persist in raking up a family row? But as a piece of literature I have nothing but praise. . . . A very remarkable piece of work.—BESSIE M. EAKIN, 510 Fortification St., Jackson, Miss.

As an example of the "off again, on again, gone again" style of narrative, this is well handled, but the average reader prefers smoother going with fewer abrupt stops.—IVA PURDUM BRUTON, 2048 Cowden Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Very ably done and well worth while. . . . More of Mr. Bishop please!!—CHARLES H. CARLIN, 90 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Does for the Civil War what Remarque, Ernest Hemingway and R. C. Sheriff did for the World War. . . .—LOUINA VAN NORMAN, 2714 So. Cochran Ave., Los Angeles.

It is a pity that a piece of work so well written should be so marred by Mr. Bishop's low standards of morals.—PEARL M. HIDEY, 37 Hill Ave., Highland Park, Detroit, Mich.

The technique recalls that of the film.—OLIVE CLARE PRIMROSE, 50 Forest Hill Road, Toronto, Can.

It is composed mostly of brazenly open filth and scarcely veiled corruption.—JAMES E. STUART, Livingston, Mont.

Written skilfully, according to an elaborately conceived plan, and seizes the interest, but rapid reading will lead to confusion.—MITTIE GRUBER, 1508 Edgewood Place, Louisville, Ky.

What particularly recommends the story to me is the impersonal attitude of the author.—GEORGIA M. YORK, 3236 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

The title, though alluring, is misleading. . . . Superb literary craftsmanship, yes. But to us it is "flat, stale, and unprofitable."—SARAH MCMANNES, 100 E. 16th St., Portland, Ore.

Only Federal soldiers are drawn but they might as easily have been Rebels. . . . A remarkably comprehensive picture of the Civil War generation.—PHYLLIS SLADE GREGORY, 4911 Newport Ave., Norfolk, Va.

Well written. . . . Done with economy of words, restraint, emotion and beauty of description. . . . But there are too many stories suggested. . . . Too fugitive, too elusive, too fleeting.—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS COSGROVE, 1011 Terrace Blvd., Muskogee, Okla.

This unusual and powerful story is unpleasant. . . . Disappointing.—MATILDA P. GOULDING, 104 N. Main St., Rutland, Vt.

A rather crude piece of melodrama, using the much-abused Civil War as a background for sex in its lowest aspects.—LOIS K. PELTON, 349 Audubon St., New Orleans, La.

When an author makes us see and feel unity such as this, his work is not photography in words; it is art.—HUDSON MACOOMB, 23 Margery Road, Welland, Ont.

The story is no attempt to rouse again indignation. . . . It is simply a restatement of the fact, long recognized, that missionaries are so often more cruel and more stupid than the benighted objects of their zeal.—MRS. T. LOCKWOOD PERRY, Asheville, N. C.

At the first nibble the reader goes under.—LINA GRACE JONES, 904 N. 5th St., Beatrice, Nebr.

Interesting, well written, very impressive story.—PAUL BUCHHOLZ, Prescott, Ariz.

Left me with the vague feeling of understanding a scene without actually seeing it. Was it a story? No: not a story but a painting. Latour, Degas, Manet, Monet . . . surely it was one of the Impressionists. Ah, yes—Renoir. Renoir and his "Moulin de la Galette." . . . Bishop has carried Impressionism into literature with a gusto that bids fair to carry him to the top of this particular school.—CHARLES DEXTER, 403 N. Minnesota Ave., Glendora, Calif.

One mourns the waste when such fine descriptive powers are used as the ballyhoo of a barker before a tent of dancing girls.—HARLAN C. PEARSON, 104 N. State St., Concord, N. H.

This story is an example of the stuff which drives many to confine their reading to mystery novels and pulpwood magazines.—JUDGE CHAS. W. LUSK, Court House, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Excellent in every way.—ETTA M. HEALEY, 403 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I observe a tendency to leap from one theme to another.—LLOYD W. ESHELMAN, Shippensburg, Pa.

Without question . . . a powerful piece of work . . . but disappointing.—EDNA STEVENS, Westmoreland Place, Richmond, Va.

This story is a masterpiece of weaving.—MRS. JESSIE ANDERSON CHASE, 53 Snow Hill St., Boston, Mass.

A true and sympathetic story of the darkest days of Southern history.—MARY P. FLETCHER, 521 Cumberland St., Little Rock, Ark.

(Continued on page 64)

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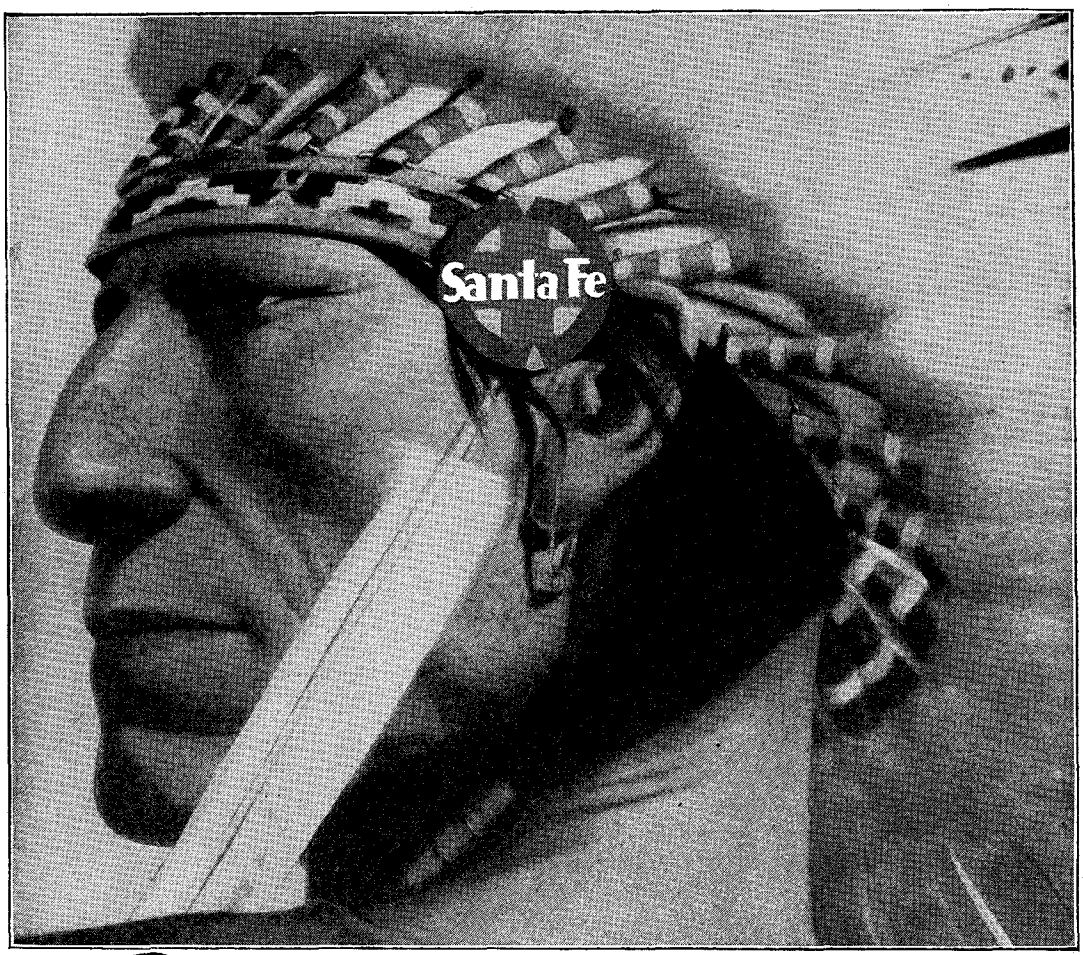

the Chief ... is still chief

Fastest and most exclusive train to Southern California

Warm winter days in the desert and along a sparkling seashore await you in

California and Southern Arizona

Santa Fe "all the way" from Chicago and Kansas City. You leave on the Santa Fe and arrive on the Santa Fe.

All-expense tours on certain dates this winter. . . . Fred Harvey dining service — another distinctive feature.

Hawaii Boat-Train—Through Pullmans leave New York Jan. 20 and Feb. 17, via Santa Fe "Chief" from Chicago a day later, connecting at Los Angeles with L. A. S. S. Co. "City of Los Angeles," sailing Jan. 24 and Feb. 21.

Mail Coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 929 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Please mail folders checked below:

☐ California Picture Book ☐ Arizona Winter ☐ The Indian-detours
☐ California Hotel Rates ☐ All-expense Tours

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

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When men develop NERVES

WATCH YOUR HUSBAND

If your husband is giving too much of himself physically and mentally to his business...consider the virtues of a Winter Cruise via **Red Star** or **White Star Line.** For systematic rest...complete change of scene...nothing can equal an ocean voyage. Wonderful how quickly tired bodies and minds respond to this stimulating treatment! Ocean breezes keen and fresh—sunshine chockful of health! A sea trip is the sovereign cure! Let us tell you about our delightful cruises, described in the unusual booklet, "Watch Your Husband."

WORLD CRUISE of the *Belgenland*, most famous globe-circling liner. From New York, Dec. 15, 133 days. *Red Star Line* in cooperation with American Express Co. $1750 (up), with complete shore program.

MEDITERRANEAN—Four 46-day Cruises by *White Star* liners *Britannic* (new) and *Adriatic*. Jan. 8, 17; Feb. 26, Mar. 7. $695-$750 (up) 1st Class—$420 Tourist 3rd Cabin, both including shore program.

Address your inquiry for descriptive literature and for the booklet, "Watch Your Husband," to Desk N, I. M. M. Company, No. 1 Broadway, New York City.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Authorized Agents Everywhere.

WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT

(Continued from page 62)

THE PRIZE LETTER

First prize in the September Reader Contest was won by Warren Bower, 36 Bank St., New York City. It is possible that Mr. Bishop's story was one which particularly appealed to men. Of the four September prize winners, three were men. In August all four prize winners were women.

Mr. Bower's winning letter follows:

"Many Thousands Gone" is an episodic study of a large and complex situation, the occupation of a Southern town by the Federal Army and its various ensuing results. This is "war material" from a somewhat new angle: the disturbances in the lives of non-combatants by the sudden ingress of soldiers, and the effects of their freedom and license as conquerors upon the soldiers themselves. The incidents selected to carry the story are the humanly important ones, those which dramatize the clash in temperaments, impulses and positions of the townspeople and the troops. The situations are studied for revelations of character under stress of unusual circumstances; significance and universality are thus assured qualities of the theme. The whole is presented in a remarkably even and dispassionate tone, with a cool and detached point of view which the removed time of the action seems to have aided.

The qualities of Mr. Bishop's style augment greatly this effect of detached objectivity. He writes as an observer who is sympathetic with every purpose of every character, understanding the overtones of every situation. A penetration into all the significance of any event is thus secured, but it is presented subtly so that intelligent imagination is demanded of the reader who would apprehend it completely. The sentences possess a marked rhythm that gives the descriptive passages a poetic lift: "Fiery and cool the morning rose, the sun tremendous on the far hills." The style is characterized by both feeling and economy; and the occasional poetic effect is not so striking as to result in "purple passages." One feels only that here is writing distinguished in manner and effect.

The episodic nature of the treatment given the material has not resulted in as complete a unity of interest as might have been possible. There is certain to be among many readers a mild resentment of the jerking back and forth in place and character. Granted that the material and intended scope require the presentation of loosely related characters in different locales, and therefore a continuous thread of story is impossible, yet the author could have made the transitions less noticeable and irksome by the grouping of his action and characters into larger units than he has used. The many breaks in the continuity of the story on the printed page will make the reader notice what he might not resent so much had it been accomplished with fewer shifts of his attention. In the end, of course, the careful reader will form his own synthesis of the threads of story and interest presented him; but the author might have aided even the unusual reader by a settling of his material into larger and more closely related elements.

While not so likely to arouse wide popular interest as the straightforward narrative of "S. S. San Pedro," this story is decidedly worthy of publication because of its unusual subject matter, the deeply sympathetic penetration of the author into his characters, and its high distinction in style.

WARREN BOWER

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A fire company of the 40's examining their new horse drawn engine

Protecting Lives and Property

MUTUAL life insurance companies have outstanding over ninety million policies. Practically everyone who carries any considerable amount of life insurance has one or more mutual policies.

In the field of fire insurance, many strong, seasoned legal reserve companies operating on the same basic mutual principles, offer policyholders all the traditional and tried advantages of the mutual plan of insurance.

Your interest is the sole concern of mutual fire companies. As a policyholder you benefit directly by anything that benefits your company. There are no stockholders in a mutual corporation.

Mutual fire management has effected enormous savings through fire prevention effort; through conservative and economical management.

These savings have been passed on to policyholders in dividends—millions of dollars annually.

Every property owner should inform himself about the operation and principles of mutual fire insurance — its record of 178 years of service —its savings to policyholders.

A booklet will be sent on request. There is, of course, no obligation involved. Address Mutual Fire Insurance, Room 2200-B, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

An Unparalleled Record

75 leading, legal reserve companies under State supervision constitute the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The oldest Federation company was founded in 1752. Five others are more than 100 years old. Of the remaining companies—

9 are between 75 and 100 years old
10 are between 50 and 75 years old
30 are between 25 and 50 years old
20 are between 10 and 25 years old

Mutual Fire Insurance

FEDERATION OF MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

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PRIZE WINNERS
for the September Reader Contest

First Prize: WARREN BOWER, 36 Bank Street, New York City.
Second Prize: STANLEY MAYER, 950 Heberton Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Third Prize: EDWIN LOVERN, Hazard, Ky.
Fourth Prize: MARGARET PAIGE HAZEN, 27 Isabella Street, Boston, Mass.

Honorable Mention

ALICE E. DICKINSON, 32 Richardson Street, Newton, Mass.; MRS. A. D. MILLER, Ruskin, Fla.; E. H. WITHINGTON, Park College, Parkville, Mo.; MARY DEAN, P.O. Box 880, Knoxville, Tenn.; PHYLLIS S. GREGORY, 4911 Newport Avenue, Norfolk, Va.; HUDSOM MACOOMB, 23 Margery Road, Welland, Ont.; MITTIE GRUBER, 1508 Edgewood Place, Louisville, Ky.; OLIVE C. PRIMROSE, 50 Forest Hill Road, Toronto, Canada; MRS. JESSIE A. CHASE, 53 Snowhill Street, Boston, Mass.; MRS. SCOTT GRAHAM, Altamont, Kans.; MARION SHEFFIELD, 40 Park Street, Northampton, Mass.; FRANCIS C. URIDGE, 325 North Macomb Street, Monroe, Mich.; LEWIS SASSE II, 1312 East Luzerne Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; K. PHILIP FREDERICK, P.O. Box 71, Long Beach, Calif.; INEZ B. RYAN, 713 19th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; LUCRETIA H. FERGUSON, 29 Ripley Place, Buffalo, N. Y.; G. D. MacKay, 60 State Street, Caledonia, N. Y.; GLADYS A. KOENIG, 9 Franklin Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.; RUTH M. DENNIS, 300 South Prairie Street, Whitewater, Wis.; ARTHUR M. MILLER, McIlhenny Road, Redlands, Calif.; ADA MIXON, 1499 Irving Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; MRS. FRANK R. HUTTON, 116 East Washington Street, Greensboro, N. C.; MRS. H. M. WEST, 765 South Pasadena Avenue, Pasadena, Calif.

THERE was intense excitement in the second reader's contest. Letters poured in, the office force was swamped and everybody was happy. The replies came from nearly every State and many from foreign countries, which is remarkable considering the short time allowed. And they were astonishingly fine critical estimates of the story—"Many Thousands Gone." We can never get done remarking on that fact. In an age when American thought is accused of triviality, we find a wide audience which not only reads good literature, but knows what makes it bad or good, and can get those opinions down on paper in a striking manner.

If you haven't been taking part, "Hard Wood," by Mr. Burnett, in this issue is an excellent story to start with. It has many sharply etched characters and many episodes. There is no end to the comments which can be made on it. As a pastime for a winter evening there is nothing to equal these readers' contests. We suggest that you join the fun.

READER CONTEST
for November

THE contest for November is on "Hard Wood," the long story by W. R. Burnett, which leads this issue. For the best criticism of not more than 500 words (it *must* be within that limit), the following prizes are offered:

November Prizes

First Prize	$25
Second Prize	$15
Third Prize	$ 5
Fourth Prize	$ 5

These letters are to be an editorial criticism, just as if you were an assistant editor giving an opinion on a manuscript for the guidance of the editor. What are the good points? Bad points? Is it well handled? Well written? Well developed? Is it a good theme? Could it have been bettered? Would you have selected it?

All letters must *reach* our office not later than noon, November 15. We have purposely made this time short. Editorial decision must be made promptly; contestants will desire the same conditions. No correspondence can be entered into about the reader contest. No manuscripts can be returned. Winners will be announced in the January issue. Address all answers to:

Reader Contest
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York City

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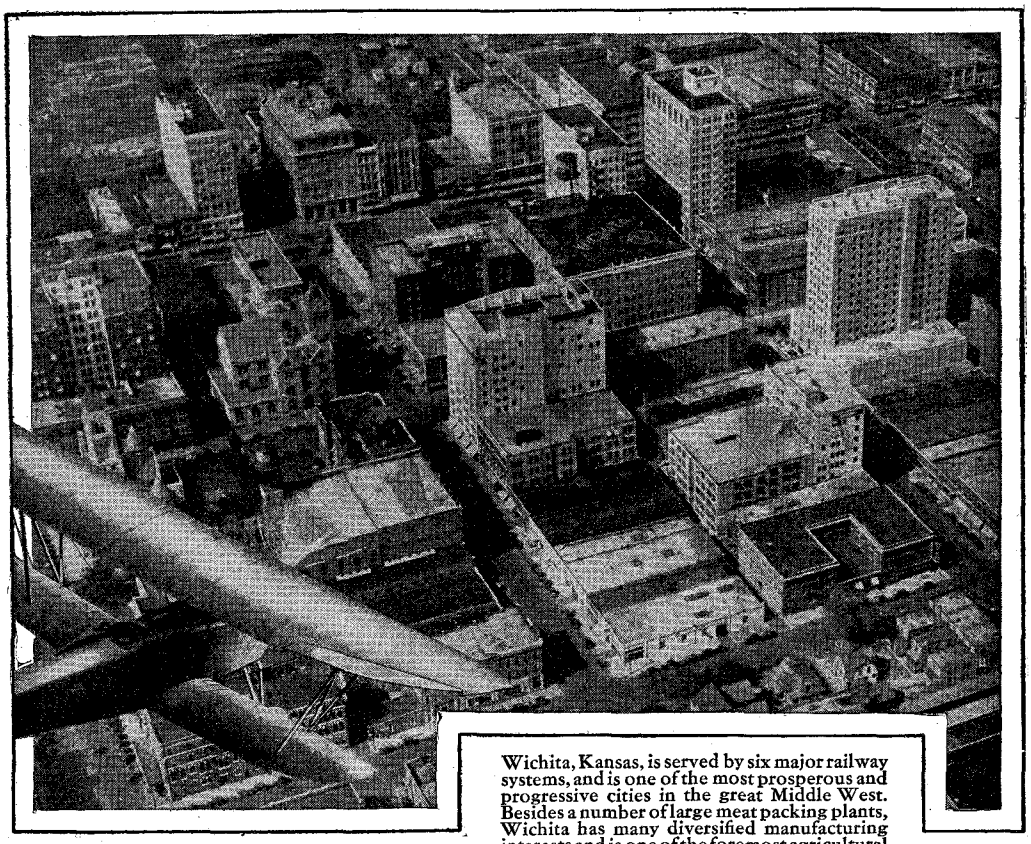
An airplane tour of the communities served by the operating properties of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



Wichita, Kansas, is served by six major railway systems, and is one of the most prosperous and progressive cities in the great Middle West. Besides a number of large meat packing plants, Wichita has many diversified manufacturing interests and is one of the foremost agricultural centers of the United States as well as the hub of mid-western commercial aircraft activities.

THE Wichita Water Company is one of many successful operating public utility companies owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company. It has supplied the growing population of this Kansas metropolis for many years with its most essential public service. One of the forty-three seasoned operating water companies in the diversified American Water Works and Electric System of electric, water and other utilities, the Wichita property is constantly adding to the sound values behind its own and the parent corporation's securities.

Send for booklet descriptive of the business and securities of our water companies.

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

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Bonds are becoming popular again. Institutions are buying great quantities of "legal" issues and the general investor is finding the higher bearing issues not only a fine speculation but an admirable investment in the midst of falling commodity prices.

Bonds—A Venture in Purchasing Power

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

If you like a speculative tang in your security holdings, there are those in Wall Street at this writing who will suggest that you buy some bonds. The bond market as a rule is an unlikely place to look for speculative opportunities, but speculation in this case does not mean the possible gain or loss of money, for the essence of the proposition is that you must buy safe bonds and take no money risks whatever. The speculative factor has to do, not with money itself, but with what money will buy—its purchasing power.

This is the situation: If there is to be a protracted decline of commodity prices, if the lowered values of many basic materials such as grain, rubber, cotton, and metals are to be finally translated into proportionately lower prices for the finished articles which we all buy, then the value of a fixed dollar income will be correspondingly increased. With no more money in our pockets we shall have more of the things which money is spent for. Instead of a greater cash income we shall have a greater goods income, which after all is the only sensible way of measuring material well-being.

For several years the argument was the other way about. Rising commodity prices and their corollary, the dollar's declining purchasing power, dictated the advisability of putting money into stocks which would tend to increase in price and to pay larger dividends. The alternatives as between bonds and stocks are not so simple as they look, however, for commodity prices were declining during much of the recent period of matchless corporate prosperity. Industries made money and paid larger dividends on falling commodity markets, possibly because they were able to cut their production costs in other directions even faster than the rate at which commodities were declining. But corporate earnings during the present year have fallen, on the average, 30 per cent below those of the same months last year, coincident with the drastic breaks in commodity prices. The argument on purchasing power can now be switched with aptitude and with some regard for the probabilities to fixed-income securities.

Opportunities exist for the bond buyer—provided goods continue to grow cheaper—because of the marked split which has developed between bonds of the highest grade, in which savings-banks, insurance companies and other institutional buyers are permitted to invest their funds, and those of the second rank which may be perfectly sound and safe but which do not qualify for institutions regulated by law. High-grade investments have advanced in price until their yield—4½ per cent and less—offers little attraction to the individual buyer. But non-legals offer returns from 5½ to 6½ per cent.

Behind this divergence between the legals and the non-legals lies a phenomenon which is deeply interesting, not only in its financial aspects but because it throws some light on human nature and human practice, as far as money is concerned. On the financial side the basic fact to consider is the enormous mass of dollar obligations or dollar contracts which exist in the United States. There are billions upon billions of them. The life-insurance companies in this country recently celebrated the point at which their outstanding policies passed the hundred-billion-dollar mark. That is the value which the American public, thus far, has set upon its collective life and its individual chance of survival.

Savings deposits in banks of all classes amount to more than $28,000,000,000. Until the stock-market craze infected the savings depositors last year, there had been an annual increase in these savings running from one to more than two bil-

(Continued on page 72)

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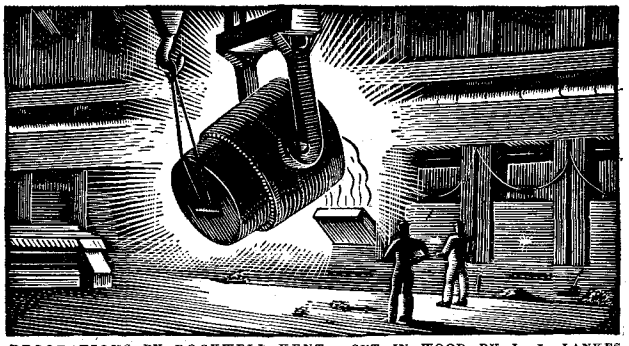
Selecting . . Industrial Investments



DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT . CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES

EIGHT years from 1919 to 1927 witnessed an increase in the horsepower used in manufacture of more than 9,500,000 and the annual value of manufactured products in 1927 was more than $718,000,000 above that for 1919. During the same period, however, there was a decrease in manufacturing establishments of more than 22,000.

During this period of great industrial expansion, many investors reaped an immense and virtually unparalleled profit, while others, less fortunate or less accurately informed, made no profit or suffered an actual loss.

In the year 1927, when the total of manufactured products was more than $62,718,000,000, nine of the sixteen "billion dollar" industries showed an actual decrease in production under 1925. Even in the industries showing the greatest loss, however, some companies showed a decided gain, both in production and in profits.

Interpretation of these figures shows the need of constant supervision of industrial investments. For while the gains have continued and will continue, the leaders of one period are not necessarily the leaders of another.

United Founders Corporation has in its consolidated portfolio many industrial securities. Through American Founders Corporation, it has a statistical and economic organization built up over a period of years. Through this organization, United Founders is able to study important investment situations and to maintain supervision over its industrial and other holdings.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the sixth of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

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(Continued from page 70)

lions of dollars since 1919. There are other great masses of accumulated capital, such as the aggregate of trust funds and the 8,000,000,000 or more held by the building and loan associations, but since these accumulations are not directly related to bonds they may be omitted from this discussion.

Two fundamental facts stand out about the savings-banks and the life-insurance companies, which set them apart from most moneyed institutions. First of all, the funds intrusted to them must be safe, for they partake of the nature of fiduciary funds. And second, these institutions are under no obligation to make profits, for they have merely contracted to pay over a certain number of dollars of policyholders and depositors, and when they have assured these payments and set aside a modest percentage as dividends, their whole duty is done.

Institutions of this type, then—those which conserve wealth and do not strive for profits—find in bonds and similar fixed-term obligations the ideal medium for the investment of their reserves. Savings-banks can invest in little besides bonds. At the end of last year the life-insurance companies had $1,330,000,000 invested in government bonds and more than $6,000,000,000 in bonds and stocks of all kinds—mostly bonds. The bonds which the savings-banks and insurance companies may buy are carefully prescribed by law. These are the bonds—the legals, so called—which have been in active demand, while the non-legals have behaved in such sluggish fashion, relatively, that they now afford attractive yields and furnish the basis for that speculative venture in the cost of living referred to above.

As for the human and personal side of this picture, it need only be pointed out that a lively and advancing bond market has in the past been one of the natural stages in the business cycle, beginning at a time when trade was at a low ebb and continuing until business was again active. The explanation was that money for which no profitable use could be found in business was sluiced into bonds, and sluiced out again when it became more profitable to employ it in trade. On the present occasion this has not occurred, or has occurred on such a small scale as to excite comment and debate.

What has been the trouble with the bond market? One is tempted to ask whether the public has delegated to the savings-banks and insurance companies the obligation of providing against a rainy day, and is still persuaded that the stock market with its possibilities of big profits is the best place to use any surplus funds that may be left after in-

(Continued on page 74)

Have you ever thought

HOW CHEAP ELECTRICITY REALLY IS

and how hard it would be to get along without it?

THE average American family uses 10c worth of electricity a day. For the average family

10c buys the food for only 1 hour
10c pays the rent for only 1½ hours
but
10c buys the electricity for 24 hours

Residential customers of the Associated System are more and more realizing the economy, comfort and convenience of using electricity freely. During the year ended June 30, 1930 they used 10.4% more than during the previous year.

To invest or for information, write to

Associated Gas and Electric System

61 Broadway — New York City

Serving 1 in 27 residential electric customers in the United States and its possessions and 1 in 32 residential gas customers

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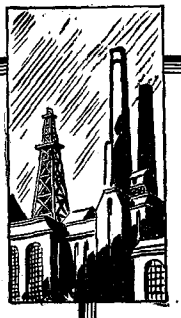
$6,350 *invested in 100 Shares of* CITIES SERVICE COMMON STOCK *on January 1, 1911* ***has grown to***

$230,000

(as of September 2, 1930)



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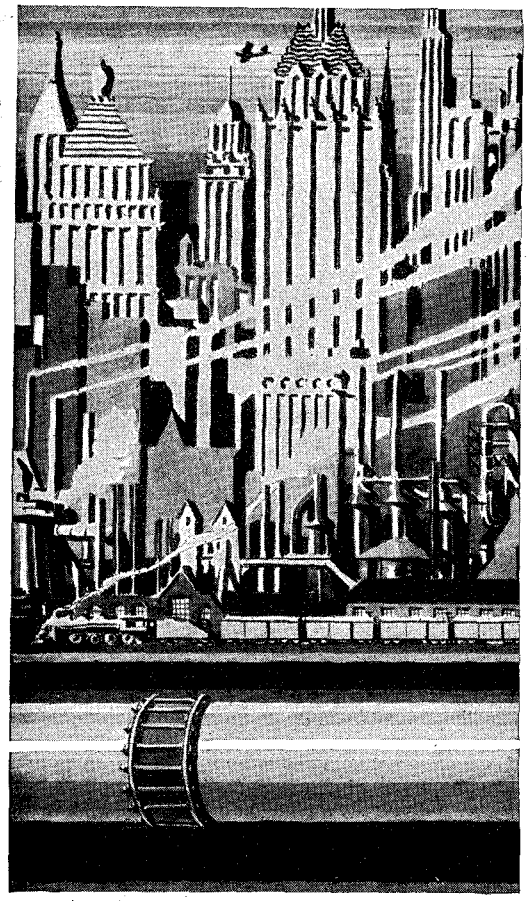

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(Continued from page 72)

surance premiums and savings deposits are provided for. Or has the public, with its eye on money rather than on what money will buy, merely failed to grasp the possibility of speculating in the cost of living by buying bonds and holding for a fall in commodity prices, as a substitute for buying stocks and holding for a rise in stock prices?

Whatever the explanation, there is a tendency for bonds to assume, more and more, a functional and official place in our financial scheme, while their popularity as investments declines. There is the case of foreign bonds, which we had been buying at an average rate of nearly a billion and a half per year up to 1929, and of which we bought only $600,000,000 last year. These are material for the private investor and for the non-regulated institution, but financiers are beginning to see in them a larger usefulness as chips in settling adverse international balances accumulated on account of trade, debt payments or the like. Instead of shipping gold, which upsets the money markets, the time is envisioned when we will merely ship foreign securities—international I. O. U.'s—back and forth across the border. All this, of course, provided our people can be persuaded to put their money into these obligations in large volume.

In our own official banking structure government bonds play a far larger part than merely as convenient investments for the idle funds of banks. The Federal Reserve banks now own more than $600,000,000 of United States government obligations. This is just so much Federal Reserve credit set afloat in the money markets, so much private money set free for other purposes. It helps to make money easy. But a time may come when these $600,000,000 may make money extremely tight. For if Wall Street should go on another speculative spree, if the Reserve authorities should disapprove of it and wish to check it, those government bond holdings could easily become the winning point in the argument. Thrown on the market at a time when all available funds were needed to finance stock speculation, they could drain money away from stocks and halt the rise in prices. Such holdings are standard ammunition with which the central banks may enforce their control of the money market at need.

As long as banks and insurance companies have outstanding dollar liabilities which are best safeguarded by corresponding dollar assets in the form of bonds, no one need worry over the possible disappearance of bonds as an investment medium. More than that, it seems reasonable to suppose that the strength of the high-grade issues may in the course of time make itself felt in those of second rank. Already there are some indica-

(Continued on page 76)

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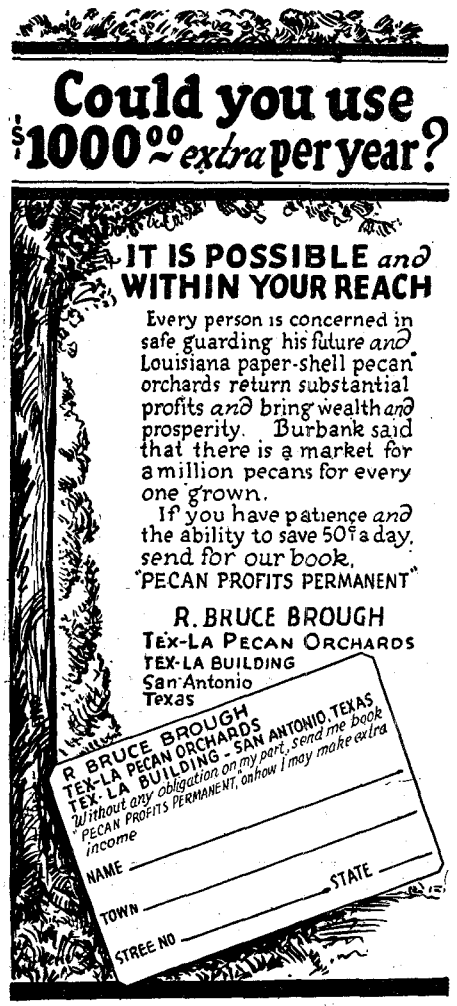
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(Continued from page 74)

tions that this is taking place. Certainly it would be anomalous for bond yields to remain at their present relatively high level if commodity prices go into a long-continued decline. Such a situation would be equivalent to giving a bonus of purchasing power to the bond dollar as against the earned dollar. The disparity could not long exist.

Apart from questions as to commodity prices and current yields, it should be obvious that bonds have an essential function in the programme of every investor. They have a quality of knowableness which is wholly lacking in even the best common stocks. The investor has reasonable assurance of obtaining a certain number of dollars from his bonds, whereas he cannot tell how many dollars his stocks will pay.

Diversification, or the spreading of the risk, is one of the fundamental and almost threadbare axioms of sound investment practice. Diversification among industries, among localities, among stocks and bonds: each one provides a useful hedge against the unforeseeable. The more uncertain the business outlook, the greater the need for introducing an increasing element of certainty into the individual's deposit box. If this point of view gains ground among investors, some of the present uncertainties about the bond market may be removed in a convincing way.

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There are Babbitts in Bavaria

Herr Feuchtwanger Disgorges a Great Historical Novel of the Post-War Decade—A Posthumous Allegory of Uncertain Import—M. Morand's True Impressions of a Crowded Island—Expedition into the Interior by M. Chappell, and Dogs by Mr. Held.

BY R. E. SHERWOOD

SUCCESS, BY LION FEUCHTWANGER.
The Viking Press. $3.

IN his "Three Masters," Stefan Zweig has regretted that Germany has produced no encyclopædic novelists comparable to Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoevski; but there is every prospect that he will have to retract that lament. The novel is now flourishing in Germany. From the various inflations of the pre-war, war and post-war periods giants are emerging, and the most formidable of them in my opinion is Lion Feuchtwanger.

Reading Herr Feuchtwanger's colossal work, "Success," one is annoyed for a time by its apparent irrelevancies, the bewildering numbers of characters who are strewn through its pages (even the author forgets and mixes up their names), the masses of statistics, the conscious attempt to treat the past decade as ancient history. (For instance: when an inconsequential tennis champion is introduced, it is explained that tennis was at that time a popular game played with ball and racket.) There is also a tendency to imitate certain literary tricks which are characteristic of, if not originated by, Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. But any momentary annoyances are submerged in the swollen currents of wisdom, of honesty, of bitterness and of optimism that Herr Feuchtwanger has poured into this prodigious volume.

"Success" is the first modern novel by the author of those crowded and somewhat dreary tapestries, "Jew Süss" ("Power") and "The Ugly Duchess." It is modern in the most desirable sense of the word, which is to say that it is enlightened. It is the work of a civilized man who combines a scholarly knowledge of the past (with which goes a sense of detachment) with a shrewd, journalistic understanding of the present. Furthermore, for all its seven hundred and eighty-one closely packed pages, and its frequent philosophical, economic and sociological digressions, it is remarkably easy to read. All of it is alive.

Herr Feuchtwanger explains that "No single figure in this book actually existed . . . but they did exist in their totality." Many of the characters are instantly recognizable even to one who knows little about Bavarian politics. The tennis champion, the mad artist, the madder General Vesemann, and above all the preposterous leader of the True Germans' Ku Klux Klan, Rupert Kutzner, are presented in actually photographic portraits.

In the brief biography of the author, printed on the jacket of "Success," it is said, "Having finished this novel, he has set out with his wife in his American motor-car for a tour of warmer countries, to be gone for not less than a year." In view of the recent recrudescence of Rudolf Hitler and the K. K. K. in Germany, Herr Feuchtwanger has made a smart move.

THE CASTLE, BY FRANZ KAFKA.
Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This posthumous novel indicates that its author was a fine stylist, but one whose obsessions led him into the tortuous by-paths of bewilderment. Perhaps he was wiser than his literary executors when he requested that his manuscripts be burned rather than published after his death. Perhaps he knew, as they didn't, that he was still far, far from saying that which he passionately wanted to say.

"The Castle" is the story of a man's futile, befuddled and ultimately vain striving toward a goal the nature of which he could not comprehend and about which, despite his persistent efforts, he

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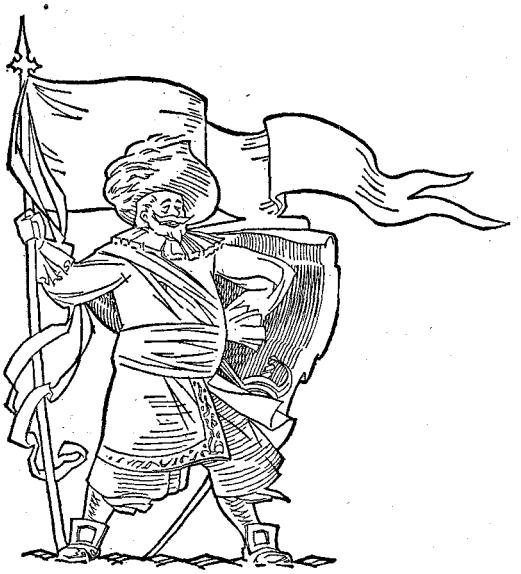

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(Continued from page 21)

could obtain nothing but the most confusing information.

Every one may place his own interpretation on this disturbing, enchanted allegory. Max Brod, who was Kafka's friend and executor, says in an additional note that the obscure goal—the Castle—is heaven itself. If this is so, then it is surely the most thoroughly snobbish heaven ever conceived, and it is small wonder that Kafka, though fascinated and awed by it, recoiled from it and couldn't bring himself to admit its identity.

For their rendering of Kafka's beautiful prose into English much honor is due to the translators, Edwin and Willa Muir, who also deserve tribute for their translation of "Success."

NEW YORK, BY PAUL MORAND.
Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Last year in Paris I happened to call at an office which was occupied by an Englishman, and I saw on the wall a huge panoramic photograph of New York's sky-line. "That's my stimulus," said the Englishman. "Whenever I feel a bit slackish, especially after a good lunch, and I'm contemplating the extreme desirability of knocking off for the day, I gaze intently at that picture and say to myself, in a firm tone, 'New York—hustle—riveting machines—cocktails—thunder storms—New York—New York . . .' And magically I am fired with ambition, impelled to action, grimly determined to do Big Things, to wade in and make Big Money."

It is that spirit—more prevalent in Europe than one would think—which Paul Morand has captured with great success in his "New York." He writes: "In the course of history, Mother Europe has sent to New York the children she wanted to punish—for being Huguenots or Quakers, poor or Jewish, or simply for being younger sons. She thought she was shutting them up in a dark closet, and it turned out to be the jam cupboard."

As that quotation would indicate, M. Morand's book is a brilliant and appreciative study of one of the most spectacular subjects that exist on earth to-day. He has entered upon his work with undisguised relish, and although he admits, and rightly, that "it takes several months to appreciate the damply diffused grandeur of London—it needs a few weeks to catch the dry charm of Paris—but let yourself be taken to the middle of Brooklyn Bridge at dusk and you will understand New York in fifteen seconds," he has not been sparing in his efforts to know the whole, obvious town, from the first Jew-fish in the Aquarium to the last torch-singer in Harlem.

This is almost the best book that has ever been

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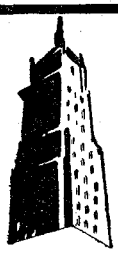

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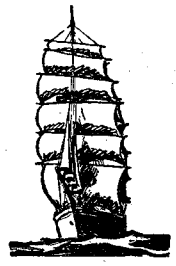

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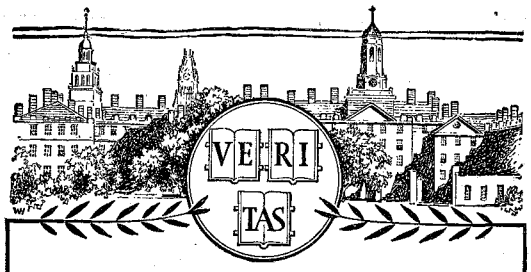

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(Continued from page 22)

written by a European about America—and those who say that New York is anything but that are urged to pay heed to the observations of the sage and witty M. Morand.

THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL, BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL.
Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $2.

Mr. Chappell has given vent to some loudly funny volumes in his time, but this one is the loudest and funniest of all. "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera" is a tale of exploration and adventure, into the Oral Cavern, through the Œsophagus, into the Lumbar country where dwell the capricious Heeby-Geebies, and so on south toward the Ultimate Goal of Human Endeavor. It was an expedition conceived originally by Robert Benchley, who, however, never penetrated farther than the Uvula because he found conditions "pretty unpleasant" below there.

The only way to suggest the reader's response to "Through the Alimentary Canal" is by use of that homely old Victorian phrase, "belly laughter."

DOG STORIES, BY JOHN HELD, JR.
The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

A really beautiful book has been made of John Held's "Dog Stories." The reproduction of the drawings is exquisite, and even the pages of solid type are supremely gratifying to the eye. The content deserves such expert presentation. The delicacy of the illustrations is balanced by the crude vigor of the text, which has a great simplicity, forthrightness and hefty native humor.

The stories of the Scotty who dwelt among the raffish younger married set, and of the Broadway butterfly's Pekinese, deserve to be mentioned in the same sentence with "The Bar Sinister," of blessed memory.

THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE, BY JOHN RIDDELL. *Scribner's.* $2.—Corey Ford parodies the best selling writers with so much pertinence as well as wit, that those affected show signs of plaintiveness, soothed only by the reassurances of the loyal, chuckling public.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE, BY FRANK BUCK WITH EDWARD ANTHONY. *Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.—Exhilarating, vigorous chapters concerning the capture and shipment of wild animals for zoos and circuses. As absorbing as the circus itself, but by no means juvenile.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COUNTRY, BY MARIETTA MINNEGERODE ANDREWS. *Dutton.* $3.50.—With charming casualness, Mrs. Andrews tells of the plantations, families, courthouses and churches of Virginia, carrying the reader North on her tour, to witness contrasts and resemblances. Full of real Southern flavor.

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NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Bertha E. Mahony

(Continued from page 24)

To help in the almost impossible task of representing from the fall's output of books for young people those most worthy of mention in a short article, the reviewer has determined to apply to her reading of them the measuring stick of dynamic strength and sincerity, and to record the resulting impressions.

We will begin then with a book which in the year 1930 is as momentous as was "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" in the year 1920—Anne Parrish's "Floating Island" (Harper, $3) with pictures by the author and Mr. Doll. It is the story of the Doll Family shipwrecked upon a tropical desert island in their house—or rather out of their house. The Doll House with the family, all carefully packed in a box were en route from the toy shop to a little girl in a far-away land, perhaps India, when the "Pride of the Waves" went down. The condition in which Mr. and Mrs. Doll finally found themselves and their house on the island; how William, Annabel, Baby and Dinah the Cook were found; how the family lived on the island and made friends with Crabs, Fishes and Monkeys make a story which combines some of the fascination of "Robinson Crusoe," the surprises of "Swiss Family Robinson" and the humor of "Alice." For fun—full and brimming over—read "The Floating Island."

There is fun for everybody too in Leslie Brooke's picture book inspired by Robert Charles's poem in *Punch*—"A Roundabout Turn" (Warne, $1.50). A Toad that lived on Albury Heath wanted to see the world. The Heath was flat, and the world he'd heard was round. One day a merry-go-round came to the Heath. Toad thought it was the world. Some one put him on a horse and there he rode all day and staggered home through the grass at night a dizzy, weary Toad.

> "Is the world really round, dear?"
> "Round," he said, "my word!
> . . . . . .
> Roundest place I ever was in!
> . . . . . .
> But it's rather a giddy place, I think.
> Give me a drop of the dew to drink,
> And give me the Heath, it's *flat!*"

Every person of letters will remember that when the Owl and the Pussycat arrived in their pea-green boat at the land where the Bong Tree grows, "a piggy-wig with a ring in the end of his nose" greeted them. "Little Pig Robinson" in Beatrix Potter's new book (McKay, $2) is that same little pig and "The Tale" tells of his early life in a Devonshire village and how he came to be where he was—a chuckling story with some of the author's most delightful drawings.

In "Emil and the Detectives" (Doubleday, $2), both Erich Kästner the author and May Massee, who translated the story so genially from the German, had a good time, so the reader is doubly sure of pleasure. To boys and girls this will be the exciting story of Emil's pursuit and capture of the men who stole his money as Emil slept on the train bound for Berlin. He was taking 120 marks as a gift to his grandmother and he has besides 20 marks for himself. Money did not come easily to Emil and his mother. He felt he must catch the thief—and he did with the help of Gustav and his friends.

There is fun of a different kind—and oh so much *gusto*—in Arthur Mason's "The Wee Men of Ballywooden" (Doubleday, $2.50). When the big wind of Irish imagination and fancy blows about a little boy as he sits before a turf fire, and continues to blow through him as a brawny sailor, you get an indescribable book such as "The Wee Men" and the second story "Coggelty-Curry." This story-telling of Mr. Mason's is an instinctive thing, a thing of the blood and of temperament. It has humor, beauty of imagery and of words and strange adventures of tiny folk. It is not for everybody, but for those who like it it comes close to being music.

In Elizabeth Coatsworth's "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" (Macmillan, $2.50) there is beauty, too—beauty of thought and of style. Within the simple story of a poor Japanese artist painting a picture of the death of Buddha for the temple, Miss Coatsworth has set the story of Buddha's life and the legends of animals who sacrificed themselves for Buddha. She has made our sympathy and interest in the artist and the little cat "Good Fortune" so great, however, that the story is a closely knit whole. Lynd Ward has made just such soft-brush pictures of the animals as a Japanese artist would paint on silk.

The outstanding picture book of the year is

(Continued on page 28)

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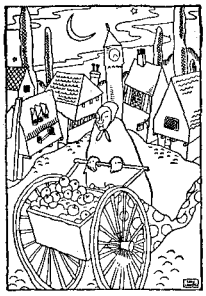
We Selected These Books for Your Boy and Girl This Christmas—

From our finest list in 49 years of publishing.



The TWILIGHT of MAGIC

By Hugh Lofting

A glamorous tale of the Middle Ages in England by the creator of "Doctor Dolittle." A delightfully original story, altogether different from any of his previous books in subject and style, but like them in quality and charm. *Illustrated by Lois Lenski. $2.50*

TIMOTHY AND THE BLUE CART

By Elinor Whitney

Real country and real fun are in this story of three children and their summer on Holiday Hill. *Illustrated. $1.50*

GRANDMOTHER'S COOKY JAR

By Helen Fuller Orton

The story of three everlastingly cooky-hungry children and their lovable old-fashioned grandmother. *Illustrated $1.50*

FRAWG

By Annie Vaughan Weaver

Afterword by Hugh Lofting

The delightfully funny everyday adventures of a little Alabama colored boy. *Illustrated. $1.50*

JIMMY FLIES

By Dorothy Heiderstadt

The story of a little boy's first ride in a real airplane. *Profusely illustrated. $1.00*

THERE WAS MAGIC IN THOSE DAYS

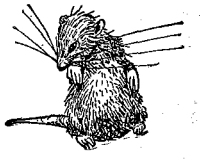
By Norreys Jephson O'Conor

A fairy tale drawn from ancient Celtic lore and retold for modern children. *Illustrated. $2.00*

TALES TOLD IN HAWAII

By Berta Metzger

Folk-tales of Hawaii that have been told under grass roofs and tropic moons for centuries. *Illustrated. $1.25*



JUDY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

By Judy Acheson

A little girl's own story of her three interest-crowded years in Constantinople. *Illustrated. $1.75*

WHEN THE ROOT CHILDREN WAKE UP

Sibylle V. Olfers' long-famous German picture book, with English text by Helen Dean Fish. *Beautiful full-color illustrations. $1.50*

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JUNIOR BOOKS

For Every Age—Young or Old

THE WEE MEN OF BALLYWOODEN

by Arthur Mason. Illustrations by Robert Lawson. $2.50

"This is a fine book, a rare book, full of fun and fantasy; rainbows, big winds, wee flowers, juicy Irish humor, and the unpretending wisdom of life. It is enough to make the sourest skeptic 'believe in fairies.' The pictures are as wonderful as the text. Nobody but an Irishman could have written it; and nobody at all could have written it in better English. Danny O'Fay and his donkey are as real as peat and as good as gold. To read the book is like having a holiday in fairyland."

(*signed*) HENRY VAN DYKE.

PICTURE BOOKS—*All distinguished for beauty of design and color*

THE ARK OF FATHER NOAH AND MOTHER NOAH

as seen by Maud and Miska Petersham. The nicest Noah's Ark picture book. $2.00

LIANG AND LO

by Kurt Wiese. About two small Chinamen and a water buffalo and a dragon. $1.50

ANGUS AND THE DUCKS

written and illustrated by Marjorie Flack. A Scottie who was curious and what it did to him. $1.00

BABY BEAR

by Hamilton Williamson. Pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. Bimba was his name and he loved honey. $ .75

LITTLE ELEPHANT

by Hamilton Williamson. Pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. Jummy the jungle baby. $ .75

Junior Books

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, Inc.

Garden City, N. Y.

(Continued from page 26)

"The Painted Pig" (Knopf, $2), by Mrs. Dwight Morrow with pictures by Count René D'Harnoncourt, who has the famous collection of Mexican toys. Mrs. Morrow's story tells simply and humorously of the effort to buy a painted pig for Pedro like Pita's. The children go again and again to Old Pancho the toymaker who urges them to buy every other kind of toy until in despair Pedro tries to make one for himself. And then at last one fine day Pancho has the painted pig for them. Books about Mexico have been few but this year there are six: "Made in Mexico" (Knopf, $2), the best kind of introduction to the country, showing how important a part of every-day life art is in a land where the Indians make and everybody uses beautiful things. Mrs. Susan Smith, the author of "Made in Mexico" (Minton, $2.50), has also written a delicate fantasy of the toys, "Tranquilina's Paradise" (Minton, $2.50), for which Thomas Handforth has made clever decorative line drawings. There are in addition "The Talking Bird" (Macmillan, $2), by Miss Purnell, a collection of Aztec folk tales familiar to Mexican children; another picture book, "Pancho and his Burro" (Morrow, $2), with simple text describing one day in the life of a Mexican brother and sister, by Zhenya and Jan Gay; and last, "The Adventures of Luisa" (Dutton, $2), a geographical reader presented in story form through the eyes of a doll by Winifred James.

In the field of imaginative books new so far as young people of to-day are concerned is Miss Anne Carroll Moore's selection of stories from Washington Irving, "The Bold Dragoon and Other Ghostly Tales" (Knopf, $2). This book not only has the atmosphere of strange and eerie doings often connected with search for buried treasure but also the atmosphere of the old great days of the Dutch on Manhattan and up the Hudson. This is the second delightful Irving book revived by the ideal partnership of Miss Moore as editor and James Daugherty as illustrator.

Among realistic stories, "Red Horse Hill" (Harcourt, $2.50), by Stephen Meader, brings New Hampshire to the fore in a memorable story—a real addition to the literature of New England. Surely much of this book must be the author's own boyhood. Only the long inward contemplation—like gazing through a telescope into childhood memories—could produce so limpidly clear a story with power so moving. A homeless boy of character and courage, his dog, a New Hampshire couple of genuine kindness, a beautiful young horse; hostility and plots inspired by mean spirit and rivalry, both in horses and land; the boy's

(Continued on page 30)

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The Small and Tall Man

Written and Illustrated by Jack Tinker

Mr. Tink drank a bottle of magic . . . and shrank to the size of a radish! Later he grew a thousand feet tall. Magic gave him an exciting time! 12 *illustrations in full color and many black and white drawings: hand-lettered text.* $1.00

Pinocchio

By C. Collodi

Here is the mischievous marionette who burns his wooden feet, stretches his nose by lying, and is swallowed by a fish. A classic of madcap fun. 10 *color plates and decorative linings by Jack Tinker.* $2.50

Tales of a Grandmother

By George Sand

Translated by Margaret Bloom

Clopinet, who grew wings; Queen Coax, the big green frog; Miquel and the giant Yeous; the veiled lady of Pictordu; and the girl who spun clouds! Translated for the first time. 12 *color plates and many illustrations.* $2.50

Tales from Norse Mythology

Retold and Illustrated by Katharine Pyle

Thrill of Norse gods and giants! How the gods built Asgard; Idun's magic apples; Thor and his hammer; Loki's tricks. 25 favorites, charmingly retold. 8 *Illustrations in full color by Miss Pyle.* $3.00

Sky Riders

By E. Keble Chatterton

Once more Captain Harwood and his two friends ride the air—fighting a treacherous foe. 4 *Illustrations.* $1.75

STORIES ALL CHILDREN LOVE

Hubert the Happy

By Ella Shannon Bowles

How Hubert saved Lady Jonquile's falcon, was captured by Sned, the One-Eyed, saw Mele and the gold chain, and found his heritage at the great joust. *Illustrated by Lyle Justis.* $1.75

Gulliver's Travels

By Jonathan Swift

New edition, with 8 illustrations in color by Sherman Cooke. $1.50

The Cuckoo Clock

By Mrs. Molesworth

New edition, with 8 illustrations in color by Sherman Cooke. $1.50

Merridy Road

By Jane Abbott

The story of Dicket Farth and her friendships. A fine plot—told with distinction and charm. 4 *Illustrations.* $2.00

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Good Books for Boys and Girls

A Roundabout Turn

Robert H. Charles
with drawings in line and color by
L. LESLIE BROOKE
$1.50

"It was a joy to come upon it . . . a real artist able to fashion a book that will entertain grown-ups as well as children for years to come, if its history is anything like that of its predecessors."—*Anne Carroll Moore, in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

The books referred to by Miss Moore are:
The Nursery Rhyme Book. $2.50
The House in the Wood. $2.25
Nonsense Songs (Lear). $3.50
Johnny Crow's Garden. $1.75
Johnny Crow's Party. $1.75
The Golden Goose Book. $3.00
Ring o' Roses (Nursery rhymes). $3.00
The Tailor and the Crow. $1.00

All are illustrated by Leslie Brooke and all are published by Frederick Warne, publishers of charming books for children for over fifty years. All are procurable from your bookseller.

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381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

RED SHOES

Katharine Ellis Barrett

A SMALL boy's thoughts go wandering. Pen and ink drawings accompany the verses and help to make of the whole a delightful gift book for children.

$1.50

THE WOMANS PRESS
600 Lexington Avenue New York

(Continued from page 28)

winning of the race and gaining of his property—these are the elements of the story.

Miss Eliza Orne White's "The Green Door" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50) will be read and enjoyed by any age because of its clearly drawn grown-ups and young people and its true picture of every-day life in the family of the high school principal who come from the Middle West to settle in a small New England city. The lively little girl who resembles her father in her love of beauty and her natural warm spontaneity, the common-sense, prudent, executive mother, and the fine daughter of high school age, their nice brother, the new friends they make, the good times they have and the farm they finally buy in New Hampshire, all contribute to the success of the story.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney put much of the life of New Hampshire in the seventies into her stories "Odd or Even," "Home Spun Tales," "Ascutney Street," and "Hitherto." It is natural enough therefore that this should be the scene of her granddaughter Elinor Whitney's "Timothy and the Blue Cart" (Stokes, $1.50), a book so thoroughly imbued with place and people that it will be enjoyed not only by children seven to twelve who read for the good times Polly, Patsy and Poddy had one summer with nice old Benjamin Jolly and his chestnut horse Timothy, but also by grown-ups who know the New Hampshire highlands and enjoy re-living the atmosphere as reproduced quietly and truly in this book.

Eric Kelly, who won the Newbery Medal in 1928 for "The Trumpeter of Krakow," and Agnes Danforth Hewes, author of "Boy of the Lost Crusade" and "Swords on the Sea," are two writers of outstanding ability stirred by somewhat the same forces—a passionate interest in a certain trail of history. Both have lived in a foreign land—Eric Kelly in Poland, Mrs. Hewes in Syria. Mr. Kelly's trail is Polish History. "The Trumpeter" was an exposition of Polish culture in the period of 1462. His book new this fall, "The Blacksmith of Vilno" (Macmillan, $2.50)—time 1832—is an exposition of Polish poetry. Against the background of Russian oppression, the destruction of farms and towns, and the fleeing of hundreds into exile, runs the theme of the royal crown—that crown upon which Poland's fate was by legend believed to depend.

Mrs. Hewes's trail is the effect of trade upon history. In her 1930 book, "Spice and the Devil's Cave" (Knopf, $2.50), she is concerned with Lisbon, and the spice trade. Portugal longs for fame and prowess. Her harbors are thronged with ships from all over the world. The Arabs control the land way to India, and throw all possible terrors

(Continued on page 32)

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Harcourt, Brace Books for Children

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S PARADE

By Michael Gold

Illustrated by Otto Soglow

Funny Charlie, the children's beloved movie hero, is now the hero of a delightfully funny story. "The thrill of an expedition with Charlie, talking to him, partaking in his victories over cops and fat men, must be glamorous to every child . . . genuine, healthy magic. Gorgeously illustrated." — *Wm. Soskin, N. Y. Post.*

$1.50

For Older Boys and Girls

RED HORSE HILL

Stephen W. Meader

A modern story of a boy on a New Hampshire farm, a tale of horse-raising and horse-racing. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* $2.50

THE DARK STAR OF ITZA

Alida Sims Malkus

The romance of a princess of one of the lost Yucatan cities which Lindbergh helped to chart. The unusual drawings by Lowell Houser are adapted from designs of ancient Mayan art. $2.50

THE FIRST PICTURE BOOK

For Babies

Prepared by Mary Steichen Martin

Photographs by Edward Steichen

An entirely new idea in books for very little children who are learning to talk by seeing. There is no text. The beautiful photographs by Steichen are of real things that babies see and know and want to call by name — the doll, the mug of milk, the telephone, the Teddy Bear. Tested and approved by real babies, and welcomed by parents and modern educators. $2.00

EARLY MOON

Carl Sandburg

Sandburg is probably the best-loved modern poet among boys and girls. This book contains 70 of their favorite poems, and Sandburg has prefaced the collection with a "short talk on poetry." "It will be a revealing experience for the boys and girls who read it." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Decorated by James Daugherty. *A Junior Literary Guild Selection.* $2.50

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Good Books for Boys and Girls

BORZOI BOOKS

THE PAINTED PIG

By Elizabeth Morrow

Illustrated by René d'Harnoncourt

Mrs. Dwight Morrow's gay story of the attempt of two Mexican children to buy a toy pig. $2.00

THE BOLD DRAGOON

and Other Ghostly Tales by Washington Irving

Edited by Anne Carroll Moore

Illustrated by James Daugherty

Irving at his best for older boys and girls and adults. $3.50

TO MARKET! TO MARKET!

Told and illustrated in color

By Emma L. Brock

The adventures of a Duck and a Mouse in a market in Holland. $1.75

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BORZOI BOOKS

A new book by the author of

THE PETER RABBIT STORIES

The Tale of Little Pig Robinson

by Beatrix Potter

Illustrated in full color and numerous black-and-white illustrations. A story of seaside and country; the Devonshire County with its farms and thatched cottages, green grass, red soil and cliffs; Stymouth Harbor with its bright blue sea, fishing boats and fishermen. The adventures of Little Pig Robinson on land and sea told and pictured in Beatrix Potter's inimitable style.

$2.00

DAVID McKAY COMPANY

Philadelphia

(Continued from page 30)

in the way of sea exploration down the African coast but the brothers Diaz and Vasca Da Gama are ready and eager. (The young Magellan is a page at King Manoel's court, and in daily meeting with the great sailors.) Da Gama leads the expedition and the way to India by sea is opened. Into her story Mrs. Hewes has been clever enough to bring the fascinating Arabian girl Nejmi, as a key character in her plot. An unusually fine story for old and young and one which will send some readers to Hildenbrand's "Magellan."

An excellent "story for girls" which boys and readers generally will also enjoy is "Judith Lankester" (Houghton Mifflin, $2), by Marjorie Hill Allee—a story of two Quaker families pioneering in Indiana in 1840 because of their hatred of slavery. "Judith Lankester" has lived with her Virginian grandmother on a great plantation. When in the wilderness she must work for her support as her mother and sisters do, her character and native ability bring her to final triumph in the home of the Huff family. The picture of a pioneer home is particularly well done, all the people are clearly drawn, and the eldest Huff son, a born builder, is no less interesting than Judith herself.

The first chapter of Ralph Hubbard's "Queer Person" (Doubleday, $2) is one rarely equalled for strangeness, pathos and mystery. It is a tale of a tiny outcast boy, an apparent deaf-mute, befriended by a poor old wise woman and brought up in a Pikuni village. He becomes a hero and a warrior. This is a notable book, as is also "Ood-Le-Uk the Wanderer" (Little, Brown, $2), by Alice Lide and Margaret Alison Johansen. Ood-Le-Uk is a boy of Arctic Alaska who while considered to be a coward as a boy comes to be a leader of his people through his vision and courage. He is the first to cross the Behring Sea to Siberia, and open up trade with other Eskimos. Both "Queer Person" and "Ood-Le-Uk" are written in almost an epic style, and both are stories of heroes with imagination.

In "The Gypsy Caravan" (Doubleday, $2) Howard Pease has written a surprising and quite different book from his earlier ones. There are moments when the children who are so deeply lost in their reading of books would like to accomplish great deeds to help the hero, or bring the villain to justice. That is exactly what Mr. Pease has accomplished in his story. Joe and Betty, nice imaginative brother and sister of to-day, join a gypsy caravan and perform valorous deeds—Joe rescues Robin Hood at Nottingham Fair, Betty climbs the dark tower at Gratz with Blondel's message for Richard Cœur de Lion. She devises

(Continued on page 34)

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For Christmas

Jinglebob
by P. A. Rollins

N. C. Wyeth has done the jacket, lining-papers, and numerous full-page color illustrations for this new edition of the famous story of two Eastern tenderfoots who followed a cattle drive in the old West. $2.50

▼ ▼ ▼

Moorland Mousie
by "Golden Gorse"

The "Black Beauty" of 1930.

With 16 illustrations by Lionel Edwards. $3.00

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Jerry
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by Eleanor Helme and Nancy Paul

A delightful animal story for younger readers, with illustrations by Cecil Aldin. $3.50

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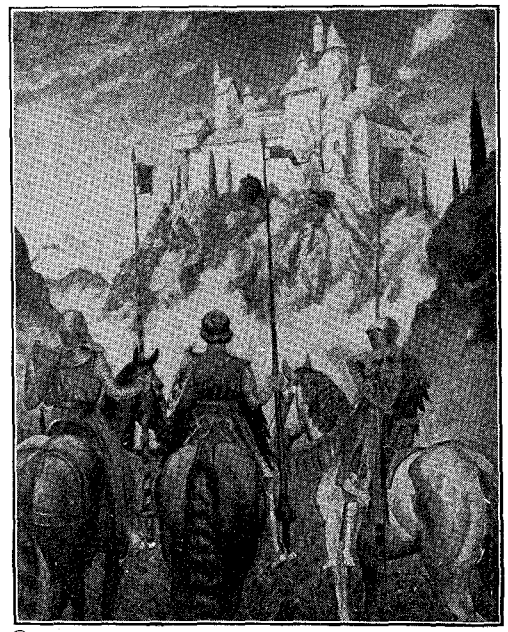
The new title in the Scribner $2.50 Series of Illustrated Classics for Younger Readers

The Story of Roland



© C. S. S.

by James Baldwin
author of "The Story of Siegfried," etc.

With numerous illustrations in full color from paintings by Peter Hurd.

This famous story of Roland and Oliver and the other knights who fought beneath the banner of Charlemagne has been a favorite with younger readers ever since its first publication almost half a century ago. Now, for the new generation the story is presented in the favorite format of the Scribner $2.50 Illustrated Classics with color illustrations that flame with the beauty and romance of the days of chivalry. $2.50

American Folk and Fairy Tales
Edited by Rachel Field

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New York

(Continued from page 32)

a way to capture the Forty Thieves; together Joe and Betty bring the news of Roland and Oliver's plight at Roncesvalles to Charlemagne, and so on.

Boys and girls who do not know the Roland story and meet it first in "The Gypsy Caravan," will have James Baldwin's "Story of Roland" to read in a bright new dress with pictures by Wyeth's son-in-law, Peter Hurd. Perhaps because the Swiss Boy Bruno is like Joe, one is apt to think of "The Mountains are Free" (Dutton, $2) along with "The Gypsy Caravan." In this story Mrs. Adams has told clearly and well the tale of Austrian oppression of the Swiss which lay back of the William Tell story.

It is those young people who have had the good fortune to hear or to read for themselves from earliest years the myths and traditional tales of the past who will most enjoy the following four splendid books; each a masterpiece in its way: "The Tale of the Warrior Lord, El Cantar de Mio Cid" (Longmans, $2.50), has been translated into prose by Merriam Sherwood. With thorough scholarship and literary skill, Miss Sherwood has given her translation the life and strength an epic should have. We now have for the first time for young people a complete story of this Spanish hero of the middle ages. The book is attractively made with fine black and white drawings by Henry Pitz.

"Rama, the Hero of India" (Dutton, $2.50), is Valmiki's "Ramayana" done into a short English version for boys and girls by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. "The Ramayana" is one of the two great epics of India, and, Mr. Mukerji says, is familiar to most of the Hindu population. Mothers recite it to their children, minstrels sing it on the streets, and young people sing it to musical accompaniment. This reviewer is not equipped to make any analysis of Mr. Mukerji's book as a presentation of the Sanskrit original but she can bear witness to its smoothness, beauty and mystical charm as English prose.

Alan Lake Chidsey's narrative story of the great Persian hero, "Rustam, Lion of Persia" (Minton, $2.50), is well done and a valuable addition to the volumes of great literature of other nations presented for young people.

"Tales from Chaucer" (Cape & Smith, $3), rendered in prose by Eleanor Farjeon, and illustrated in color by W. Russell Flint, has the very spirit of "The Canterbury Tales" in its complete retelling. The book is a sheer delight.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, BY JOHN RUSKIN. *William Edwin Rudge.* $6.—Beautiful edition of Ruskin's classic fairy tale with gnomish illustrations by Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. Printed in Rudge's distinguished manner.

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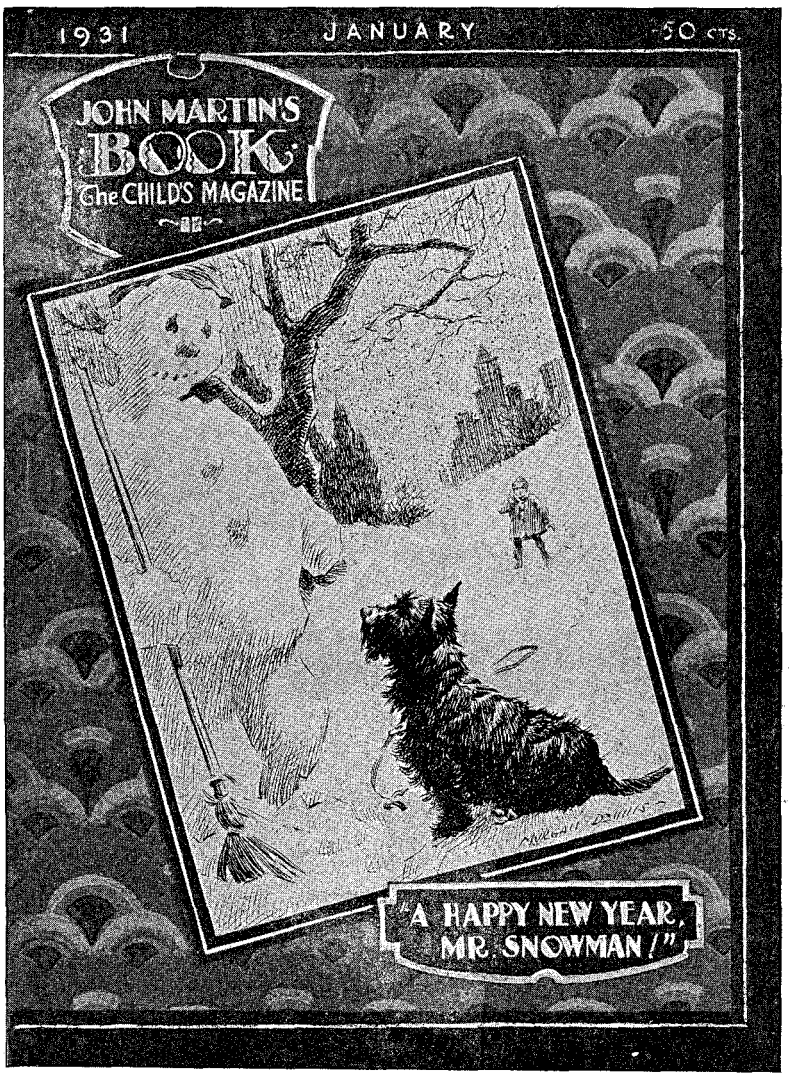
SANTA CLAUS PUT IT IN HIS BUDGET!

Perhaps even Santa must be thrifty this year, but he knows children should have the BEST—and John Martin's Book is economical because it serves the double purpose of providing entertainment and education all the year round.



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stories of nature and history—poetry and jingles—fables and myths—clean fun and nonsense—plays to act — songs — games — fairy tales — Bible stories — easy French lessons — simple cooking for boys and girls — bedtime stories, many handicraft pages—interesting book length serials.

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(Continued from page 34)

FREUD, DEWEY, SANTAYANA
On Civilization and Its Discontents

CIVILIZATION AND ITS DISCONTENTS, BY SIGMUND FREUD. AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION BY JOAN RIVIERE.
Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. $2.25.
INDIVIDUALISM OLD AND NEW, BY JOHN DEWEY.
Minton Balch & Co. $2.
THE REALM OF MATTER, BY GEORGE SANTAYANA.
Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

It is rather breath-taking to read this fine soliloquy by Freud. For he reveals with such accurate penetration the present status and future possibilities of man's striving after happiness that the other two philosophers whose books are here reviewed seem trifling. When those philosophers are Dewey and Santayana it *is* breath-taking.

In this mature soliloquy the Viennese psychiatrist is not theorizing; here are no fine leaps of imaginative analysis which, as clinical conjecture, are suspect as fallacy (as they have sometimes been shown to be). No. Here is a brave intelligence stating, without partisan aim or passion but with a relevance that puts Dewey and the latter-day Bertrand Russell to shame, the actual causes of that malaise of the soul man always has had, and, according to Freud, always will.

Our unhappiness, Freud declares, comes from three sources: our own body, which is destined to decay and dissolution; the outer world, which can rage against us with the most powerful and pitiful forces of destruction; and finally our relations with other men. He shows the variety of ways the individual strives for the inevitably unobtainable, and he comes in the end to a beautiful testament to the glory and power of love. Incidentally, Freud remarks that the question whether civilization lessens the chance for happiness or not is entirely irrelevant to the problem.

It would have been better for Mr. Dewey and his admirers if the papers which compose "Individualism Old and New" had been left in the weekly issues of *The New Republic* in which they appeared. For here, in this new dress, they have no unity, and what is worse for an author who desires idea-systematization, they have no direction, and certainly they come to no conclusion.

Dewey, it would appear, has been led by his insistence upon action as the only validity into a preoccupation with *The New Republic* school of social commentators. In consequence the man who has shown in his other books that he knows better, reveals himself in this book to be seeking a *system of society* which will cure the individual and statically stand guard against unhappiness now

(Continued on page 48)

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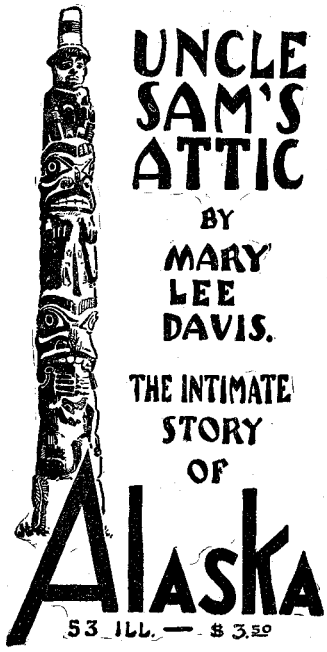

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(Continued from page 36)

and forever more. This error is made conspicuously manifest from juxtaposition with Freud's book and the way Freud tackles the same problem. There are many ideas in this book which Dewey presents in the form of rhetorical questions, whereas their importance justifies, and his own learning and experience suggest, *definite* opinions.

In "The Realm of Matter" Santayana is fortifying with phrases of continuous charm that æsthetic materialism which he has raised, in his own person as well as in his books, to our day's finest example of Epicurean intellectualism. This volume is second in the series *The Realms of Being,* a work which will probably be Santayana's final mellifluous word.

Alluding to the general disinclination of man to admit his kinship with matter, Santayana exclaims, in one of his illumined moments, against the error. Matter, he points out, is not *only* inert, heavy, imponderable. It is also explosive, swift, fertile, and radiant. This cry of admitted kinship is a belated but ingenious welcome of poor old matter by æstheticism. Santayana here insists again upon the reality of the external world, ruins the claims of teleologists, lays bare the materialism inherent in all idealism. *He* comes to rest, in the end, upon his old friend "animal faith." Somehow the epistemological and physical portions of this volume seem very second-hand.

However, there is one novelty not altogether divorced from physics worthy of comment. There is an intimation, scarcely more, of a spread of the idea that time is a dimension of matter—an idea hitherto exclusively confined, for its only meaning, to physics and mathematics. In explaining the advent of "animal faith" into a body whose existence is predicated upon recognition by the very "animal faith" it is to harbor, Santayana dissolves the impasse by suggesting the simultaneity of their birth is a phenomenon explained by the *relation* of their time dimensions.

Freud speaks so clearly, ruggedly, dispassionately, that it is saddening to realize philosophy still treats of pragmatism, æstheticism, organism or *élan vitale.* Freud so convincingly presents his case that it is clear the infant psychology has already supplanted its senile parent philosophy as the arbiter of answers to the immemorial questions of "why," "where," and "how."

H. H.

Nothing To Pay, by Caradoc Evans. *W. W. Norton.* $2.50.—In English that is almost Welsh, the author traces Amos Morgan's sordid rise from the squalid farm at Pont Ceri to the estate of shop assistant and owner in London. More autobiographical and less mystic than his short stories, his work is as always, a new intellectual experience.

(Continued on page 50)

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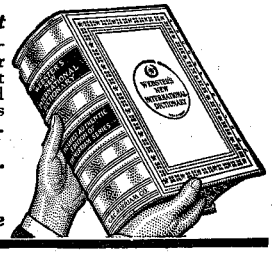

(Continued from page 48)

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION—THE WEST

America Moves West, by Robert E. Riegel. *Henry Holt & Company.* $3.75.

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(Continued on page 52)

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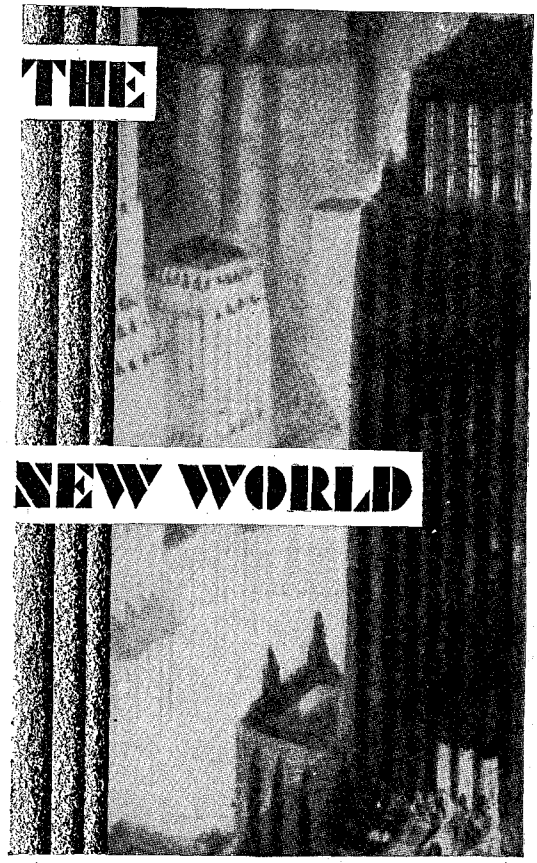

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(Continued from page 50)

in the political arena and, though inefficient in business, as was proved more than once to his own loss, to business and to pleasure he turned his attention. Nominated by the new-born Republican party as its first candidate for President, he was defeated. He returned to California to look after his vast Mariposa estate, but soon was in such need for funds that he went to France to raise the needed capital. On the outbreak of the Civil War he returned and was appointed a Major General and assigned to command at St. Louis. In the one hundred days of his service there he contrived to get himself and his government into no end of trouble and he had to be relieved. His assignment had been a mistake and his removal was essential for the good of the cause, but it made him a popular martyr. He appears later as a prospective leader of the anti-Lincoln radicals and their confrères, but he had the good sense to withdraw from a contest that might have resulted in Lincoln's defeat, but which could not have benefited Frémont. Questionable speculations, followed by four years as Governor of the Territory of Arizona, "dreaming and making recommendations on behalf of impractical schemes," brought his public career to a close. He retired to dream out what of life remained to him and to write his Memoirs.

The whole interesting story is told by Cardinal Goodwin in "John Charles Frémont: An Explanation of His Career." The book is brief, too brief, it would seem, considering the subject. There are gaps here and there that might better have been filled. In places the author seems unduly dogmatic, as, when apparently he accepts the charge "that Frémont's court-martial was directed largely by West Point interests and that the intention was to destroy his popularity" (p. 149 f.), though he offers no evidence in substantiation. He even makes the mistake of calling General Kearny, Frémont's accuser, "a West Point man," a charge not made by Senator T. H. Benton, Frémont's father-in-law and ardent champion.

The book has an extensive bibliographical note, but for some reason Frémont's "Memoirs of My Life" is not included, though the book is mentioned in the text. In spite of its limitations it is an interesting story well told in a smoothly flowing narrative and one will be well repaid for the time required to read it.

T. R. H.

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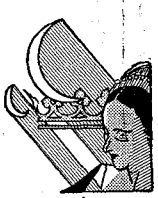

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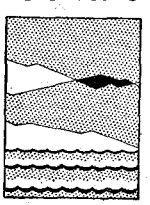

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(Continued from page 52)

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The task which Mark Sullivan set himself, to "recreate the flow of events as they were seen by the average American" now reaches its third volume. Those which have already appeared have prepared a delighted public for the account of men, ideas, and manners which is continued here. It is all as swift and fascinating as a news reel: the muckraking magazines, Roosevelt in the White House, "Mr. Dooley," La Follette, the insurance scandals and the emergence of Hughes, Booker T. Washington, Taft, the bitter fight over railroad rate legislation, simplified spelling, Doctor Stiles and the hookworm, the Crapsey heresy trial, the "nature fakers," the stage, and those "footnotes to history," the popular songs of the day.

To say that Mr. Sullivan has the exciting trick of making the unimportant as significant as the all-important is not to suggest that he is more dramatist than historian. What he has done has been to employ unconventional sources peculiarly available to his purpose—magazine articles, newspaper cartoons, fashion drawings, reminiscences based upon his own long observation of events, and the frequent comment of men still living who helped to make the history of the period.

Mr. Sullivan's subject, the early nineteen hundreds, continues to exercise the fascination of a narrative that is near enough to appear as absorbing and fresh and real as daily life, yet remote enough to have acquired the enchantment of the past—that near and personal past which we look back upon and cherish as a part of ourselves. If you find the mass of detail oppressive, one can read casually by the sampling method; there is no better way to read this book if you want to get the full flavor of "the characteristic American spirit" of which Mr. Sullivan is a patient and skilful student, and for which he entertains an unobtrusive but none the less devoted attachment. Other, more formal, histories of our times will be written. Mark Sullivan does not supersede the encyclopedias, the yearbooks, the personal narratives, the letters, or the worthy but unread publications of the government printing office. *He does recreate the personality of a period.* Let them have their glories and let him have his!

G. C.

(Continued on page 56)

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PUTNAM'S

(Continued from page 54)

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION—MARITIME

THE OLD CHINA TRADE, BY FOSTER RHEA DULLES. *Houghton Mifflin Company.* $4.

It is pleasant to see an author forego the road of ease and cheerfully turn his back upon the glamour of white sails and waiting ships. Only one chapter of this very honest book on the China trade deals with the craft necessary to reach the orient. For the rest, Mr. Dulles has attacked his subject with a well-defined sweep, a sound perspective. Realizing that, for American traders at least, it was the secondary markets which made possible the eastern trade, he has examined them minutely. The Northwest Coast, Hawaii, Spanish America, the South Sea islands, the sea fisheries: from each of these the merchants of the trade secured cargoes to please the fancy of the mandarins. From the accounts of these merchants has been drawn the chronicle of their enterprise. Even the contest between the British and the Americans for favor in the eyes of the Son of Heaven is approached by the careful method of comparing the trade each won. Mr. Dulles has given his heart to facts.

Because of its candor this is a brave relation. There is no condoning, no temporizing. The opium trade was profitable. It afforded trade in a commodity which filled a steady demand, stabilizing business. Some Americans were in the opium trade. Intelligent self-interest was responsible for American friendliness with the Chinese, not altruism. These and other matters are met fairly. So told, the lonely fight of our traders, far beyond the shadow of their infant government, becomes a glowing memory of their common sense and deep humanity.

Such is the way of the book. The author weighs, measures, and notes, but from his careful study comes forth the richness of the strange commerce. The perfume of the factories, heavy with galangal and jasmine, lifts like a ghost breath. The tin coffins of camphor, the kegs of arrack, baskets of Capoor cutch, chests of Socrotine aloes all cease to be items in a ledger, and fall into their place in the strange pattern of old Canton. Mr. Dulles may have given his heart to facts, but he is no stranger to the art of illusion.

I. A.

THE LIFE STORY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, BY SUSA YOUNG GATES AND LEAH D. WITSOE, WITH A FOREWORD BY SENATOR REED SMOOT. *Macmillan.* $5.—The ardently filial and religious point of view of one of his daughters controls this comprehensive history of an extraordinary leader. This unfortunately may arouse an incredulous spirit in readers, while the deeds absorb their interest.

(Continued on page 58)

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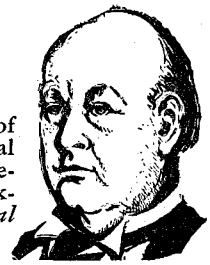

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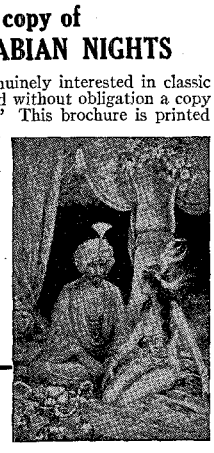

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Yet it must be confessed that even in Mrs. Bobbé's warm and charming pages one constantly feels himself in the awesome presence of the American Cincinnatus; and perhaps the public character is after all nearly the complete measure of Adams, for it was the very subordination of his personal inclinations to the larger issues of public policy that shifted him from one high position among the capitals of Europe to another, gave him the Presidency, and made him father of the House of Representatives.

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G. C.

FAULKNER—PITY AND TERROR

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In "The Brothers Karamazov" is a passage wherein Ivan justifies his hatred of humanity by an agonized recital of its cruelties. Mr. Faulkner is similarly preoccupied with suffering, and his novels, like those of Dostoievsky, are rich in pity and terror. In "The Sound and The Fury," he transcribed the stream-of-consciousness of three brothers, one an idiot. In his new novel he carries the same technic a step further. His theme is

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 58)

the death of Addie Bundren, a poor white of the Mississippi back country, and her removal to the family graveyard fifty miles away. It is told by means of a series of brief cross-sections from the consciousness of each of his characters, a technical novelty that enables the reader to observe the scene as in slowly revolving mirrors. The result is tricky but extraordinarily effective. The characters, seen from many different angles, are completely three-dimensional. Anse, the shiftless husband whose whining obstinacy is the cause of all the trouble; the five children: Cash, the dumb, patient artisan who planes his mother's coffin before her window; fiery Jewel; Darl who is mad; Vardaman who is a child; and Dewey Dell, the daughter, "in trouble" at seventeen—all are built up by gradual accretion to an immense solidity. The compulsion to read creatively in order to fit together and interpret the impressions of the various characters gives an overwhelming sense of participation in Addie's slow death and in the wanderings of the funeral cortége, escorted by circling buzzards, trailed by calamity, and ending in sardonic tragedy.

Mr. Faulkner has an intense and tragic vision of life, a passion for experiment, and an extraordinary feeling for words, particularly for the rhythm and richness of folk talk. He must guard against emotion for its own sake, a tendency which leads him a step beyond the natural boundaries of his story in the case of Dewey Dell, whose troubles seem an unnecessary piling up of horrors unconnected with his real protagonist—the corpse.

R. N. L.

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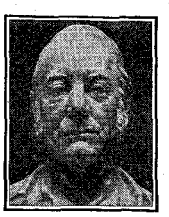

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Why don't you write?

(Continued from page 60)

cause and generally out of proportion. He had little formal education and no great desire for knowledge, but his grasp of mob psychology was beyond compare and at the height of his career he was the greatest publisher the world has ever seen.

But with all of his dozens of magazines and his powerful newspapers, Northcliffe had a profound disbelief in the power of the press. After the war his *Daily Mail* carried on a campaign of hate based on the slogan "Hang the Kaiser." Northcliffe's personal views were exactly contrary to this but he did not trouble to change his paper's policy. "It doesn't matter what papers print," he said in effect. "Events take their own course."

It was a strange attitude for a man who had upset Asquith and Kitchener, had practically forced Lloyd George into power, and whose drive for war efficiency and work with propaganda against the Germans had made him a tremendous influence. The power for sheer destruction and evil of such a weapon in the hands of a man who might be as dishonest as Northcliffe was irresponsible leaves one aghast. Northcliffe died insane—a great man, sometimes a lovable man, but fundamentally a man with too much power for the world's good.

Hamilton Fyfe has written an interesting, an informative, but not a great book, and that is to be regretted, for Northcliffe is the stuff of which great books are made. All through we had the wish that Mr. Fyfe would write about Northcliffe as Northcliffe might have written in *The Daily Mail* about one of his contemporaries. We wanted to know what he ate, what he wore, his scandals, his foibles. In short, what made the wheels go around in one of the most fascinating personalities of our time.

K. S. C.

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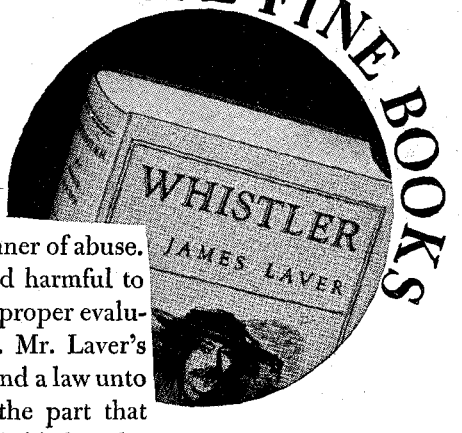

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Looks high upon the sun.
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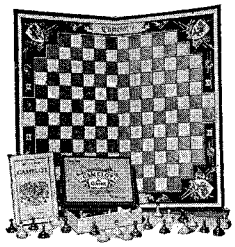

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(Continued from page 62)

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PRIZE WINNERS
for the October Reader Contest

First Prize: MARGARET PAIGE HAZEN, 27 Isabella Street, Boston, Mass.
Second Prize: WILLIAM SAROYAN, 348 Carl Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Third Prize: IMOGEN DOSS, 421 West Paterson, Flint, Mich.
Fourth Prize: ROSAMOND PEIRCE, 61 Hillman Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Honorable Mention

H. V. ANDREWS, Girard College, Philadelphia; HELEN GILBERT, 1857 Walworth Avenue, Pasadena, Calif.; K. LOUISE GARBER, 531 West 122d Street, New York City; JANET MALONEY, 604 South Sixth Avenue, Tucson, Ariz.; HELEN L. KAUFMANN, 44 West 77th Street, New York City; E. E. WETHERALD, 101 South 8th Street, Richmond, Ind.; SELMA HAUTZIK, 1425 Grand Concourse, New York City; BLANCHE H. DOW, 928 College Avenue, Maryville, Mo.; DORIS BINGHAM, 215 Seminary Street, Dubuque, Iowa; FAITH ALLEN, 49 Cypress Street, Brookline, Mass.; M. ELLIOTT LAWSON, 515 Fifth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; ALEXANDER BEVILACQUA, 474 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.; BERTHA L. GEIS, 225 Mt. Kemball Avenue, Morristown, N. J.; ANNA WHITAKER, 562 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif.; LILIAN O. COOK, 5 Hobart Street, Welch, W. Va.; A. C. BUCHANAN, 244 West 10th Street, New York City; HELEN ALPERT-LEVIN, 2430 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.; WILMETTA CURTIS, 1212 East 28th Street, Oakland, Calif.; MARJORIE H. GRUNDY, 8 Zabriskie Street, Haledon, N. J.; LAURA VESTA TANNER, 60 East 96th Street, New York City; DOROTHY ELDERDICE, Westminster Theological Seminary, Westminster, Md.; FLORA W. SACHS, 140 East 63d Street, New York City; HAZEL IMBODEN, 320 East Islay Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.; JOHN M. RAHME, Bishopville, S. C.; M. ALICE CARLSON, Fernhurst, Honolulu; HELEN T. PAXTON, 257 Hope Street, Providence, R. I.; MURIEL N. MCKAY, 604 Franklin Hall, Spokane, Wash.; MRS. FREDERICK LYNCH, 6 Rockland Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.; ELIZABETH COOKE, Rockledge Drive, Stamford, Conn.; AUGUSTA F. DITTY, 1901 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.; MARY T. HALLAM, 4846 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Tex.; L. H. CHRISTIE, Graduate College, Princeton, N. J.; HELENA STACY FRENCH, 62 Holyrood Avenue, Lowell, Mass.

INTEREST in the reader contest is steadily mounting. "One Way of Love" brought forth an intense response, perhaps because of the universal appeal of Walcott's fight against himself. We have learned to be accustomed to the quality of the criticisms, and regard it now as something to be expected from an audience vitally interested in literature and life. The choice of the winners this month was difficult in the extreme, as will be seen from the list of honorable mentions. Hundreds of others were of almost equal distinction.

The criticisms of "Lesby," by Elizabeth Willis, will be of exceptional interest in furnishing the reaction to the work of a writer hitherto unknown to the general public. It is a source of gratification to the editors that the $5,000 contest has succeeded in unearthing a writer of this strength and artistry. A further announcement of the discovery of work by new writers will be made in subsequent issues. "Lesby" affords an excellent opportunity for the reader critic in that it is about people and scenes known to the majority.

An important development has been the use of this reader contest among short-story classes. In addition to the criticism of the work of one another, members of these classes have found an incentive to their own efforts through study and criticism of the SCRIBNER'S contest stories. The idea is passed on for the benefit of others. We have noted also a tendency in literary clubs and other organizations to enter the SCRIBNER'S reader contest. We wish to thank the many readers who have expressed their good wishes to SCRIBNER'S for fostering the long story. In the meantime, we urge you again to send in your criticism of "Lesby" and of the stories which follow.

READER CONTEST
for December

THE contest for December is on "Lesby," the long story by Elizabeth Willis, which leads this issue. For the best criticism of not more than 500 words (it *must* be within that limit), the following prizes are offered:

December Prizes

First Prize	$25
Second Prize	$15
Third Prize	$ 5
Fourth Prize	$ 5

These letters are to be an editorial criticism, just as if you were an assistant editor giving an opinion on a manuscript for the guidance of the editor. What are the good points? Bad points? Is it well handled? Well written? Well developed? Is it a good theme? Could it have been bettered? Would you have selected it?

All letters must *reach* our office not later than noon, December 15. We have purposely made this time short. Editorial decision must be made promptly; contestants will desire the same conditions. No correspondence can be entered into about the reader contest. No manuscripts can be returned. Winners will be announced in the February issue. Address all answers to:

Reader Contest
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York City

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By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher

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